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THE

WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

JANUARY TO JUNE

(INCLUSIVE)

1903.

"Truth can never be confirmed enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep."

SHAKESPEARE.

Wahrheitsliebe zeigt sich darin, daß man überall das Gute zu finden und zu schätzen weiß.

GÖTHE.

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THE

WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

VOL. CLIX. No. 1.—JANUARY 1903.

THE SKELETON AT THE FEAST.

AN essay, entitled *Is Insanity on the Increase?* appeared in the April number of *The Fortnightly Review* in 1884. The question was answered, very decisively, in the affirmative, the increase being traced through all its stages, from the year 1859, when the registered numbers totalled in England 36,762, to 1884, when they totalled 76,765. But much worse has now to be told, for the figures have since risen to 110,713, an increase in a generation and a half in even figures of 74,000, or close on an average from 1859 to 1901 of 2,000 per annum On this subject I may be permitted to quote the concluding paragraph of the article of 1884 as a starting point for this paper. It reads:

"Since these pages were written the Reports for another year (1885) have been issued, and it is the same story over again. The English Commissioners open with the ominous statement that the numbers of insane have increased (during the year) by 1923. They devote many pages to the subject under the headings, 'Demand for Increase of Asylum Accommodation,' 'Inefficiency of Accommodation,' and 'Additions and Improvements.' The Irish and Scotch Lunacy Boards also show a considerable increase, AND IT WILL GO ON."

Unfortunately, this alarming premonition has turned out to be only too true, as will be manifested from the facts and figures hereinafter set forth.

The master minds of civilisation, ancient and modern, Israelite, Pagan and Christian, from the days of Plato and his pupil Aristotle, down to the present age, have devoted much time and laborious research to the elucidation of a great variety of subjects, especially subjects conversant with the alleviation of human

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suffering, and with all matters and things tending to benefit mankind; but particularly did they apply themselves to the diffusion of knowledge and the teaching of truth, according to their lights and the age in which they lived. Of course tyrants and man slayers, military and civil, who wade through blood to the extension of Empire, cannot be included in the category of the master minds of civilisation, however great their abilities. Far indeed from being influenced by humanitarian or benevolent motives in their sanguinary achievements, their aims are merely personal, and they must be classed amongst those referred to by the late Mr. Sidgwick, Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge, who "have made wars that were substantially acts of conscious brigandage, and have been applauded for so doing by the nations whom they led, who have suffered a temporary obscurity of their moral sense under the influence of national ambition." We are led to think of Alexander of Macedon, who, when he had over-run the then known world, lamented there were no more kingdoms left to conquer. Other names, military and civil, in our own times suggest themselves as archetypes of the "conscious brigands" alluded to by Professor Sidgwick. How beautifully and truthfully such characters are described by Milton in the following lines:

> "They err who count it glorious to subdue
> By conquest, far and wide, to over-run
> Large countries, and in field great battles win
> Great cities by assault; what do these worthies
> But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
> Peaceable nations, neighbouring or remote,
> Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
> Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
> Nothing but ruin, wheresoe'er they rove,
> And all the flourishing works of peace destroy.
> Then swell with pride and must be titled Gods,
> Great Benefactors, of mankind Deliverers."

Etiology has, so to speak, been exhausted in investigating the causes of disease in all its forms. As the ocean has been sounded by the mariner, dredged to its deepest depths, and forced to give up its secrets in the marine marvels and wondrous forms of life that dwell in its most profound abysses; so the mysteries of human existence have been explored by the philosopher and physicist, whose researches have revealed, *inter alia*, the pestilential organisms believed to produce "all the bodily ills that flesh is heir to." It is claimed that the microbes of tuberculosis, variola, rabies, tetanus, and a long list of other virulent maladies, down to psora or the common itch, have all been accounted for; generally with satisfactory results to suffering humanity. But, while specialists in zymotic diseases have rendered such signal services to mankind, the alienist alone has, so far, failed to make any appreciable progress in

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his own speciality; at all events, as results prove, he has failed to arrive at any discovery tending to arrest or lessen the spread of lunacy. From year to year, from decade to decade, from generation to generation, in spite of every effort made to stop the ravages of the disease, the insane continue to increase in great numbers—the leaven spreads annually with cumulative force, apparently under the influence of the natural law of reproduction, and the question has to be faced, how long will it take before the whole mass is leavened?

The High Priest of English dramatic literature, whether his name was Shakespeare or Bacon it matters not, with the marvellous insight into human nature which belonged to him, makes Macbeth ask his physician the crucial question:

> "Cans't thou not minister to a mind diseased,
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
> Rase out the written troubles of the brain?"

The playwright, whatever may have been his name, here showed himself in the character of a profound philosopher and physicist when he put into the mouth of the physician the evasive reply, which contains also a negative—"Therein the patient must minister to himself."

The great dramatist, whether his knowledge was the result of deep study or personal experience, knew that no antidote, no panacea, no "cure all" for insanity exists. If a Catholicon could be found anywhere in nature to eradicate the taint from the human system, and prevent its transmission hereditarily from generation to generation, scientific investigation must have found it out before Shakespeare's time—or since.

Overweighting an article of this kind with quotations is undesirable, but it is allowable to vouch one's own facts by citing the best evidence one can give in support of them. I have before quoted some of the most eminent medical and physiological authorities, native and foreign, past and present, on the heredity question, whose testimony it is unnecessary to repeat. I would, however, venture again to refer to what Darwin, an unsuspected witness, has written upon the subject.

He says (*Descent of Man*, vol. i. pp. 110–111):

"I have elsewhere so fully discussed the subject of inheritance that I need here hardly add anything. A greater number of facts have been collected with respect to transmission of the most trifling as well as of the most important characters in man than in any of the lower animals, though the facts are copious enough with regard to the latter. So in regard to mental qualities, their transmission is manifest in our dogs, horses, and other domestic animals. Besides special tastes and habits, general intelligence, courage, bad and good temper, &c., are certainly transmitted. With man we see similar facts in almost every family, and we now know, through the admirable labour of Mr. Galton, that genius, which implies a wonderfully complex combination of high faculties, tends to be

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inherited; and, on the other hand, *it is too certain that insanity and deteriorated mental powers likewise run in the same families.*"

Again and again the painful fact of the increase of insanity has been pressed upon the attention of the authorities, legislative and administrative, both in and out of Parliament, but in vain. The most extravagant and misleading arguments have been used by the official advocates of the "apparent increase" theory to persuade the Lord Chancellor and the Government that there is no such thing as a real increase of insanity at all. At the same time, with strange inconsistency, it is asserted the annual "accumulation" of numbers is so great there is nothing for it but to go on building asylums without limit. Therefore it is that for the last forty or fifty years lunatic asylums of great magnitude and of splendid architectural design have been provided on the recommendation of Lunacy Commissioners, under the sanction of Government and at an extravagant outlay of public money, for the housing and nurturing of the lunatic poor. The hard-earned wages of the masses, as well as the large revenues of the classes, commercial or other, peer or professional, are taxed beyond all reason, indeed it may be said, in view of the recent enormous military expenditure, beyond endurance for the service of these unhappy wastrels. The word is not used here in a disdainful sense, but because it most forcibly expresses the position of these poor martyrs of heredity, the scoria or dross of the human family, whose increase should, if possible, be arrested. We do not cultivate weeds in garden or on tillage farm, or propagate the degenerates of animal life on cattle range or sheep walk. Any one who did so would be regarded as demented. The predicament is very serious, and demands the grave consideration of all men of open minds and unbiassed judgments. It has come to this: the national resources have been, and continue to be, squandered with a lavish hand in erecting beautiful and costly edifices for the housing and nurturing, not, be it observed, of the sane and virtuous poor, who have been worn out in the service of others, helpless waifs and weaklings, or else victims of misfortune, perhaps of wrong and injustice, forced to seek refuge from starvation within the comfortless walls of a workhouse. No; the tenderest care, the warmest sympathy, the most generous expenditure are reserved for the lunatic poor, many of whom are quite unable to appreciate, or even to understand, the kindness and care bestowed upon them, and who, for the most part, are victims of their own vices, or those of their parents—an abnormal tainted class, who have "the mad drop" in their veins, and the cost of whose housing and maintenance is out of all proportion to the necessities of the case. Now, what is the result? Notwithstanding the efforts and sacrifices of philanthropy and the enormous expenditure for the up-keep of this heteroclite class, notwithstanding that money is poured out like water in endeavours to stem the rising

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tide, which never ceases to flow and the ebb of which never comes, the increase of numbers goes on continually with growing intensity. Every year without exception for the last half-century has added fresh thousands to the previously existing numbers of the insane.

That the garnering of the lunatic poor in vast asylums, where they are surrounded by every comfort, well nourished, tenderly cared for, and, to a certain extent, even pampered, should produce disastrous results, is a startling statement to make, but it is true. What has existed, what now exists, and what will, in all probability, continue to exist unless effectual steps are taken to prevent the spread of insanity, is this: these lunatic patients, after a more or less protracted residence in asylums under the treatment of experienced and skilful physicians, and, as just said, surrounded with every comfort, become convalescent, in fact are so changed by kindness and by judicious treatment and nursing, as to present the outward and visible appearance of mental soundness, and in many cases are, it is said, restored to reason. What then follows? They are discharged annually in thousands, cured or *quasi* cured, and go out into the world to resume their places according to their several stations in life, and to transmit to their descendants the evil inheritance which is theirs, which cannot be taken away from them, and which they cannot renounce. The efforts made by tainted families to keep dark the fact that a relative is insane are notorious. An Act of Parliament authorised the erasure of the names from the registers in private asylums, and required, with a view to concealment, that the certificates upon which patients were confined should be given up to be destroyed when they were discharged; for who, with foreknowledge, would mate with a young man or woman who had ever been insane? I have met many sad cases, and shall cite two in illustration. In one particular case, both parties were well known to me. The lady, an attractive looking girl, had been for a considerable time before her marriage a patient in a private lunatic asylum and left *quasi* cured. A young man of my acquaintance, ignorant of her history, married her. Several children were born of the marriage, all of whom were mentally affected, as the lady herself continued to be. Ultimately the husband, driven to despair by his unhappy lot, committed suicide. In the next example both husband and wife were insane—all their offspring, ten children, became demented and had to be placed under restraint. Such instances could be multiplied; they are quite common, much more so than the public are at all aware of, owing to the fact that strict secrecy is observed; they are, however, well known to the initiated. Legislation is required to make such marriages illegal, and also to put a stop to consanguineous marriages between near relatives, another fruitful source of the production of lunacy.

There is not a physician of standing attached to any asylum in

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existence who has not had ample experience on these points, not only from the circumstance that numerous members of insane families are registered on the books of most asylums for successive generations, but also from the frequent relapses of patients who had been discharged as cured, and who have to be put under restraint again, perhaps several times; the inherent, or inbred, malady breaking out on going back to their old environments and habits. On the point of sexuality, which can only be delicately alluded to, every experienced alienist knows the consequences of the abuse of the sexual passion, and how difficult it is to deal with, even within the walls of an asylum. These statements are no doubt calculated to give a shock to most people, Well, such is my intention. "I must be cruel only to be kind." Mere personal considerations of any description should never be thought of when the public welfare is concerned.—*Salus populi suprema est lex.*

If the awful consequences of evading the issue could be driven home with electric suddenness and force to the minds of those who are charged with, and who are responsible for, the control of lunacy affairs some reform might be hoped for; but the expectation seems rather shadowy while officialism continues on in the old jog-trot, in the old groove, to the cuckoo-cry of "apparent increase"—a cry repeated with wearisome monotony in every Report issued from the Lunacy Offices for the last half-century. The words "apparent increase" pervade all the Reports from beginning to end, and cannot be kept out, any more than the head of King Charles could be kept out of poor "Mr. Dick's" literary productions. The highest authorities in all countries have pronounced insanity to be intensely hereditary, and, further, that heredity is the most fruitful cause of the continuous increase of all forms of madness—the *causa causans*, as it has been well called. The evil tree can only produce evil fruit. I have before me piles upon piles of evidence of the most convincing character, home and foreign, that the evil inheritance is transmitted from generation to generation with absolute certainty. The words of the English Lunacy Commissioners themselves, in their very last Report, though not so intended, "are confirmation strong as Holy Writ" as to the reality of the increase of this terrible scourge of mankind, which has its source in heredity. Here is what they say at p. 3 of their Fifty-sixth Report:

"Table I, Appendix A, gives in detail, at intervals of 10 years, from 1859 to 1889, and for each year 1893 to 1902, both inclusive, the number, classification, and distribution, on the 1st January, of all lunatics whose existence has been notified to us. The total has advanced from 36,762 on 1st January, 1859, to 110,713 on 1st January last."

An increase in the period of 73,951. This is the increase in England alone. The increase in Ireland and Scotland is even proportionately greater. For clearness, I give the figures in tabular form:

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	Number of Registered Lunatics.		Increase in the Period.
	1859.	1902.	
England . . .	36,762	110,713	73,951
Ireland . . .	6,270	21,630	15,360
Scotland . . .	4,960	16,288	11,428
Total . . .	47,992	148,631	100,739

Having quoted, *ipsissima verba*, the statement of the English Lunacy Commissioners on this question, it is desirable also to cite the statements made in the text of their Reports by the Inspectors of Lunatics in Ireland and of the General Board of Lunacy in Scotland on the point. The Inspectors of Lunatics say, at p. xiii. of the Fifty-first, their last, Report:

"The admissions to district asylums in 1881 numbered 2502; in 1891 they had increased to 3572. . . . It will thus be seen that in the district asylums the figures for 1901 show an increase of over 42 per cent. as compared with 1881 . . . During the same period the numbers actually resident in the district asylums have *increased by almost* 95 per cent."

The Inspectors of Lunatics go on to supply further evidence of the growing increase. They say:

"The average annual admissions to district asylums for the decade 1881 to 1890 numbered 2792 . . . while for the decade 1891 to 1900 they numbered 3302."

They proceed:

"The following statement, taken from the General Report of the Commissioners for the Census of 1901, shows the number of lunatics and idiots in Ireland in 1851, 1861, 1871, 1881, 1891, and 1901."

Having given the figures in tabular form, the Inspectors continue:

"The Census Commissioners proceed to state: 'From the foregoing it will be observed that the number of lunatics returned in 1901 was nearly *quadruple* the number in 1851, and that the increase between 1891 and 1901 was from 14,945 to 19,834.'"

With regard to Scotland, the tale of increase is the same. The last Report of the General Board of Commissioners in Lunacy, p. x., informs us as follows:

"Table II. of Appendix A shows that from 1st January, 1858, when we entered on our functions, to 1st January, 1902, the total number of lunatics officially known to the Board . . . has increased from 5824 to 16,288, showing an increase of 10,464."

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The Commissioners add:

"Since 1858 the number of lunatics under the jurisdiction of the Board has *increased* 180 *per cent.* The increase of the population during the same period has been 49 per cent."

Is it possible to conceive, on reading the above statements and figures, the officials can expect any one to accept without question their *ipse dixit* that "the increase of insanity is only apparent"? Judging from past experience, this state of things must necessarily continue, and with accumulative energy, until some effectual steps are taken, in the interests of humanity, to prevent the propagation of insanity. The facts as above set forth are incontrovertible, and the official figures prove them with mathematical precision.

I am accused of being an alarmist, probably on the ground that for many years I have urged upon the authorities and the public, by voice and pen, that the Skeleton at the Feast is no phantom, but a sad reality. Insanity is no respecter of persons; it appears everywhere—in the palaces of emperors and kings, the castles of nobles, the mansions of millionaires, the villas of merchants, the homes of artisans, and the cottages of labourers. Its continuous and persistent increase has been proved to demonstration over and over again in the pages of various prints. "The apparent increase" theory has, on the other hand, been promulgated far and wide, chiefly, indeed, it may be said, almost wholly, by official writers, who, in face of the stubborn facts and figures put in evidence, not only by independent writers but by themselves, in Parliamentary Papers and Blue Books, cling tenaciously to the delusive theory of "apparent increase," expressing pious opinions that there is no increase at all, but only an "accumulation," taking care at the same time to hedge by adding that, if there is an increase, "it is not out of proportion to the increase of the population at large." This is a fallacy, as will appear from a perusal of the Table given below. Comparing the tabular statements in the Lunacy Reports with the conclusions drawn from them, it is evident there is a desire, perhaps a pardonable one, from an official standpoint, to make out that the increase in numbers is not to be attributed to an increase in lunacy, but to an "accumulation" from various causes of the numbers of insane people, and that therefore it is only "an apparent increase." Yes, but an increase from 47,992 to 148,331 in a generation and a half cannot be, under any circumstances, accepted as only an "apparent increase."

In order to give readers who take a practical interest in these discussions an opportunity of judging for themselves how continuous, persistent, and serious the advance has been, a tabular statement, compiled from the Parliamentary Reports, is here introduced.

The table on the next page shows the actual movement of the population in mental unsoundness from 1862 to 1902.

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Date.	Country.	Number of Insane under official cognisance.	Population at Large.	Ratio of Insane per 1000.	Actual Increase of Numbers in each Decade from 1862 to 1899, and for the two years from 1899 to 1902.
1862	England .	41,129	20,336,476	2·02	—
„	Ireland . .	8,055	5,798,967	1·36	—
„	Scotland .	6,341	3,062,294	2·01	—
	Total .	55,525	29,197,737	1·81	—
1872	England .	58,640	23,074,600	2·54	17,511
„	Ireland . .	10,767	5,368,696	2·04	2,712
„	Scotland .	7,606	3,399,226	2·27	1,265
	Total .	77,613	31,842,522	2·41	21,488
1882	England .	75,072	25,798,922	2.20	16,432
„	Ireland . .	13,444	5,294,436	2·54	2,677
„	Scotland .	10,355	3,695,456	2·80	2,749
	Total .	98,871	34,788,814	2·84	21,858
1892	England .	89,822	29,002,525	3·09	14,750
„	Ireland . .	17,124	4,704,750	3·64	3,680
„	Scotland .	13,052	4,025,647	3·24	2,703
	Total .	120,004	37,732,922	3·18	21,233
1899	England .	105,086	31,742,588	3·31	15,264
„	Ireland . .	20,304	4,500,000	4·51	3,180
„	Scotland .	15,399	4,281,850	3·59	2,347
	Total .	140,789	40,524,438	3·47	20,791 [1]
1902	England .	110,713	32,526,075	3·40	5,627
„	Ireland . .	21,630	4,456,546	4·85	767
„	Scotland .	16,288	4,472,000	3·64	625
	Total .	148,631	41,454,621	3·60	7,019

[1] This embraces a period of only seven years, and, therefore, the increase shown is much above the average of each of the preceding decades.

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Well, I think it will be admitted that this table of figures is conclusive, and makes it as "apparent" as the sun at noonday that the increase is real, and substantial.

Special Reports were made by the Lunacy Departments on the subject of increase a few years ago, and although dealt with at the time in the pages of the *Westminster Review*, I may be permitted to refer to them again as indicative of the official idea. The English Commissioners, in their Special Report, show, as just said, an anxiety to minimise and make light of what they *will* term "the apparent increase." Having printed elaborate tables in regard to the question, they say:

"These tables prove that while in the general population there has been a considerable increase in those ages in which the greatest liability to attacks of insanity is known to prevail, namely, from 20 to 45, there has been a marked diminution in the ratios among the insane in those ages, and a large increase to the numbers and ratios at the more advanced ages, the inference being that accumulation, and not fresh production, has been the most influential factor" (*Special Report to the Lord Chancellor*, 1897, p. 20).

The argument is ingenious, but, considering the magnitude of the increase, or, as the Commissioners are pleased to call it, "accumulation," the proofs are not convincing—"inferences," "probabilities," and "impressions" are not proofs. The Commissioners go on to expound their theory of "apparent increase" by the following enigma:

"We have thus, *we think*, by means of the figures within our reach, demonstrated at least the *probability* that much of the apparent increase of insanity has been due, not to any increase in the incidence of that disease, but of the aggregate of persons affected by it, and to their redistribution; in other words, that insanity has not greatly increased, out of proportion to the increase of population, but that the numbers of the insane have greatly so increased, and that they have been so redistributed as to give the *impression* of an actual increase of the disease."

Observe the ingenuity shown in dealing with the broad fact that the insane have increased in England from 36,762 in 1859 to 96,446 in 1896. (A still further increase to 110,713 in 1902, more than doubling the numbers in a generation and a half, has since been recorded.) The simplicity with which the Lunacy Commissioners inform the Lord High Chancellor of England of the *probability* that much of the apparent increase is due to the causes they have above hypothetically "demonstrated" (?) is a revelation, and must have made a profound impression upon his lordship. I do not suggest that the Commissioners intend to mislead the authorities by the extraordinary line they adopt in the attempt to sustain their negation of the actuality of the increase. They must have felt hard pressed for proof when they had to resort to hypothesis to "demonstrate" that a doubling of numbers is not an increase but only an

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"accumulation." This is the stock argument of the Lunacy Commissioners for half a century. As just said, I do not attribute intentional deception to them. I will only go so far as to say they appear to have thoroughly deceived themselves, and are probably the only believers in the fallacy they have originated. The "apparent increase" theory of theirs is nothing short of a fixed delusion, and unfortunately not a harmless one. As to my being an alarmist, having had special opportunities for a great many years of studying the statistics of the insane, I felt it a duty to point out, from time to time, the existence of a great and growing danger, fraught with the worst consequences to the public welfare. To this extent only am I an alarmist. While on this point, not presuming to express any opinion upon a subject outside my province, I may mention that quite recently several learned specialists have gone so far as to suggest very drastic measures to prevent the transmission of the insane taint to succeeding generations. A few years ago Herr Schlangenhausen delivered an address in London in which he said:

"I shall endeavour to show in what manner, and by what means, the continued increase of insanity—statistically proved to exist in every civilised country in the world, can be held in check. To restrict heredity is certainly a difficult matter, but it is not an impossible one. Just as with so many bodily complaints only the surgeon's knife can produce a cure, so in the case of mental disorders, the continual increase of which so seriously injures the common welfare and which occasions such enormous expense, a decision must be arrived at to adopt measures to restrict the chief cause —heredity."

Dr. Godsell, an eminent American authority, speaks out still more plainly on the point. In his *Introduction to Clinical Gynæcology* the following startling statement appears: "I frankly confess (he writes) that in order to stamp out insanity I am strongly inclined to advocate the legal sterilisation [1] of every man and woman who is the unfortunate victim of this heredity curse."

A well-known writer, Mr. Arnold White, in the *National Review*, suggested some time ago the following plan as a means of arresting "the propagation of the unfit." His proposal is to "extirpate them by immuring them for life, not because they are wicked but because their stock is corrupt," and he goes on to lay down this broad general principle: "If we are to become a healthy people the permanent segregation of habitual criminals, paupers, drunkards, maniacs, and tramps, must be deliberately undertaken before old age pensions can be thought of." Such a course would perhaps effect the object in view, but the order is so large as to be impossible of execution. All the millions in the Bank of England would not pay the cost of such an experiment even if Parliament could be induced to legislate for the purpose. So far the subject of increase has been dealt with generally, reserving for the last the most con-

[1] Another word is used in the original.

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vincing, it may be called without exaggeration the most overwhelming, proof of the utter fallacy of the "apparent increase" theory—the climax of all that has gone before. This is the example of the Richmond District Lunatic Asylum in Dublin, one of the largest, as it is one of the best managed asylums in the Kingdom. I select it because it will best illustrate what has been taking place in public asylums all over the country. The limit of space compels me to condense this illustration as far as possible, but I hope to make the matter quite clear in a few sentences setting forth the figures *in round numbers.*

Before the great famine began, when the population of Ireland totalled 8,500,000 and the sane population of the counties, cities and boroughs forming the Richmond district totalled 811,000, the registered insane in the asylum were only 300. Now that the population of Ireland is reduced to 4,500,000, and the general population of the Richmond district to 586,000, the registered insane on the asylum books total 2300—*ab uno disce omnes.* This example of the progress of insanity ought to convert the most sceptical.

In order to show how fallible officialism can be and how individual judgments may be brought to waver and eventually to adopt views the reverse of those previously held by them, I refer to the fact that for years the Inspectors of Lunatics in Ireland were steadfast believers in the reality of the increase. I cannot make it plainer than by repeating their own words. In their Fortieth Report, having shown the increase for the decade ending 1890 to be 2821, they say:

"Such an increase of insanity in a population so rapidly diminishing as that of Ireland, which shows a falling off of 468,674 inhabitants, or 9·1 per cent., since 1881, must call for the consideration of all who take an interest in the welfare of the country."

They emphasise this statement in their next Report, Forty-first, as follows:

"The rapid increase of insanity in this country in the face of a diminishing population ought therefore to engage the attention of all who take an interest in the social and material progress of Ireland, in order to ascertain how far such increase can be stayed by any means within the power of the State."

In their next (Forty-second) Report they reiterate their convictions; they say:

"In our Report of last year we stated that we were *driven* by the facts before us to conclude that the large increase of lunacy has been absolute as well as relative. Those who contend that though the total number of the insane under care has gradually increased, the increment is apparent only and not real, attribute it to various causes. . . . Although these causes would account for a very large relative increase of insanity, still we must adhere to our opinion, that they are not sufficient to explain the

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great increase of lunacy which has taken place of late years in the country."

In their Forty-third Report (1893) they nail their colours to the mast. Their convictions as to the actuality of the increase have reached a climax. They assert that:

"the rapidly increasing number of the insane in Ireland seeking accommodation in district asylums has rendered the provisions originally made for their care and treatment utterly inadequate. . . . At the present time every district asylum, with the exception of Cork (recently enlarged), is full to overflowing, and in every district in Ireland, with this rare exception, additional accommodation is being provided, or is in contemplation, either by adding to the existing buildings or by erecting new institutions."

Will it be credited that these Irish officials, in face of their own declarations laid before Parliament and published to the world, have "gone over to the other side," fallen into line with their English and Scotch colleagues, and are now solemnly marking time with the goose-step, and joining in the cuckoo chorus of "apparent increase"? Here is what they say on p. 2 of their Forty-fourth Report: "The great increase of the insane under care is mainly due to accumulation, and is so far an apparent and not a real increase." Comment on such a change of front is superfluous. It reminds one of the word of command said to have been given by an officer in a funk to his soldiers on the battle-field—"Advance backwards!" It is plain they have put themselves in a very grotesque position before the public by their abrupt right-about-face, which is mysterious and impossible to account for.

Notwithstanding the great all-round increase in the number of lunatics, in additional asylums, in expenditure, in admissions, discharges, deaths *and cures* (?), in every particular that indicates the predominant fact of increase in every direction, there has been little or no attention given in Parliament to the urgent question of the increase of insanity for several years. The late Mr. Dillwyn, M.P. for Swansea, who took a deep interest in the subject, raised debates, from time to time, but they came to nothing. It seemed as if people shrank with horror from confronting the spectacle of the Skeleton at the Feast. The true explanation, however, of no discussion being taken of late years is probably to be found in the fact that the Annual Reports (Scotland excepted) are held back until Parliament has risen. On this point the following appears in the January number of the *Fortnightly Review* of 1893:

"The Lunacy Reports had, for a series of years, been delayed until after Parliament had risen, and the opportunity was therefore lost of calling attention, on the Estimates, to anything in them requiring to be discussed. This was brought by the writer under the notice of the Home Secretary in the House, with the result that an order was conveyed to have the Reports presented in proper time, which is now done."

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This order of the Home Secretary was obeyed, but only for a short time, and has latterly fallen into desuetude. The Commissioners frequently afterwards alluded to the subject in their Reports, apparently thinking it unreasonable to expect them to report sooner. Now, considering the hundreds of voluminous publications brought out regularly to the day—for example, such publications as the *British Medical Journal*, issued weekly, and the *Review of Reviews* monthly, each containing an amount of well-arranged printed matter, little, if anything, short in amount of work of an average Lunacy Report, it is ridiculous to suppose these Blue Books —cannot easily be issued in, say, six months after the close of each year. The Commissioners of Lunacy in Scotland have proved it can be done—their Report for 1901 having, as already stated, been issued early last May. Before concluding, there is a terrible feature of this "heredity curse," as Dr. Godsell calls it, to be alluded to, namely, the number of suicides and homicides to be placed to the account of insanity. A Coroners' Return ordered by the House of Commons in 1896 and embracing four years ending in 1896 gave an average of 2615 suicides for each year, exclusive of those committed in asylums (there was no return for Scotland). It was sought to include the number of homicides committed by lunatics before taking their own lives, but the Coroners were unable to supply full information. Judging by the frequency of such tragedies, reported in the newspapers from day to day, the numbers must have greatly increased.

The question now arises—what is the remedy? The first step is, in my judgment, to have an international conference of qualified persons to consider the matter. Not along ago there was an inquiry held regarding poison in beer. Poison in the human brain is at least equally serious—according to the last printed returns over 24,000 fresh cases of lunacy were admitted into asylums in the year 1901, in Great Britain—Ireland and Scotland included!

W. J. CORBET, M.R.I.A.

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THE GERMANS IN THE UNITED STATES.

In the recent elections of the United States the large majority of the Germans have, as usual, stood on the side of the "Republican" as against the "Democratic" party, and therefore turned the balance in favour of the former. Republican in the main means Unionism, within certain constitutional State limits. Democratic, in America, means laying chief stress on separate "State rights," and opposition to the central power as vested in the Government at Washington. Consequently, the once Secessionist South, which brought about the great civil war, votes "Democratic."

For many years past, the Germans, counting about 12,000,000 (that is, including both the more recent immigrants, as well as the descendants of the older immigration, who have preserved their language and customs to some extent), have thus been a great strength of the Republican Unionist party. Among them, the advocates of the abolition of slavery were always prominent. Not seldom, the allegiance of that German population, which has contributed so much to the softening of the asperity of American Puritan and Sabbatarian manners, was severely strained by the recurrence of those harsh tendencies, and by the prohibitionist "Temperance" fanaticism. Yet, in their mass, the Germans have continued to vote with the Republicans, against all centrifugal aspirations. At the same time they have exerted themselves to forward the movement against financial corruption, when this danger—so prominent in the "Democratically" governed city of New York—began to affect the Republican party too.

Of the service rendered by the German-Americans to the Union cause in the civil war, an article of General Franz Sigel, posthumously published at St. Louis, gives a vast number of remarkable details. Like so many thousands, nay, hundreds of thousands, of his countrymen, Sigel had become an exile after the German Revolution of 1848–49. During those stirring events, he had been for a time at the head of the Baden army which had risen in support of the National Parliament at Frankfort. In the American war of 1861–64 he played a distinguished part. His death occurred but a few months ago.

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In his description of that war, he brings to mind the historical fact that, three days after the bombardment and the surrender of Fort Sumter, the city of Washington was in imminent peril, through a conspiracy, of falling into the hands of Southern rebels, but that this catastrophe was prevented by the arrival of a detachment of infantry and cavalry from Pennsylvania, the five companies of which were chiefly composed of Germans, both from the older and from the more recent immigrant stock. With the possession of the seat of the Central Government, the Slaveholders' Confederacy would certainly have obtained an immense advantage—all the more so because Maryland also was on the side of Secession—especially its capital, Baltimore. In that latter city, only a minority were Unionist; and there the German Gymnastic Society did good service, until the town was freed by the arrival of United States troops.

Again, Missouri, in the West, with the large city of St. Louis, was in extreme danger of being seized upon by the Southern Confederacy. Already, 1000 Secessionist troops had encamped near the outer parts of the town. On that occasion it was four regiments of volunteers—Germans in their large majority, one of whose regiments was commanded by Sigel—who surrounded the camp of the rebels and made them prisoners.

In the United States army there were, during that war, not less than 176,767 Germans. In the German contingent upwards of 5000 officers served. Of the officers of the staff of the National Army directly nominated by the Government at Washington there were 69 Germans.

Among the first who formed a volunteer regiment was Friedrich Hecker, the exiled popular leader. Severely wounded in the battle of Chancellorsville, he yet served again afterwards as commander of a brigade. Gustav von Struve also, who once had occupied a position in the diplomatic service at the old Diet of Frankfort, but who afterwards dropped his nobiliary title and became a leader of armed Republican risings in Baden, served as an officer in a German volunteer regiment.

An extraordinary number of other exiles, especially from the south-west of Germany, may here be named, who distinguished themselves as military leaders in the Union war, such as General Blenker, General Osterhaus, Joseph Fickler, Nepomuk Katzenmayer, General Alexander von Schimmelpfennig, who formerly had fought both in the Schleswig-Holstein war and in Baden and the Rhenish Palatinate; General Max Weber, Captain Albert Sigel, a brother of the General; August Willich, the commander of a regiment from Indiana; and a mass of others specially named by General Sigel from various parts of Germany, of which Austria (excepting, of course, Hungary, Galicia, Lombardy and Venice) was then still an integral part.

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General Karl Schurz, well known all over America and Europe as a former ambassador and senator of the United States, who still plays a notable part as a political leader, had also come to America as an exile after the German Revolution. In the battle of Gettysburg he commanded the eleventh corps. The great majority of those mentioned here were personal friends or acquaintances of the present writer, being implicated in the very same popular movements and risings which led, after the sanguinary overthrow of the German Revolution in 1849, to a common proscription. Most of those men then sought a refuge on American soil; some of them after a short stay in England.

But it would lead too far to give more details from the long list of well-known men from the Fatherland, and of the 176,000 troops of the same national origin, who did signal service for the maintenance of the Union against the Slaveholders' Confederacy. In a military sense, it may be said, the subject has a bearing upon the future of the United States. Hence the importance of General Sigel's careful statistical description, which shows what a latent force the great Transatlantic Republic possesses in her large Teutonic population, a faithful upholder as that population is of the unity of the Commonwealth.

KARL BLIND.

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HOW SHALL LABOUR AND CAPITAL BE RECONCILED?

THE art of solving problems—as "the mathematic" shows us—often largely consists of a felicitous taking of that "first step" in the process which takes the shape of such a *reformulation* of the problem as, while accurately preserving the essential identity of the question, at the same time presents it in an aspect of it which is itself suggestive of the general direction in which a solution is most likely to be found. Treated in the spirit of this method, the problem attacked by the journal's "symposiasts" may usefully be recast into this form of it: What, if anything, is properly practicable towards the fullest possible minimising, or the complete prevention, of conflicts (such as now frequently occur) between, on the one hand, those relatively small "possessing classes" whose command of land or capital (or both) enables them to be the *entrepreneurs* (practically the only ones) by or for whose account, and at whose discretion, industrial enterprises are carried on; and, on the other hand, those relatively very large *non*-"possessing" classes, whose non-command of such and so much land as would enable them to live by working thereon for their *own* "account," disables them from even participating in production (or in the rendering of personal services for pay), save as ordinary "rank-and-file" employees of the *entrepreneurs*, when and if the latter choose, *for reasons of their own*, so to employ them, and on such terms and conditions as they (the *entrepreneurs*) allow—the "conflicts" in question being, indeed, simply disputes as to what the "term" and "conditions" shall be, upon which the employment is to be given?

This restatement of the problem I believe to be, on the one hand, accurate and fair, and, on the other, suggestive of the line along which analysis and investigation are likely to conduce to a correct solution.

That the problem thus formulated should be—as it unquestionably is—presented by, or "emergent from," the phenomena of our social life, as an urgent and important problem, itself naturally suggests the thought that it is *natural* that the two classes described

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should, under the conditions mentioned, most radically and strenuously and constantly disagree, precisely as the record shows they do. And, having looked behind the abstract terms, "Labour" and "Capital," and realised the actual characteristics of the concrete economic groups for which they stand, we easily come to perceive that the deprecated "conflicts" are, not an accidental, but the normal (and, given the conditions, the practically inevitable) result of the co-existence and interaction of two such social classes standing in such relations to one another and to the conditions of production —and existence. Analysis shows that the arrangement (or dis-arrangement) in question—namely, the prevailing division of society into a small part which does, and a large part which does not, "command" the external, non-personal conditions of human existence and activity—is an arrangement (or dis-arrangement) which, while on the one hand it makes the great majority absolutely and directly dependent on "employment" by the *entrepreneur* minority as their sole source of income, does at the same time, on the other hand, make the income obtainable from that source exceedingly precarious, inadequate, and costly.

For, when the land and capital available belong exclusively to a comparatively small proportion of the population, the exploitation of such land and capital in the manner and to the extent in and to which, alone, the few owners naturally deem it to *their* interest to have them exploited, is practically sure—owing to the premature failure of "effectual demand" (or "markets") which strongly tends to occur under such circumstances, to fall short, in varying but always great and harmful degrees, of affording to the dependent majority adequate opportunity, in the shape of adequately remunerated (and "decently conditioned") employment, to secure a sufficient and appropriate provision of the material conditions of existence, upon terms not incompatible with the leading of a desirable "human" life, physical, moral, and intellectual. Such being the diagnosis suggested by the symptoms, what treatment is "indicated"? Common sense and reason may take us some way toward an answer.

Obviously, so long as the "arrangement" described continues, neither of the two classes whose co-existence constitutes it can practically be expected to desist, of its own motion, from maintaining the attitude and policy the maintenance of which by it, coincidently with the maintenance by the other class of *its* attitude and policy, involves (inasmuch as it *constitutes*) the keeping up of the deprecated "conflicts." The "possessing" *entrepreneur* minority will not voluntarily desist from "doing as it wills with its own" (which it is convinced it has an absolute right, and that it is for its interest, to do), but, so long as not prevented, will continue to exploit its land (and capital) only "in the manner and to the extent" in and to

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which such exploitation is deemed by it desirable in *its* interest. That form and degree of exploitation being, as events suggest, and analysis demonstrates, incompatible with the dependent majority's commanding (in the wages of the incident "employment") any but an exceedingly precarious, inadequate, and costly, *hardly*-earned income, that dependent majority, in its turn, will, if not prevented, persist in its struggle to compel by strikes, boycotts, and their natural incidents, better, far better terms and conditions of employment than the *entrepreneurs* are both able and willing to concede without a "conflict."

If, then, the recurrence of the conflicts is to be minimised or prevented at all, either the "arrangement" described must itself be somehow adequately altered, or, public policy must manage to "prevent" one or the other of the two economic classes mentioned from acting in the way in which its beliefs as to its rights and its needs will almost irresistibly impel it to act. But, actually, though coercion of either *entrepreneurs* or employees may be conceivable as a logical alternative to the "conflicts," it is no more really such, in practice, than was "suicide" to "confession" in Webster's famous *quasi*-Irish bull: "There is no refuge from confession but suicide—and suicide *is* confession." Inasmuch as the community which must do the coercing is itself nothing but the two classes taken together, its continuous "coercing" of either class would be simply the coercing of that class by the other, resisted, of course—in other words, *the continuance of the "conflicts" under another name.* Given the continuance of the "arrangement" in question as the proper one, not properly to be altered, to attempt to coerce the possessing or *entrepreneur* class into exploiting "its own" otherwise than when, how, and to the extent it chooses, is as obviously illogical and ethically wrong, as in practice it would prove almost certainly impossible, against the resisting power which, by virtue of the "arrangement," the class in question has. If the exclusive ownership of substantially all the available "land" (and of such "capital" as they secure *through and only through* such monopoly of nature, as distinguished from productive labour under fair conditions) be legitimately the minority's "own," in the sense in which law and prevailing "opinion" now admit them to be, then, *ex vi termini*, this possessing minority has a right to control the exploitation of such (*its*) land and capital, uninterfered with by either government or "hands." Any proper "preventing" of it from doing so would really imply, by so much, the impropriety and intolerableness of the "arrangement" mentioned, and should, to avoid demoralisation and confusion of the public mind, frankly take the shape of an avowed and explicit and logical modification, *pro tanto*, of such "arrangement" itself. Before considering that solution, however, we must conclude our examination of the real or supposed potentialities of

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the policy of coercion—without amendment of the "arrangement" or system itself—as a means for really improving the situation.

So far, then, the case stands thus: If the "arrangement," or system, is one which we cannot rightfully alter, the "possessing" minority ought not to be "prevented" from controlling "its" land and capital and the degree and form of their exploitation absolutely as it may desire. If we do not in fact alter the system, whether rightly or wrongly, any genuine effectual coercing of the class in question in this matter—such as would "prevent" its administration of "its property" from resulting in the majority's being absolutely dependent upon a precarious, inadequate and costly wages-income—will continue to be (whether right or wrong) practically impossible, owing to the tremendous power of resistance—nay, of preventing attack—direct and indirect, secret or avowed, which the "possessing" minority derives from its being the possessing class, with its "rights" as such fully recognised by law and traditional public sentiment. Voluntarily, on the other hand, the class in question will, as a whole, certainly not refrain from pursuing its present policy in the matter, though the familiar consequences must of course continue to result.

What, now, about the other of the two "conflicting" classes? May not "prevention" be applicable to the non-possessing majority, and if so, is not "prevention better than cure"? This class, unquestionably, can be and is seriously affected by the power of "the community" (*i.e.*, of the possessing minority acting through its official and officious servants, legislative, executive and judicial; editorial, professorial and "clerical"). The non-possessing majority is not favoured, but handicapped, by the characteristic features of the "arrangement" or system; and its resulting greater liability to injunction and militia influences unquestionably operates progressively to impair its efficiency as a contestant in the depreciated "conflicts." Therefore, though it is not unlikely that for quite a while still it might continue to struggle, after a fashion, it seems impossible to deny, *a priori*, the possibility of the community's ultimate success (by a continuance of the present "treatment") in completely "preventing" the non-possessing majority from continuing to resist in the economic "conflict," which would of course thereupon cease, as it takes two to make a quarrel.

That is to say, it is probably possible, by *degrading* the non possessing class—the overwhelming majority of the people, in other words—into practically absolute impotence to resist, ultimately to "prevent" a recurrence of the deprecated "conflicts" between "capital" and "labour" (at least as such), without altering in any way the "arrangement" or system mentioned (characterised by the co-existence of a possessing and *entrepreneur* minority and a non-possessing and dependent majority). When "the masses" shall

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have become only so many duplicates of the "Man with the Hoe," all "Brothers to the Ox," "Labour" will probably not war with "Capital"—"As a sheep before her shearers is dumb!"

That may pass for a "solution" if you choose; and, moreover, the foregoing examination seems to prove it the only one practicable if we are to maintain intact the "arrangement" or system described—if, that is to say, we are to continue to allow a small and gradually diminishing proportion of the population to monopolise the earth (the naturally existing resources absolutely needed by all), and, as an incident of its "ownership," to restrict the form and degree of its exploitation by mankind to simply such as it, the dwindling minority in question, chooses to consent to as being to *its* interest and therefore desirable. But—must we maintain intact this precious system? "On what compulsion" must we? Society can if it chooses refuse any longer to recognise so harmful a claim, based as it is only on "appropriation" (stealing), and insist that the entire supply of this indispensable factor of production and condition of all human activity and even existence, must be perpetually kept fully available for the safeguarding of the whole community against all destitution not physically unavoidable.

Why shouldn't it? The degradation of the people into mere "Brothers to the Ox" is too great a price to pay—especially by the *choice* of a "society" *of which that same to-be-degraded "people" forms the larger part*—for the doubtful luxury of maintaining a parasitic economic "rump" in the exclusive and wholly unearned enjoyment (?) of all the benefits of the bounty of nature. If some "thief of the world" has "sold" you what was not his to sell, and what you cannot be allowed to keep without degrading men, you simply have been bunkoed, and, like other victims of a "green-goods" game, must pocket your loss unless you can make your bunker disgorge. If officials ("governments") have treacherously or ignorantly assumed to sell the people's birthright for a mess of pottage; to "exchange," forsooth! the perpetual and indispensable and fundamental "necessary" of all mankind, for the perishable, evanescent, artificial utilities which alone any man can make and "own," and *have a right* to "pay"—their act was beyond their power, *ultra vires*, unauthorised. Esau's contract with Jacob is void as against public policy. The monopolisation of the land by the few is as null, as utterly and eternally invalid, as an act or contract creating "slavery"—it is in itself an act or contract creating slavery!

Therefore that which "is properly practicable" for preventing "conflicts" between "Capital" and "Labour," between the monopolists and the disinherited, is certainly, obviously, simply this: To abolish both "classes" by merging them into a single one, the one great aggregate "people," whose common "property" and heritage

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the land shall be, in such sense and degree that none may exclude others from the use of any part of it save on condition of paying them periodically the "ground-rent" value of such exclusive privilege, while any one shall be at liberty to "employ himself" upon any land not thus rented (at full value) from the community by some one else. Upon that basis no "minority" would hold more land than they could and would fully exploit (with much incident employment of "labour" on terms satisfactory to labourers *not bound to take that or nothing*). All would alike benefit by the ground-rent of the valuable portions of the land—at least by relief from taxation for the cost of public services, if not in an actual cash dividend from any surplus over public expenses—and each would be at liberty freely to use any of the land (abundant under such a *régime*) not having "value" because not wanted for use by anybody else. Under such circumstances each could "employ himself," and would do so unless someone else offered him better terms than he could get as his own employer.

No class could then be *ex officio entrepreneurs* by right of a monopoly giving them "the bulge" on others, but only by reason of their really being personally able, sagacious, enterprising, useful managers and organisers of business, whose personal services would be worth to all "co-operating" with them all the reward received therefor. Industry would be carried on by systematic, voluntary co-operation, which, supplemented by a system of "mutual assurance against destitution" (as a substitute for "pauperism") would give us all a chance and save society from the anguish and the horror of that cancer upon the body politic, a parasitic "leisure class" battening the life-blood of the workers!

The "Single Tax" *will* "work," and so will those who now "think it scorn" to "labour."

CHARLES FREDERICK ADAMS.

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A COUNTRY WITHOUT STRIKES.

HENRY DEMAREST LLOYD, who did the Australian Colonies in 1899, considers that he learnt much in New Zealand, and he has published, mainly for the benefit of his countrymen across the pond, a small octavo styled *A Country Without Strikes, a Visit to the Compulsory Arbitration Court of New Zealand.*

In the first chapter the weary old conservative arguments are trotted out on crutches, only to be knocked down ninepin fashion on every succeeding page.

"Compulsory arbitration is an impossibility; it is a contradiction in terms. You cannot compel men to work whether they want to or not; you cannot compel men to arbitrate or fix prices by law; you cannot settle wages and conditions of labour by laws of the Legislature, instead of by laws of supply and demand."

"No, we can't do it," assents the New Zealander; "and yet, somehow, it's just what we are doing."

The year 1891 saw a great strike covering the whole of the shipping interest of Australasia. Thence it spread to allied trades, till the relations of capital and labour were more or less strained in all directions and in all the Colonies. In Melbourne, for instance, feeling ran so high that large numbers of the adult male inhabitants were enrolled as special constables. After lasting for some months the industrial battle ended in a defeat for labour.

In New Zealand the Hon. William Pember Reeves set himself to study some means of preventing similar and worse occurrences in the future. He found that there was no lack of legislative machinery ready to his hand in the laws already on the statute books of other countries, for there had been innumerable well-meaning attempts to deal with strikes, lock-outs, and dislocations of the labour market, while Great Britain herself legislated in that direction as far back as 1824. The mother country also passed amending Acts in 1867 and 1872, but they have not prevented strikes. In Massachusetts Mr. Reeves found most excellent administrative machinery, apparently only waiting to be set in motion. Yet they have strikes in Massachusetts. France has had her *conseils de prud'hommes* for eighty years, which regulate the conduct of industry; but France has strikes.

Arbitration and conciliation laws and boards existed in many

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countries and in as many different forms. But however they varied in mechanism or administration they were all alike in one particular —that they all failed of their object. Mr. Reeves asked himself how this could be. What was the one factor common to all these legislative failures? He found it in this, that in all these countries arbitration was optional. A Manchester manufacturer warned him, "If you are to have arbitration at all it will be of no use if you do not make it compulsory. Every man who thinks he may lose a strike is ready to go to arbitration, while the man who thinks he is going to win will have none of it."

Mr. Reeves had his first Bill ready in 1892. Three times did it come before both Houses to be thrashed out before it finally became law in 1894.

Mr. Lloyd offers a criticism of the Compulsory Arbitration Act in detail and in operation, and his conclusions are mainly these:

1. It places no embargo on private opinion or private agreements; it neither prevents nor encourages trade disputes; these go on just the same, *but work goes on too.* The Act nowhere says you shall not dispute. It only says when you cannot agree you must not settle the point by industrial war, you must bring the points in dispute before a properly constituted court and abide by its decision under penalty of a heavy fine, repeated if necessary as often as may be. The innocent shall not suffer, the country shall not be out of pocket merely because certain individuals differ about the wages in a certain trade or about the conditions of that trade. Speaking of the perennial disputes in the boot trade:

> "In this instance we see the first case which appears before the court continuing to appear, and we know that it will reappear. The masters and the men are both strongly organised; they hold unshakable convictions; they have even 'conscientious scruples'; they are not satisfied, for neither has secured what he asked for, but they find it less intolerable to obey the award and go on, than to give up the business. The trade is kept in continual agitation for six years, but how innocent the agitation! Instead of strikes, riots, starvation, bankruptcy, passion, and all the other accompaniments of the Homestead method, there has been—debate! The total loss is a few weeks' time of only a dozen men. The manufacturers have not been ruined; they have not had to shut down their works; they have not fled the country. The working men have gone on working, buying land and building homes and paying for them, rearing children and building up industry and the State as well as their homes."

2. Compulsory arbitration is in no way analogous to the old sumptuary laws of the middle ages, where governments and corporations arbitrarily fixed the price of bread, the rent of land, the rate of a blacksmith's wages, and went on to discriminate between the wearers of hodden and the wearers of silk; because wages, hours, conditions of labour are discussed by chosen representatives with the aid of a disinterested arbitrator who must be, mark, a judge of the

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Supreme Court, aided if necessary by experts, and must on the whole be decided by weight of evidence, the sole object of the sitting being to discover as nearly as may be what is the natural wage under any given set of circumstances.

3. It protects organised employers against guerilla competitors. Over and over again in the history of the labour movement the most just agreement, acceptable alike to reasonable employers and reasonable men, has been upset by some underselling, cut-throat competitor.

4. Compulsory arbitration acts as an educative influence on both masters and men. Both sides must keep proper books, both must express themselves civilly and temperately. An employer no longer finds it of any use to talk at large, make vague assertions as to his generous treatment of his employés, or claim indulgence on the credit of unproved statements as to huge business losses. "Very well," says the court, "give us proof of your generosity, show by your books how trade is going." One man declared solemnly and quite honestly that an advance of 5 per cent. in wages would ruin him. The award meant much more than 5 per cent. And yet after trial of the new conditions, this same employer candidly admitted "I believe it will work out all right. We have re-organised our methods and are getting on first rate." And this was after every one had been assured that "Judges know nothing of business." The attendant compulsory publicity has also had a wholesome secondary effect in raising trade standards in the direction of thorough and honest work.

The total money price that New Zealand paid for four years of industrial peace up to November 1, 1899, was £4,400, the cost of the administration of the Arbitration and Conciliation Act.

Trade organisation and peace! What would a fine old crusted Tory say to a law which stated in its original preamble that its object was partly "to encourage the formation of industrial unions and associations"? And why? Because with an organisation you can know where you are, but with free lances as soon as you have disarmed one there pops up another to be reckoned with. So the Act encourages organisation on the part of both employers and employed. It does so very cunningly. Seven men in any trade can form a union and claim all its privileges, and they can practically make terms for their unorganised fellows, so that they cannot be undersold by blacklegs. To prevent employers dodging the law by refusing to organise, an individual master can be summoned before the court, and the whole of the masters in the trade in that district are bound by a decision given against a single master. So that employés find it pays to organise.

And what of that terrible bogey the agitator? He still lives

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and flourishes, but he is very harmless now. He may foment a dispute, ending in a harmless arbitration, he can no longer bring about a strike.

Experience shows what a weak reed is arbitration if merely optional, for it leaves the conclusive word with an irresponsible minority, often unprincipled and always uncontrollable.

At this moment an amendment of the Act is pending, but its tendency is rather to extend the scope of legislation and to strengthen the compulsory element by abolishing the courts of conciliation, which have hitherto been the ante-chamber through which suitors approached the supreme tribunal.

Those who so bitterly resent the compulsory clauses seem to forget that as far back as we can trace courts of justice there has always been a compulsory background to them all, even to civil courts, adjudicating between man and man or between bodies of men. Neither man singular nor men collectively are allowed in civilised countries to settle their differences with their fists. Even over their tongues they must keep some control, witness actions for libel and defamation of character. And once one party has haled the other before bench or jury, by that bench's decision or by that jury's finding both must abide. Yet no one cavils at this, or dreams of saying that litigants should be free to walk out of any court, flouting its verdict. Then why should not yet the larger collections of men, the masters and men who compose whole trades, and whose industrial disputes weaken national prosperity and starve women and children, be equally the subjects of judicial discipline? What in the new legislation wears at first glance the aspect of a strange and untried novelty is seen on closer examination to be but an extension and development of the law's sphere of action, an extension at once simple and natural, more inevitable in the increasing complexity of social conditions, in short an old friend with a new face.

The ludicrous absurdity and futility of the optional arbitration so gravely discussed by doctrinaires and clung to by conservatives as their last hope in face of the growing power of democracy would be seen at once did any one propose to emasculate our civil courts by depriving them of legal power to enforce their decisions. The slanderer, the dishonest trader who loves to sail as close by the wind as may be, all the large class in fine who neither fear God nor regard man, would pursue their ways unmolested and unchecked.

Now turn we to the future with the daring hope that what has been done in the land of the moa towards restricting the evils of industrial war may prove but, as it were, a finger to point the path that shall at length lead to the peaceful solution of even international disputes. If compulsory arbitration can be imposed

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by law on one whole people and can be successfully applied on this comparatively small scale against all precedent and all preconceived ideas of what was practicable even within the area of industrial quarrel, is there any inherent reason why with modifications a similar restrictive yoke may not at last be imposed upon the passions of nations? Wildly utopian it may appear while Britain herself is steeped neck-deep in war, and every European nation armed to the utmost holds a position of defensive neutrality; and yet the darkest hour has often been before the dawn, and it may be that with such an international arbitration court as is already in existence that happy dawn may be nearer than some of us dream. If we examine the basis that underlies all civil tribunals and gives them their real power we will find it in the consent of the community, not, mark well, in the consent of the parties between whom the court adjudicates. That is taken for granted, and their acquiescence compelled by the strong arm of the law, by the strong arm, that is, of the community supporting the law. We have but to extend this principle from the comparatively small and relatively isolated groups of individuals which make up one nation to the larger and more complex groups which compose the several nations, making up, say, Europe and North America, and international arbitration would be a fact. As it is the creation of an international arbitration court with tantalisingly complete legal machinery and no power to enforce its decisions puts civilised Europe in about as consistent a position as that of a country which should build in its capital a huge court of justice, lock the door and leave it, a monument to justice, magnificent, but dead and inert.

ALICE HENRY.

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THE FRIENDS OF MONTAIGNE.

In the year of our Lord 1592 Michel de Montaigne, the genial egotist, who had in his essays laughed gaily at all the philosophies, and discoursed with freedom of the uncertainty of every form of religious faith, died in the odour of sanctity.

For three days he whose brilliant talk had delighted the world had lain passive and speechless, but when the priest who officiated in his death-chamber elevated the Host, a sudden access of strength enabled him to clasp his hands in silent adoration. Thus he fell forward and expired, and this last act is described by Pasquier as a "beautiful mirror of his inward soul."

The words ring strangely in our ears to-day, for we find it impossible to associate the "French Horace" with Christianity, in spite of his professions of faith, in spite of his anxiety to escape any accusation of heresy. To read the essays of Montaigne carefully and thoughtfully, and having read to proclaim him a Christian, is surely impossible. He stands self-revealed, his attitude throughout is that of the man of the world, not of the believer. He is not an active opponent of Christianity, he is even its advocate—but what an advocate! To use the authority of the Church to confute the philosophies is not to be a Christian, nor do arguments that prove reason insufficient establish faith. The religion of Montaigne is not worthy the name of religion, it is entirely on the surface, a thing of convention. To speak of him as a Christian is to insult Christianity.

Behind his professions of reverence for the "Apostolical and Roman Catholic Church" in which he was born, in which he would die, behind his eulogies of the "Holy Book" and its "sacred mysteries" is doubt—the same doubt that clouds his philosophic views. Yet one dare not proclaim him a thorough-going sceptic, for he believed in human nature, he declined to accept the doctrine of its utter corruption. He extolled friendship, he loved his country, he had an exalted idea of virtue, his idols were good and great men, and he found his heroes not in the higher ranks of life alone, but among the poor of the land, "that neither know Aristotle nor Cato, example nor precept. Even from these does nature every day extract effects of constancy and patience, more pure and manly than those we so inquisitively study in the schools. He that is now

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digging in my garden has this morning buried his father or his son. . . . They never keep their beds but to die."

These are brave words and true, so are those in which he proclaims his belief in the power of human will, and the beauty of virtue. "The happiness and blessedness which shines in virtue, illumines all its avenues and approaches, from the first entrance to the inner gate." Thus writes our author. We would fain believe that in carrying out what has been characterised as the foolish project of painting himself, he was led to exaggerate his own defects, to lay on his colours too thickly, we would fain believe that his life was a fairer one than that he has depicted for us.

They buried him with due honour. His remains, after resting for a brief period at Montaigne, were removed to the church of the Feuillants at Bordeaux. Here a tomb was erected by his widow, bearing his effigy clad in full armour, and beneath it inscriptions in the Latin tongue. The hands of the recumbent figure were joined in prayer, the helmet was placed behind the head, at the side lay the gauntlets, at the feet a lion crouched.

The monument was a handsome one, the effigy was carved in marble, but it is not by these that the "first French classic" lives in our memories. Montaigne the writer has immortalised himself by his essays, Montaigne the man has found a place in our hearts by reason of his friendships; and that in spite of the faults that he takes as much pleasure in proclaiming as though they were so many virtues, in spite of his selfishness, a vice as hateful as it is universal.

That he was capable of pure and disinterested attachment to man and woman, that in return he was loved so devotedly, is a greater tribute to his memory than the most elaborate of stone carvings, the most eulogistic of epitaphs.

If we did not know how he loved Etienne de la Boétie we should not know the real Montaigne, his higher self that could abandon itself to an ennobling passion; if we did not know how he loved Mademoiselle de Gournay we should not believe that he could have entertained so fine a sentiment for any woman.

These two friends of his were, if we accept his verdict, full of literary promise. Yet it is doubtful whether their names would be familiar to the majority of us were it not for their connection with Michel de Montaigne.

In point of ability la Boétie should stand before Marie de Gournay, he was also the friend of Montaigne's youth; but since *place aux dames* is a worthy sentiment, we will take the lady first, in the hope that some may find pleasure in contemplating a figure summoned from the shadowy past, and the certainty that no circumstance in the life of Montaigne can be altogether devoid of interest for his admirers.

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Marie was well born; her father, the Seigneur de Gournay, left his widow an ample fortune, but having a taste for building she soon dissipated it. Marie was quite a child when her father died, and she was, it would appear, left a good deal to herself. She had none of youth's frivolous fancies, her passion was for reading. When she happened upon the essays of Montaigne she read them eagerly, and with delight. When we consider her youth and her sex we are somewhat surprised that she was not daunted by the coarseness and indelicacy that disfigures Montaigne's genius, and is an offence and stumbling block to the pure minded. In spite of this Marie became at once an enthusiastic admirer of the witty Gascon, her young imagination took fire, she longed to see him, to converse with him, to prove the truth of the statement he had made as to his identity with his book. The opportunity occurred; Montaigne left his retreat and journeyed to Paris, to republish his essays, which he had been touching up and amplifying. Mademoiselle de Gournay hurried to his *rencontre*, made herself known to him, and so won upon him that he was easily persuaded to accompany her and her mother to their *château*, where he spent three months or so. He gave to her, almost immediately, a title of which she proclaimed herself to be as proud as she would be to be called the mother of the Muses. She was his *fille d'alliance*. This is her great claim to our interest; she shows herself to posterity, peeping from beneath the mantle of his greatness, not his *protegée* alone, but his adopted daughter. Let him speak for himself:

"I have taken a delight to publish in many places the hope I have of Marie de Gournay de Jars, my adopted daughter, beloved by me with more than a paternal love, and treasured up in my solitude and retirement as one of the best parts of my own being. I have no regard to anything in this world but to her (this reads somewhat jarringly when we remember that he had an affectionate wife and daughter). If a man may presage from her youth, her soul will one day be capable of very great things; and amongst others of that perfection of friendship of which we do not read that any of her sex could yet arrive at; the sincerity and solidity of her manners are already sufficient for it; her affection towards me is more than superabundant, and such as there is nothing more to be wished, if not that the apprehension she has of my end from the five and fifty years I had reached when she knew me might not so much affect her. The judgment she made of my first essays, being a woman, so young, and in this age, and alone in her order, place, and the notable vehemence with which she loved and desired me, upon the sole esteem she had of me before ever she saw my face, are things very worthy of consideration."

That the demoiselle de Gournay had talent admits of no denial, the age in which she lived was poetic and imaginative; but this was not her bent, she found her delight in abstruser subjects, compilations and commentaries and the study of Greek, Latin and other languages formed her recreation, diversified by occasional raids into the regions of theology.

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There is little doubt that Mademoiselle de Gournay would have been wise to confine herself to studies such as these, to which she was naturally inclined. But Michel de Montaigne wrote, and he was her idol; imitation being the sincerest form of flattery she also rushed into print. Her first effort was a rambling Arabian story called *Proumenoir de Monsieur de Montaigne*, which had a maximum of words, but a minimum of interest. She sent it to her adopted father, who is believed to have encouraged her to write it; history does not tell us whether he repented him of the fact when he received it. That critical work was Marie's forte rather than fiction is however a fact that few would venture to deny. Her romance was a failure; nor did the passion of love enter into her life, her admiration of Montaigne being of the reverential order, a philosophical alliance, a something apart from what we meet with in every day life. It does not appear that Marie was ever beautiful or attractive, but her intelligence was undoubtedly of a high order, and Michel de Montaigne could inhale sweet-scented flattery freely without becoming nauseated. The demoiselle de Jars spoke of his works as "the quintessence of all true philosophy, the judicial throne of reason, the antidote to folly, the emancipation of the intellect, the resurrection of moral truth." To crown it all she said that it was "second only to the gospel." An odd gospel surely, very unlike that preached by the Nazarene.

Montaigne commends the judgment of his adopted daughter with an amusing *naïveté*, neither in this nor in any other particular do we find him wanting in self esteem. Whatever were the foundations of the friendship that existed between the two, it was clearly a sincere one. Marie loved her hero during his lifetime; when he was dead she worshipped his memory, and still lived and worked for it.

When the sad news reached her she was desolated with grief, and hurried to visit his wife and daughter, and to mingle her tears with theirs. But while she wept the fire of zeal for her departed friend was not dried up. She found solace in action. She determined at once that the wonderful essays must be collected and published in a new edition. This sacred task should be hers. She pored over the notes of Michel de Montaigne, she revised proofs, she wrote a preface, her heart swelling with the old ecstatic admiration. Her style is difficult to render, it was not that of her own time, it is odd and bizarre, but the evidences of real feeling cannot be hidden. Her adoption by Montaigne is alluded to gracefully.

"Reader, having the desire to make the best of myself to thee, I adorn myself with the noble title of this adoption. I have no other ornament, and I have a good right to call him my true father, from whom all that is good and noble in my soul proceeds. The parent to whom I owe my being, and whom my evil fortune snatched from me in my infancy, was an excel-

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lent father and a most virtuous and clever man—and he would have felt less jealousy in seeing the second to whom I gave this title of father than he would have felt pride in seeing the manner of man he was."

It was as though a spirit hand had been laid on the spring of Marie's life, as though a spirit voice whispered, "thus far shalt thou go and no farther." She took up her abode in Paris, she resolved not to avail herself of any improvement or innovation, she refused to make any change in her way of living. She was a relic of the sixteenth century, though living in the seventeenth, and this because of a perverse determination to remain always as she had been when her adopted father knew and loved her. For friends she had Montaigne's widow and daughter, an adopted child, the orphan of the poet Jamyn, and a cat known to fame as Piaillion. Her mode of life subjected her to ridicule, her vanity invited derision.

In 1626 she published a book, in obvious imitation of Montaigne's Essays. She called it *L'Ombre de Mademoiselle de Gournay.* Then she sat down with her cat and awaited the world's verdict with confident expectancy. There is something pathetic in the picture. It was a poor work without method. Montaigne had been discursive, rambling from subject to subject at his own free will. But the free will of Montaigne and that of Mademoiselle de Gournay were not the same thing, nor is it given to every one to charm by irrelevance as did the prince of essayists. Marie de Gournay had failed, all the world knew it. She was the sport of wits, the laughing stock of idle courtiers, the butt for practical jokers.

They assured her that the king—Louis XIII.—was amazed at her genius, that her portrait was in all the galleries on the Continent, that her name was on the lips of every one, that she was famous. She believed it all, the poor old woman of sixty lived in a Fool's Paradise. She became the heroine of a story probably known to many. Who has not heard of the trick played upon her by a few heartless wags? Has it not proved the theme for comedy?

They made her believe that Racan, the poet, was dying to see her, she graciously consented to grant him an interview. Racan was announced, the Chevalier de Bresire impersonated him. His hostess was all smiles and courtesy. No sooner had he left than a second Monsieur Racan was announced (M. Yorande this time).

"But M. Racan has but this moment left!" cried the bewildered lady.

"Some vile trick!" replied her visitor angrily.

Mademoiselle de Gournay stormed, allowed herself to be pacified, was all urbanity once more, and the play went on. When she was again alone, and still glowing from words of flattery, the real Racan arrived. He was poorly dressed, had an awkward and hesitating manner accompanied by an imperfect utterance, and was not master of the situation as the others had been. Marie de

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Gournay was beside herself with rage at what she deemed a fresh impertinence.

"Must I then see nothing but Racans all the days of my life?" she cried, flinging her slipper at the unfortunate man's head.

The jest was all over Paris in an hour; before long it reached the victim herself, and plunged her in despair and humiliation. Cardinal Richelieu chancing to hear it laughed prodigiously, and thought that he would like a chance of ridiculing the helpless old woman in his turn. He had an audience of her, and made a clumsy joke at her expense.

"*Vous riez de la pauvre vielle,*" she cried, "*vous riez, riez, il faut que tout le monde contribue à votre divertissement!*"

The cardinal was moved by her words, it is even possible that he had the grace to be ashamed of himself. His subseqent behaviour would support this assumption, for he pensioned her so that she and her friend and her cat might not suffer further privation. She was thus enabled to publish a fresh work of her own, called *Avis et Présens de Mademoiselle de Gournay*, and to re-edit Montaigne's Essays, and her own book *L'Ombre*.

It is unpleasant to be compelled to record that when Richelieu died, his royal master, on overlooking the pension list, declared that he must have been mad when he showed liberality to such a woman, and struck off her name.

So the demoiselle de Gournay died in poverty and seclusion at the age of eighty, but not before making a will like a true lady of quality. She bequeathed her scanty wardrobe to Mademoiselle Jamyn, her few books to various friends, and a curious map of the world, on which she set considerable value, to one as poor and eccentric as herself, Gombauld, the poet.

While realising that her eulogies of Montaigne were almost fulsome in their extravagance, it behoves us to remember that in one respect her intuition was prophetic. She affirmed that he would not take his due rank in literature until a century later than that in which he lived, and her words proved to be correct.

Marie de Gournay was Montaigne's unqualified admirer; we turn from her to his Mentor, and find ourselves face to face with what Guizot has rightly called the romance of his life—his friendship with Etienne de la Boétie.

They were young men when they first met, Boétie the junior by two years or more: both chanced to attend a *fête*; they were mutually attracted. Though strangers personally, each already knew the other by name and fame. Montaigne had formed a high opinion of la Boétie's *Servitude Volontaire*, which he had read with intense interest. "We embraced each other through our names," says Montaigne. They were at this time magistrates, but had they been

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but schoolboys they could not have made friends with one another more rapidly or unceremoniously. "We were so taken up at home and beholden between ourselves," says Montaigne, "that from thenceforward nothing was so near unto us as one unto the other."

The philosopher appears himself to be puzzled by the strength and suddenness of the affection that sprang up in his heart (indeed it has been justly called the thunderbolt of friendship). He declares that were he importuned to give a reason why he loved la Boétie he could but say, "because it was he, because it was I. There is beyond all that I am able to say, I know not what inexplicable and fated power." he goes on to say "that brought on this union. We sought one another long before we met, and by the character we heard of one another, which wrought upon our affections, more than, in reason, mere reports should do. I think 'twas by some secret appointment of heaven."

The student of Montaigne does undoubtedly find more of heaven in the essayist's attitude towards his chosen friend than in any other relation of his life. In point of intellect he was beyond him, morally he was not his equal. From Etienne de la Boétie Montaigne could accept advice, endure reproach, receive encouragement. La Boétie had Virtue for his mistress, she beckoned to him to climb exalted heights, and he was resolved not to climb them alone. It was his *métier* to extol the path he trod, to show his friend the excellence of the goal to which it led, to plead, to urge, to cheer. He had made up his mind that they two should be fellow travellers. It is probable that it was not until Montaigne became intimately associated with him that he learnt to set a high value on Friendship. It would not be easy to exaggerate the influence that his earnest colleague had over him, it was immeasurable. For evidence of it we have only to study Montaigne's essays, those of them that go deepest are directly inspired by his friend. None was better acquainted with Montaigne's virtues than La Boétie, none knew his faults better. To correct these he penned wise exhortations and gracious pleadings; he strove to bring out all that was noblest in his companion; he bade him arm himself against the temptations that were so powerful for a pleasure-loving nature, such as he possessed.

The two men were, as regards both character and conduct, the opposites of one another, to Montaigne life was somewhat of a jest, La Boétie took it very seriously. Both had been made counsellors at an early age, the one fulfilled his duties carelessly, the other gave to them the most assiduous attention. La Boétie has been too often regarded as a mere pendant to Montaigne; no view could well be more erroneous. Guizot is right when he impresses upon us that La Boétie's title of honour is not to have been loved by Montaigne,

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or to have served for a theme for sixty admirable pages. He is right also when he avers that to have loved la Boétie is morally, that which is most beautiful in the life of Montaigne, that there is nothing more worthy of admiration in his career than the deep regret he felt for his lost friend, or the touching homage that he paid him.

Montaigne's appreciation of la Boétie's literary ability is undoubtedly somewhat extravagant, but that is an amiable weakness that we do not find it difficult to forgive. That the young man had genius cannot be denied, unless one would set aside the testimony of able critics. Scaliger speaks of him in the highest terms, Prévost Paradol declares him to be immortal because his name is closely united with Friendship and Liberty, divine words which nothing will efface from the language of mankind. La Boétie's appeal for liberty is to be read in *Servitude Volontaire*, an essay on Republicanism, known also as the *Contr'un*, this is regarded by competent critics as full of promise, but they concur in thinking it unworthy of the fame it acquired. It was a grief to Montaigne that it should be exploited for party purposes, he was zealous for the good name of his friend in his capacity of citizen, as well as in that of author. It was published in the *Réveille-Matin* at a time when hearts were inflamed by the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew, and it is due to this fact that it gained such renown.

Etienne de la Boétie was a scholar as well as a genius, his philological knowledge was sound, and he was distinguished as a linguist. Nor did he neglect the cultivation of his talents, with singular application he combined this with the conscientious fulfilment of his public duties. Montaigne would have us believe that he was a great poet, but those who have read his verses are reluctantly compelled to differ even from so high an authority as his, and to believe that his judgment was biassed by affection. That his poems have a charm and sweetness of their own we do not deny, but we cannot allow that their author is to be ranked even among the second-rate poets. There are twenty-nine sonnets, written in early youth, of which Montaigne speaks with enthusiasm. "Gascony," he says, "never yielded more invention, finer expression," &c., &c. He goes on to declare them to be vastly superior to those inspired in the young writer by his love for Marguerite Carles, who afterwards became his wife. The charge he brings against these verses is that "being written later, when he was a suitor for marriage, and in honour of his wife," they were attainted with "I know not what matrimonial coldness. And for my part," he boldly declares, "I am of the same opinion with those who hold that poesy appears nowhere so gay as in a wanton and irregular subject."

These are the words of a man who claims for poetry, and perhaps

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for the poet also, a fuller freedom than we should all be ready to grant, these are the sentiments of a man who says, "Might I have had my own way I would not have married Wisdom herself if she would have had me, but most of my actions are guided by example, not choice;" the words also, it may be noted, of a man who bore the loss of his children, "two or three," he is not even certain of the number, "if not without grief, at least without repining." Apparently he was of opinion that the affection of all married persons must necessarily be as cool as his own

La Boétie's translation into French of *L'Economie de Zénéphon*, under the title of *La Mesnagerie*, and of two treatises of Plutarch, *Les Règles de Mariage* and *Lettre de Consolation*, are highly commended by Montaigne. All these he collected and published after the death of his friend.

This occurred four years after they first met, their friendship enduring for the same time as did that of Montaigne and Mademoiselle de Gournay. In both cases death was the intervener.

Those who care to see Montaigne at his best—I speak of Montaigne the man—must see him at the bedside of his friend. The pestilence that was so rife in those unsanitary days struck Etienne de la Boétie down in the prime of life. Montaigne, full of grief, hastened to him; the man who shunned the sick-room with a distate of which he was wont to vaunt himself, forgot all selfish considerations, and was suddenly transformed into the assiduous nurse. They had often talked about death, these two, now they were face to face with it. His hand clasped in his friend's, Michael de Montaigne spoke such words of comfort as were possible to him. The dying man was calm and full of courage, save when physical weakness overcame strength of soul. Then he would appeal to Montaigne, with touching earnestness, crying, "Brother, keep close to me, if you please!" His friend did not desert him, though he was bidden to go away for a while, because the sickness that had laid the sufferer low "was a little contagious, and disagreeable and melancholy withal." Love taught him tenderness, self-restraint, self-forgetfulness, all that was most foreign to his nature. He listened eagerly for the last words of his friend, he assisted him to put his affairs in order, he received his dying command, and promised to aid and protect the wife who would so soon be left alone. Thus "full of repose and tranquillity," at the early age of thirty-three, la Boétie passed away, thus was "the thread of life cut asunder, in a career of marvellous progress, and in the very flower of its increase," and Montaigne was left alone, to "drag on a languishing existence."

"I was so formed and accustomed to be his second in all things," he writes, "that I seem now to be only half myself." Nor did he

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exaggerate the extent of his grief, it was not only intense, it was also enduring. Eighteen years later he fell into a profound reverie of the most painful description, from which he found it almost impossible to rouse himself, and that only because a chance scene reminded him of his dead friend. He was travelling in Italy at the time, and enters the fact in his diary, side by side with intimate details of his ill-health, and of the malady that oppressed him. Perhaps he marvelled over his own constancy as he marvelled over the *singulière affection* that la Boétie entertained for him.

The friendship that existed between Montaigne and la Boétie is classic, he has immortalised it in one of the most famous and widely read of his essays, wherein he has surely said all that can be said for the close union of two souls, the noble communion of kindred spirits. We can picture him, seated in his turret room, writing the essay, or perchance pacing it, as was his wont, pausing to look out on the garden below, the court or farmyard, or turning his eyes to the books his friend had bequeathed him, ranged upon shelves within easy reach. His words come to us across the centuries.

"There is no action or imagination of mine wherein I do not miss him," he says, "as I know that he would have missed me; for as he surpassed me by infinite degrees in virtue and all other accomplishments, so he also did in the duties of friendship."

While we pause and ponder whether these tender utterances are indeed Montaigne's, the phantom voice speaks again, this time loudly and reprovingly:

"Let no one, therefore, rank other common friendships with such a one as this."

That it was no common friendship we acknowledge, and we are glad to do so; we are also grateful to Etienne de la Boétie, not so much for his literary contributions as for the fact that through him we have learnt to know to what heights Montaigne could rise. And we wonder vaguely how much farther aloft the spirit of the dead essayist might not have soared had the man, who was not only his half, but also his conscience, been permitted to remain longer at his side. For Michael de Montaigne friendship was in very deed and truth a sheltering tree. When its branches were no longer stretched luxuriantly above, the cold breezes blew upon him, and he ceased to grow and flourish. He lived on, he continued to write, his most exalted utterances being those in praise of his dead friend, his life was beautified by a memory, but his grief was not that with which Tennyson mourned Arthur Henry Hallam. He could not look beyond the grave as did the English poet, the hope of future reunion was not his, nor was it possible for him to weave sorrow into the web of his daily life, for him it was naught but a "cruel fellowship." In his soul the words of the Laureate found no

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place, he could not say with him when thinking of his dead friend:

"My love involves the love before;
My love is vaster passion now;
Tho' mixed with God and Nature thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.

"Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
I have thee still, and I rejoice,
I prosper, circled with thy voice;
I shall not lose thee tho' I die."

L. E. TIDDEMAN.

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MEDIÆVAL STORIES.[1]

THIS well-selected collection of Swedish stories which have been modernised by Professor H. Schück, and excellently translated by Mr. Harvey, are intended, as the preface states, for children, but they also teach much that is of great value to older learners. They, as their author tells, are not indigenous to Sweden, and can be traced to old Sagas surviving in the popular tales of all European countries, and also in those of Asia. These in their transmission from ancient to modern times have been altered and transmuted into new forms by successive generations of story-tellers, who received them from the bardic recorders of national history told in ballads and war-songs. These had found the materials for their re-incarnation of the life of past ages in the vast collections of national folk-lore tales, epic history, fables and proverbs, which had been stored in the memories of their tribesmen by the first founders of national life in the primitive times when the members of each organised tribe and national unit took with them in their migrations from land to land their distinctive ritual and customs, together with the historical and nature myths of their forefathers. These were told in symbolic stories or parables, explained by the national teachers to the young of each generation, who received from these teachers the fresh chapters they added for their own times. When these histories and national lessons told in the form of stories passed from the hands of their original official authors and guardians, who had reverenced them as inspired records, to the professional story-tellers and wandering bards, their ancient meanings were forgotten and their contents dismembered, to furnish material for the patchwork tales of this new school of authors. They in many cases changed the old stories by giving full license to their imaginations and poetic power of creation, and thus transformed the old myths into the dramatic and epic poetry of Greek and Roman literature. But in spite of the vast destruction caused by neglect, the ravages of plundering enemies, and the intermixture of transferred incidents which has altered so many relics of ancient knowledge into forms scarcely recognisable, enough remains to supply outline sketches of the sequence of national and ethnological changes, and the progress of the education of the

[1] *Mediæval Stories.* By Professor H. Schück. Translated from the Swedish by W. F. Harvey, M.A. Oxon. London: Sands & Co.

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human race, and these materials are being yearly added to by students of ancient ritual, customs, and legends, and of the prehistoric remains now being exhumed in Palestine, Mesopotamia, Egypt, Greece, Italy, and Crete, and yet to be disinterred in many other countries.

But much valuable aid in the reproduction of past history can also be given by the study of stories such as those told in this volume, every one of which contains borrowings from many different quarries. Thus the stories of Flores and Blancheflor, Duke Frederic and the Queen in the Tower, are founded on the ancient universally distributed story of the sun-mother, imprisoned for the three years of the cycle year in the tower of her three years' pregnancy. The heroine of this story in the Arabian Nights is Budur, meaning the Full Moon, imprisoned for three years in her father's tower in China; in the Celtic and Greek variants she is the mother of the sun-gods, Lug and Perseus, similarly interned; and pages could be filled with instances from this book of a like use of old materials. But the series of stories to which I wish to draw particular attention are those of Karl and Alegast, The Journey to Constantinople, and Roland, all belonging to the Carlovingian cycle. The first is a reproduction of the story of the Two Thieves who robbed the King's Treasure-house, told in the Arabian Nights in that of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, in Greek mythology in the story of Trophonius and Agamedes, in that of Rhampsinitus of Egypt, told by Herodotus, and in many variant forms in India and elsewhere. Moreover, the story of the Great Karl, Roland and the Twelve Peers, as recorded in the Roland Chanson, beginning with his elevation to the throne and ending in the betrayal and death of Roland and the Twelve Peers at Roncevalles, differs so much from the actual historical facts as to make it certain that the writers of these poems based their narratives on older traditions of previous legendary heroes, and not on the events of the life and reign of Charlemagne. They make the Great Karl begin his career as the rival of two non-existent sons of his father Pepin by Aliste, who had caused him to turn Bertha, Karl's mother in the Chanson, out of doors, and only to receive her back after some years when she became mother of the Great King. He as a youth fled from Aliste's sons, and took refuge with Galafre, the Saracen king, whom he served under the name of Mainet, and whose daughter Gallienne he married. These poetic narratives tell little of his long contest with the Saxons, and dwell almost entirely on wars with the Saracens in Italy and Spain. The legendary history of these contests is told in the Entrée en Espagne and the Chanson de Roland, and in these poems Roland is much more the central hero than Charlemagne. The survey of these narratives leaves no doubt that the Great Karl, whose career their authors mixed up with that of the Franco-German king,

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was originally a universal ruler, imaged in the Indian conception of the world's emperor as the Chukra-varti king of the turning (varti) wheel (chukra), the revolving circle of time. In history thus conceived the supreme ruler of earth and heaven was the Great Bear constellation, known as Charles's Wain or the Chariot of Karl; for it was by observing its circuits round the Pole that solar time was first measured before the track of the sun through the stars of the Zodiac was discovered and recorded. Early observers, like the Chinese in Asia and the Micmac Indians in America, saw that the apparent movements of the Great Bear marked the changes of the seasons. These in the Micmac Indian year story tell us that in spring the Great Bear mother climbs out of her den, the Corona Borealis constellation, and stands east of the Pole Star. In summer she runs along the northern horizon, and assumes an erect position west of the Pole Star; in the autumn and in winter lies on her back buried in the southern grave of the Corona Borealis. This nurse constellation of the Great Bear is the Greek Ariadne who gave to Theseus the clue by which he found his way to the den of the Minotaur, who, as the seven bulls, was the Great Bear of Crete. His den or Labyrinth was the home of the god of the Labrus or double axe, the two lunar crescents which in their changes mark the months of the Great Bear year; and these double axes are engraved as the sign of the year-god on the divine pillar worshipped at Gnossos in Crete as the gnomon-stone, tracing by its shadows the daily and yearly path of the sun. This pillar is the Hir-men-sol or Great Stone of the sun of early northern mythology, set up in the centre of the stone sun circles of the Neolithic Age; and it is the German symbol of Roland, the sun-god, called the Roland-saüle or Roland pillar. Thus we see that it is probable that in the original story of the reign of the Great Karl and the betrayal of Roland, the revolutions of the Great Bear and their connection with the sun pillar of the god of the double axe are an important factor. That this is the case is shown by the early form of the story, which can be traced in all its phases in the religious mythic history of India and in that of Persia, as told in the epic of the Shah-nāmah. We find complete proof of the connection in the minds of the authors of the Roland Chansons between Roland and Persia in the story told in the Entrée en Espagne of the flight of Roland to the King of Persia at Mecca after a quarrel with Karl. He then helped the King of Persia to conquer his hereditary enemy Malguidant, was offered the hand of his daughter Diones, and was entrusted with the task of reforming the administration of the kingdom, which he effected before his return to Spain.

The evidence as to the birth of the Great Bear myth of the revolving Wain of Karl proves that this method of year reckoning by the revolutions of the Great Bear and the shadows of the sun

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gnomon pillar originated in North Europe, and was thence spread throughout Europe and Asia by the worshippers of the Wolf fire-god, the Loki of the Northern Edda, the central fire on the hearth of each household. They made sun circles with the Roland pillar of Loki in the centre, surrounded by the year-stars denoting the sun's yearly circuit the twelve peers of Karl who died with Roland at Roncevalles when he as the pivot pillar of the year's sun circle ended his course as the ruler of the year. These worshippers of the Wolf fire-god were in the myth of Deucalion, the children of this father god and Pyrrha, the fire-goddess-born in the wolf-grove of Lykoreia on Parnassus. Their sun-god was the Lycian Apollo, born on the river Xanthus, the yellow river, as the wolf-god son of the wolf-mother Leto, and with him was born Artemis the bear-mother of the Great Bear constellation, to whom all Attic maidens were consecrated from their fifth to their tenth year as her bear-children. This wolf sun-god was the sun-god of the Cretan pillar worshippers of Gnossos, and it was thence that this cult was brought from Crete to Delphi.

These sons of the Wolf and the Bear appear in Persian history as the conquering invading race ruling the province of Gurgān, the land of the wolves (gurg), on the south-east of the Caspian Sea, the Hyrcania of Greek and Latin geography, the home of the Hyrcanii mentioned by Herodotus as an irrigating race, together with the ploughing Germanioi who gave their name to the Persian province of Kerman south of Hyrcania. These people appear in the Shah-nāmah as the virtual rulers of Persia during the reigns of Kaous and Khusrov, whose armies were led by Gurgān the wolf (gurg) chief, whose father was made deputy ruler of Iran while Kaous was absent on his campaigns. With Gurgān were Gīv, bearing the banner of the wolf and his son Bijen, in whose history we find the reproduction of the myth of the Great Bear and the Corona Borealis.

This story belongs to the reign of Khusrov, grandson of Kaous, who had, like the Karl of the Chansons, dwelling among the Saracens, passed his youth in the land of the Turanians, hereditary enemies of Iran. It was in Turān that his father Siawush had died, and it was there that he was found and brought back as his grandfather's heir by Gīv. Bijen set out with Gurgān to perform the usual task of killing the boar-gods of the presolar age assigned to solar year gods at the beginning of their career of victory. He killed the Turanian boar-gods of the races who, like the Akkadians of the Euphrates valley and the Pictic Celts, looked on the Great Bear as the constellation of the seven pigs born of the Pole Star mother sow. The father boar and the mother sow were the gods of the Turano-Celtic northern races who preceded the wolf-race and made the pig the sacred animal of Phrygia, in whose blood the guilty bathed to obtain absolution from the penalties of their

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sins. This pig-god was the victim offered to Aphrodite and Demeter in Greece and to the gods of Egypt, and in their ritual it was the boar slain at the winter solstice as the dying god of the finished year. It is as a survival of this custom that the boar's head is a Christmas dish everywhere where the old Scandinavian customs continue to be observed. After the death of the Turanian boar-gods Gurgān suggested that Bijen should attend the New Year's festival of the birth of the Turanian year-god given by Manī-jeh the female seed (manī) of life, daughter of the King of Turān. He went thither, and Manī-jeh at once fell in love with him and received him as the father-god of the New Year. She took him to her father's palace, where he was found in her apartments and arrested. He was condemned to be imprisoned in the pit of the year-god Arjeng, who descends beneath the earth to his yearly tomb at the winter solstice, and was hung in this with his head downwards. The black stone of Akwan, the ass sun-god ruling the year of the Picts and other votaries of the pig-gods was placed over the pit. This was the Lapis Manalis of Rome and the Black Stone of Greece, placed in front of the great statue of Zeus at Olympia. It was raised at Rome for the egress of the year-god at the great national festivals of the twenty-fourth of August, the fifth of October and the eighth of November.

Manī-jeh was placed near her imprisoned lover, whom she fed through a hole she made into the pit. He was finally released by his grandfather Rustum, the leader of the star year-gods of the age of Kaous and Khusroo, who rode on the star-spotted horse Raksh. He was accompanied by seven henchmen, representing the seven stars of the Great Bear, Gurgān being among them as one of the two pointers to the Pole Star. It was he who, as a directing star of the constellation, had driven Bijen to the pit of Manī-jeh, the Corona Borealis; and he finally extricated him from it, when Rustum, the year ruler, lifted the stone of the Akwan ass-god and allowed him to emerge, as the sun-god of spring announced by the Great Bear at the east of the Pole Star. This resurrection of the conquering sun-god was celebrated by his marriage with Manī-jeh and his assumption of the impenetrable armour of the sun-god Siawush, father of Khusroo, and also by the possession of Siawush's black horse, two gifts given by Khusroo to Gīv, and transferred by him to his son Bijen. When thus equipped he slew two of the leading Turanian champions; and in the final battle, in which eleven Turanians were opposed to eleven Iranians, their conquerors, Bijen, as the leader of the year, slew Rūbin, the god of the Turanian year path (rūh), and thus left the year track free for the victorious Iranian year-god Khusroo.

In this story, in which lack of space has obliged me to omit many proofs and many telling incidents, we also find the Carlovingian

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variants completely explained. In both legends the Great Bear constellation is said to be selected as the ruler of the northern sons of the sun-wolf of light, and in both the Europeans from the north-west are pitted against the south-east Turanians and the Saracen armies of south-west Asia, the Turanians of the original story having become the Saracens of its later form. Thus, in telling the story of the war waged by Charlemagne against the later leaders of the hated east, the writers of the Chanson de Roland have, with the one exception that they made Roncevalles the site of the battle between the contending foes, taken their materials, not from the real facts of the war, but from the history of one of the earliest phases of the long contest between Europeans and Asiatics. The year-gods of the sons of the wolf and the bear are the Great Karl, who rides in the foremost chariot of heaven and directs the movements of the sun-pillar god Roland, and the twelve peers round the heavens as the thirteen months of the year of three hundred and sixty-four days and fifty-two seven-day weeks. This was the year measured by the lunar crescents, the two blades of the double axe of the year-god, the conquering weapon of Karl. With this he slew the gods of the alien faith, as in India his counterpart Parasu Rāma, the ploughing-god Rāma of the double axe (parasu), slew with it the Haihaya worshippers of the Indian snake and pig-gods.

These year-gods who conquered their foes at the beginning of these spring and summer contests found themselves at the end of their yearly circuit of the heavens obliged to submit to the annual death stroke which must slay the rulers of each year when their year's work is done. The final battle or struggle ending in the death of the old year-god, and preceding the assumption of his abandoned task by his son, is depicted in the original myth as the descent of the Great Bear into the southern realms of death, and his resurrection as the god of the new year.

This battle is represented in the Chanson de Roland as brought about by the treachery of Ganelon, who brought the Saracens in overwhelming force against the rearguard of Charlemagne's army, returning northwards and leaving behind the old gods of the ended year. These, when entangled in the passes of the Pyrenees, owed their death, according to the authors of the Chanson, to Ganelon's unexplained hatred of Roland, and to his anger at being employed as an ambassador sent to receive the offered submission of the Saracens. This story of the sudden defection of a long-trusted counsellor of Charles, and his acceptance of bribes from his foes, must strike every reader as exceedingly improbable; but when we turn to the story of Bijen, this treacherous betrayal is fully and clearly explained as a symbolic statement of the pre-ordained sequence of each year as the successor of that preceding it. The betraying wolf-star Gurgān,

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who is Ganelon in the Chanson, when he sent Bijen into the year-tomb of Manī-jeh, merely made him continue the yearly course prescribed by the Great Bear leader of the sun-god. This obliged him, after his victory over the gods of winter at the summer solstice, to descend southwards into his winter grave. His resurrection from this living death is followed in the Persian story by the total defeat and dispersal of the Turanian forces, and the final capture and death of their king, when Khusroo placed himself at the head of his armies hitherto led by the wolf-clan. This is reproduced in the Roland Chanson in the destruction of the Saracen hosts, the death of Marsile, their king, and the conquest of Spain, the parallel to the Iranian conquest of Turān.

J. F. HEWITT.

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MIDDLE-CLASS CULTURE IN THE FIFTIES.

I FIND that in my article of September 1901 I left my story half untold, for a number of other reminiscences have since come to my mind. I should, in particular, have laid more stress on the fact that people, in the middle classes especially, were fifty years ago divided much more by religious than by political beliefs. The latter, indeed, had little room for exercise, for except in parliamentary boroughs the franchise, though enjoyed by the farmers, was in the market towns the privilege of a small minority. In speaking, too, of theological ferments I should have mentioned that they were at first confined to the seceders from the Wesleyan Methodist Connexion. That split, by tearing men from their old moorings and making them drift almost at random, predisposed them to welcome new views on all subjects. One family, for instance, acted upon a paragraph in some newspaper which advised the placing of beds north and south, so that their occupants might not be affected by the rotation of the earth on its axis. Although the seceders ultimately erected a chapel of their own, some of them drifted into other Nonconformist bodies, Independents, Baptists, and even Quakers, especially as the Quakers had had the courtesy to grant the temporary use of their meeting-house to lay preachers. For the seceders had as yet no pastor, and were wavering as to the Scripturalness not only of seat-rents but of a hired ministry, William Howitt's *History of Priestcraft*, I think also a pamphlet against such a ministry, having been circulated among them.[1] Such hospitality could scarcely have otherwise been extended to them; but as it was, Quakers, like other Nonconformists, showed sympathy for the Reformers, as they styled themselves, though naturally a little puzzled at so much stir over the expulsion of three ministers who had refused either to avow or disclaim the authorship of pamphlets styled *Fly Sheets*, advocating reforms. These three men, Everett, Dunn, and Griffith, were all invited over to our town, preaching in the Independent Chapel, and were looked upon as martyrs, if not as heroes. Probably the non-seceders or their posterity would not now indeed deny them that title; for the principle of lay representation in the annual Conference,

[1] Howitt, by the way, little foresaw that his wife would ultimately surrender her spiritual guidance to Catholic priests.

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or governing body, then stoutly resisted by Dr. Jabez Bunting, has long been amended, albeit, as with the abolition of lay patronage in Scotland, the breach then made has not been healed.

The expulsions, however, had not ended here. The watchword of the Reformers was, "Stop the supplies," in other words suspend all contributions except, I think, pew-rents to Wesleyan funds, and this was considered by the dominant party to entail or necessitate expulsion. I remember the trial by his peers of a venerable class-leader, carried on with closed doors, when sympathisers assembled outside, and even trespassed into the minister's back yard, waiting to hear the result. That minister went up to London to get an injunction against the holding of a Reform meeting in the schoolroom, and an usher of the Court of Chancery came down to affix a notice on the door, whereupon the Independent minister offered the use of his chapel. Some expensive Chancery proceedings terminated in the resignation of all the Reform trustees, their lawyer's bill being paid by the Conference. Squibs were circulated, placards were posted, families were divided, one daughter of the expelled class-leader taking the opposite side, and old friends became permanently estranged. It was my first acquaintance with the *odium theologicum*. Never have I known party spirit at an election reach such a pitch as in this dispute. The Disruption in Scotland doubtless produced similar heart-burnings. The schism was virtually confined to the town, for in the villages there could be no idea of erecting rival chapels, and Reformers had either to drive over on Sundays to the town or reluctantly to remain in the old body. Many years elapsed before any interchange of pulpits was possible between the Old Connexion and the Methodist Free Church.

The Reformers not only invited the expelled ministers, but on one occasion sent for Spurgeon, who was then beginning to be famous. He was the guest of one of their leading men, a zealous teetotaler, whom he intentionally horrified by throwing down his knife and fork at dinner and declaring that he could not go on without beer. He horrified the host still more by lighting a cigar at the fire before rising from his knees at family prayer. Spurgeon evidently felt that a practical lesson against narrow-mindedness was necessary, but in later life he would doubtless have given it in a milder form. As it was, so great was the prejudice he aroused, that his brother, who was subsequently brought over, was pronounced not only a better man but a better preacher. Spurgeon had then the exuberance of youth, and when I first heard him, on reading Philippians iv. 4, he remarked, "Some Christians seem to read this, 'Groan in the Lord alway, and again I say groan.'" Lest I should be thought to disparage him, let me give him credit for his refusal, when collecting money in the provinces for his Tabernacle, to charge for admission to his services, though he had to be at considerable expense for

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hiring public buildings or tents, and though many who went out of mere curiosity and would readily have paid a shilling, dropped only three-penny pieces or coppers into the plate.

I have said that the Wesleyan split was my first acquaintance with the *odium theologicum*, for between Church and Dissent there was in general no acrimony. At my school, Nonconformist boys had their Catechism once a week to themselves, while their comrades were being drilled in the Church Catechism; but there was no ill-feeling on either side. The opprobrious term "Pogram" might be occasionally applied to Dissenters by ill-bred Churchmen, and I remember hearing a Methodist agricultural labourer tried and fined at Petty Sessions for singing a hymn at a grave after the clergyman had left. A London barrister, staying with the clergyman, had advised him to prosecute under a recent Act against brawling in church, occasioned by the anti-ritualist riots at St. George's-in-the-East; but the conviction was quashed at Quarter Sessions, less, I think, on the score of illegality than of impolicy. I also remember that when a grammar school required new trustees, some bigoted Churchmen tried to prevent the nomination of an ardent educationist, indisputably qualified, because he was a Nonconformist minister; but the Town Council stood firm to their recommendation to the Master of the Rolls, and he was appointed.[1] Our rector never used the Athanasian Creed, and his father before him had invited Wesley to preach in his church, the last church in which Wesley preached, for he died a few weeks afterwards. Church pulpits had long been closed to him, but the rector had previously consulted his diocesan, who offered no objection. I likewise remember that at a meeting of the Bible Society, the Bishop who was to preside kept the people waiting a full quarter of an hour by a conversation at the foot of the platform with the senior Dissenting minister. And I was present, but this was in the sixties, at an early closing celebration, when our old rector's son and successor, supported on the platform by several clergymen and by all the Dissenting ministers, avoided invidious distinctions by introducing all the speakers alike as "Mr." So-and-so.

What conduced to this harmony was the absence of a church-rate for the rents of some parish lands had by consent of the trustees some of them Dissenters, been assigned to church repairs. After our aged rector's death this arrangement was quashed through the efforts of a young Unitarian minister, much to the regret of the older generation of Nonconformists; but no attempt was made to carry a church-rate by what would have been a fiercely contested poll; for by that time it had been decided in the Braintree case that a

[1] He was the "solitary clergyman" mentioned in *Huxley's Life* as leading the cheers for Huxley on his famous encounter with Bishop Wilberforce. He ultimately joined the Church of England.

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church-rate could not be imposed by a minority of the parishioners. Nonconformists, except some of the poorer class, were married at church, for the Act of 1836 licensing their chapels for marriages had as yet had little practical effect. Anglican rites, moreover, were obligatory at funerals, the churchyard being the only burial-ground except for Quakers and Unitarians. Baptism, on the other hand, was usually administered by the Nonconformist minister in the parents' house. My own case was an exceptional one, for I was christened, probably when ill and not expected to live, by the rector at my father's house, outside sponsors being dispensed with. Most of the shopkeepers were Dissenters, and there was no thought of boycotting them by the clergy or gentry of the neighbourhood. Wesleyan ministers, moreover, and the wealthier laymen, were in general Conservatives, and friendly to the Establishment, though without counting on reciprocity. Ministers' sons not unfrequently took orders in it—one of these, Dr. Hannah, became Bampton lecturer at Oxford and vicar of Brighton—and promising young lay preachers used to get circulars from theological colleges inviting them to train for the Church. The only Wesleyan M.P., Heald, was a Conservative, and the son of the Dr. Bunting who then ruled the Connexion with a rod of iron was a prominent Conservative at Manchester, though his son is a staunch Liberal. I remember that at a Dorcas meeting, when a minister read a book of travels in America, he strongly dissented from my mother's remark that it showed no Established Church to be necessary. Yet a like conviction led a little later on to the secession of Baptist Noel, whose Christian name proved prophetic of his ecclesiastical evolution. It made all the more sensation, as no prominent clergyman, much less a peer's son, had within living memory left the Church. On the other hand, rich Dissenters or their sons, except some branches of the Gurney family, had not yet begun to join the Church as more genteel. Such recruits were then rebaptised, and a martinet of a Bishop, on a Dissenting minister entering the Establishment, subjected him to the usual noviciate as deacon. Every denomination of course thought itself the best, and there was some surprise at the declaration of a Bible Society's lecturer that he could attend with edification any place of worship. Yet proselytising was confined to the Mormons, who induced agricultural labourers from our country to start for the Salt Lake. The smaller the sect, indeed, the less desire it seemed to show for recruits. A tiny congregation of strict Baptists was known as, and I believed called itself, the "Happy Few." I think it had some half-dozen chapels dotted over England. Another very small community was the Swedenborgian, with a stone-deaf minister, who, in reading the liturgy, left pauses for the supposed responses, though responses there were none.

While Church and Dissent were thus in contact on fairly har-

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monious terms, Catholics kept themselves or were kept aloof. They did not even join the county Archæological Society, though one of them, Canon Husenbeth, was an erudite antiquary. Settled in a village where the squire, a peer, was a Catholic, and where most of the inhabitants had always for three centuries been of the same faith, he had no thought of proselytising among the Protestant minority. Indeed he was more interested in contributing to *Notes and Queries* than in his priestly duties. Yet he never joined the archæologists, who were all Anglicans, for Dissenters evinced no interest in ruined abbeys, and a Catholic could scarcely have gone the round of such buildings in a purely antiquarian spirit. It was a rare event when the peer above-named accepted the presidency of the county Agricultural Society, and when at its annual dinner he proposed "The Bishop and Clergy of the Diocese," a toast which always followed that of the Queen. In doing this he explained that he adhered to his own (it was disputed whether he said *own* or *old*) Church. Catholics could not then write in any unsectarian review, for contributions were not signed, and had to be in accordance with the views of the editors. Mivart could not then have published articles on "Happiness in Hell." No School Boards, moreover, then existed to bring Catholics into contact with Protestants. The former, though forming two congregations in the county town, took no part in philanthropic or political movements. Whether they even voted at elections I cannot say. Assuredly neither party solicited their support.

There was, on the other hand, a Jew in the Town Council, albeit for one Jew inhabitant there must have been twenty Catholics; and when there was likely to be a tie in the election by secret ballot of aldermen that Jew was offered a bribe. By the advice of his party managers he accepted half a ten-pound note, the other half to be paid after the event. A prosecution was instituted, when he appeared as Queen's evidence, but it came to nothing. This episode reminds me that bribery in those pre-ballot days was practised at municipal as well as at parliamentary elections, and the leader of one party was credibly reported as saying, "When I go in for anything I go in to win—honestly if I can, but at any rate to win."

While Catholics were thus outside the pale and Jews were regarded with complacent indifference, the non-Christian was regarded as doomed to perdition. This was the stock argument at missionary meetings, in which the car of Juggernaut was a familiar theme, and suttee, though abolished in 1829, was still adduced. The Wesleyan hymn-book speaks to this day of

> "The Arab thief, like robber bold,
> Who quite destroyed thy Asian fold."

Yet the Crimean war introduced not only Turkish baths, but a more tolerant view of Mahometanism, and there was even a widespread

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belief that the Sultan, Abdul Medjid, the harmless victim of the Russian Bear, was secretly a Christian. The late Canon Isaac Taylor's vindication of the Koran would then, however, have produced an outcry. There has been a great change of tone. A cousin of mine, a Wesleyan minister, on returning from India in the seventies, spoke to me of a Brahmin as one of the best men he had ever met, and I know a Scotch Presbyterian minister whose liberality goes the length of deprecating any attempt to convert the Jews.

The Bible[1] was appealed to as the authority not only on theology and human destiny but on Sunday observance, capital punishment, the deceased wife's sister, pew-rents, State churches, and even on vegetarianism, questions now debated on purely secular grounds. Conservative combatants on these issues must smile at the recollection of texts and counter-texts then confidently cited; for even if they retain their old views they now assuredly defend them with very different arguments. I remember a sermon against Sabbath-breaking obviously directed against a baker, who, just starting in business, made no bread on Sundays, but took in people's dinners to bake. The delinquent was seated in the gallery, trembling from head to foot, and next day it was known that he had relinquished the practice. Yet it might have been thought that he really minimised Sunday labour by baking, say, dinners for twenty householders. The offence, however, lay in his being paid for it, that is to say, in trading on the Sabbath. Voltaire's death-bed, again, was a familiar pulpit illustration, and remorse was believed to haunt all ill-doers, especially murderers. Hell-fire sermons were common, especially among Wesleyans and Primitive Methodists,[2] and there were revival services, where young people went up to the front pew and declared themselves converted, most of them, however, soon becoming "backsliders." Pious souls fancied that they had committed the unpardonable sin, a mysterious term which occasioned much perplexity, and in some instances this persuasion led to positive insanity. One of my aunts, an exemplary Wesleyan, discontinued attending chapel, for she believed that on this account the roof would fall in on her. It is, of course, evident that, as Sir Leslie Stephen remarks of Cowper, there was a predisposition to mental derangement which would otherwise have assumed some other form, but I am in hopes that this particular form has now disappeared. A girl of our town, bedridden through some nervous malady, was a kind of clairvoyante, predicting what was to happen to her family or friends, and her vaticinations were much talked of; but after a time she recovered, and never had a relapse. Sabbath-breaking, I should

[1] Let me note in passing that expressions such as in 2 Kings xviii. 27, at which modern prudery stands aghast, were then read in church or chapel without the slightest qualm.

[2] See Miss Cobbe's interesting article in the *Contemporary Review*, May 1902, on the extinction of the belief in eternal punishment.

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mention, was supposed to lead, among other bad things, to enlisting in the army, and I think it was because soldiers were deemed irreligious that the army was disliked, so that the Volunteer movement was at first viewed with disfavour by Dissenters. Boys, on the other hand, who ran off to sea were more easily pardoned.

Puritanism, not having quite done its work, still held its sway among Nonconformists and Evangelicals. No light literature was allowed on Sundays, and I recollect hearing of a boy who, rebuked for something frivolous or improper, exclaimed, "I hate old Sunday!" Chess on Sundays, as now permitted at Rugby, would have excited horror, and all newspapers were put by on Saturday night. Even Englishmen settling on the Continent, where the Sunday paper is a matter of course, down to recent times preserved this habit. I remember, for instance, hearing that Jonathan Holden, brother of Sir Isaac Holden, never opened at Rheims the *Times* which reached him on Sunday. A country clergyman, a native of the United States, and keenly interested in the Civil War, felt it necessary to make a semi-apology to his family for opening the newspaper on Sunday. As for week-days, cards, dancing, and theatres were rigidly tabooed, conundrums being the chief evening amusement. A rigid Wesleyan, attending the tithe dinner of a village rector who sang a song to his guests, openly told him that it would be better to sing a song of Zion, whereupon the host to mystify him recited a Psalm in Hebrew. In my county town the newspaper to which I was attached, being the property of Dissenters, though a large portion of its readers were Anglicans, never mentioned the theatre; and such is the force of early training or heredity that to this day the stage fails to interest me. Horse raoes would have been still more sternly avoided, but there were none within thirty or forty miles of us. Novel reading was also discountenanced. *Margaret Catchpole* passed muster, because it was founded on fact, and because its clerical author enjoyed popularity in the district, being always ready to write verses for school prize distributions, or for needy mendicants to hawk about; but a professional novelist like Baring Gould would have been thought a scandal. Stories with a moral or religious tone, were, it is true, tolerated. Thus Sarah Ellis's *Family Secrets* (she was the wife of the South Sea missionary) were perused with avidity as a powerful plea for teetotalism. Her books made all the greater impression because we had a hairdresser subject to fits of *delirium tremens*, so that his customers felt somewhat nervous. *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which I first heard spoken of as a religious novel, made, however, a great breach in the interdict on romances, and in later years *Good Words* and the *Sunday at Home* by their stories levelled all the barriers. As for weekday literature, Tupper in poetry and Cumming in theology held the field.

Essays and Reviews gave the signal for the theological thaw among

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all denominations. A Wesleyan Reform minister, I remember, had to resign his charge on account of taking for a text two verses, I think in Proverbs, of an exactly contrary tenour, and of explaining that each was a half truth. When he came from his village and lectured in a similar spirit in the county town, the leading "Secularist" (at whose shop *Essays and Reviews* might be borrowed gratuitously) got up and expressed his satisfaction at such a confirmation of his own views. Bright, it may be recollected, stooping for once to claptrap, made the book an additional argument for the abolition of church rates, describing the authors (Latin was as rare with him as claptrap) as *septem contra Christum*. Nobody foresaw that one of the seven would become Archbishop of Canterbury, or that, after figuring on a Liberal election platform, he would be appointed by a Conservative Premier.

My schoolmaster was quite up to the times, if not, indeed, in advance of them. He was correspondent of a local paper, secretary of the Farmers' Club, and himself dabbled in farming, to his ultimate ruin. He familiarised us too with the magic lantern and the air pump. Yet I am surprised on looking back to remember that he made no attempt to explain the so-called irregular verbs, that wofully misleading term, whether in English or Latin. They were a hopeless puzzle to us. We had not the slightest idea why it was improper to say *gived* for *gave*, or *davi* for *dedi*. The schoolboy's notion of the Romans, assuredly, was that they were very clumsy in constructing sentences. Again we were never taught that *a* was a contraction of *an* and connected with *one*. We looked on the *n* in *an*, if we reasoned on it at all, as an arbitrary euphonious addition. So, too, we had no idea why *rex* became in the genitive *regis* or *lux lucis*. Perhaps the schoolmaster had himself never reflected on the genius of a language, but I am not sure that teachers of the present day have improved in this respect. Yet my first schoolmistress had introduced the plan, then a novelty, of learning the multiplication table by the accompaniment of various movements of the hands or feet. But she also used a book in bad spelling, which had to be corrected by the pupil, a very fallacious plan of teaching orthography. One good point in my boys' school was that a class never read or recited in unison, but one at a time, so that there was no danger, as in an American school, of which I have heard on good authority, of a lesson in punctuation, "comma, shortest pause, count one," being turned into "Tommy shut his jaws, count one." But I fear no precaution was taken in children's homes against confusing "the child she bare," ("Can a mother's tender care ere forget," &c.) with "the child she-bear," nor against another stanza being travestied into

> "Air another Sunday clo'es,
> Air again, we seek repose."

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I was introduced to Shakespere without being told or suspecting that it was not literal fact, nor was I told that the parables in the New Testament were not real episodes. Hence I thought it cruel of Abraham to refuse to send a warning to Dives' brethren. Possibly it is well to leave children to discover for themselves the difference between fact and fiction, but it cannot have been well to give us no conception of the literary merits of the Bible or of the distinction between Hebrew prose and poetry. I doubt whether even now one Sunday-school teacher in fifty has the slightest idea of parallelism. Texts, moreover, in my time, were taken by clergymen without any sense of incongruity from the speeches of Job's friends.

My schoolfellows were sons of farmers and tradesmen. I have met scarcely any of them since, nor do I know of any who emerged beyond their environment, with the exception of one who, a building land speculator in London, came within five votes of being elected for a Scotch borough. By the way the schoolboy's favourite term in my time was "stunning," which did not mean startling, but "jolly" or admirable. It is embalmed in the pages of Thackeray and Kingsley.

I well remember the old-fashioned farmhouse, with the logs of wood burning on the hearth, and hams hanging up to smoke in the chimney, beyond which you could see the sky. The living room was called the kitchen, while what would now be called the kitchen was termed the back'us (back-house), in which cooking and butter-churning were carried on. In towns the terms in use were keeping room and parlour. I recollect hearing of the amusement of a faithful old servant when at the sale of her deceased master's furniture the catalogue spoke of dining and drawing-room. The farmer's maid-servant and any labourer sleeping in the house dined at a side table, and brought their plates to be helped by the "master." They too often slept, by the way, in lofts devoid of windows, for though the window-tax, imposed in 1695, had been repealed in 1851, houses had of course been built during its operation, and I can remember seeing windows boarded up or whitewashed over to escape the tax. Farms were then occupied for generations by the same family; whereas now, in the village which I know best, almost every tenancy has in the last twenty years changed hands.[1] Farmers not only read and wrote with difficulty, the latter in very indifferent spelling, but were strangely deficient even in agricultural knowledge. It was commonly believed that any thing was good enough for seed, and inferior kernels were deliberately reserved for that purpose. Similar ignorance, however, was not shown in cattle-breeding. Agricultural societies then presented Hodge with 10*s.* as a reward for

[1] If, moreover, a farmer has only daughters they are more likely to marry tradesmen's sons.

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bringing up a large family respectably, Hodge receiving it with a profound obeisance. *Punch* for years threw ineffectual ridicule on these exhibitions. Had household suffrage then existed, Hodge, perhaps compelled even with the ballot as an illiterate to vote openly, would have steadily sided like his master with the squire and the parson, and a Liberal county member except in the manufacturing districts would have been almost unknown. The Toryism of that day, moreover, was very different from the present. It was the Toryism of Lord Eldon, whose anniversary was celebrated by a dinner in our county town. A writer in the *Nineteenth Century* of January 1902, speaks of large farmers as having superseded the small gentry, and as having thus risen in the social ladder, but without allowing their labourers to make any corresponding ascent, so that the distance between farmer and labourer has increased. This does not agree with what I hear and see. The labourer, now possessed of a vote, and perhaps a parish councillor, has certainly become more independent of the farmer, especially as migration to the towns has raised the price of labour, and I hear complaints that he takes little interest in his work, feeling himself no longer a feudal dependent or serf of the glebe. I believe, however, that poaching has materially diminished, perhaps game-preserving also, whereas it used to give rise to serious and even sanguinary affrays, and furnished the chief business at magistrates' Petty Sessions. The other main branch of business, affiliation cases, has likewise, I think, declined. Just as young men are less given to poaching, so their sisters, no longer standing at "mop fairs" to be hired as servants, have become more chaste. Unnatural offences have also decreased. I used to hear sentence of death, as in the Mosaic law, recorded at assizes against delinquents, the punishment being always commuted into a term of imprisonment. Labourers sometimes indulged not only in alehouse drinking bouts, but in eating matches, which occasionally led to suffocation and a coroner's inquest. This revolting practice was not confined to England. I know a Frenchman, who thirty years ago was a member of a *cercle de la boulimie* at Marseilles, where men vied with each other in Pantagruelic repasts, and for aught I know that club still exists. Going to an opposite extreme, a labourer's daughter, cleverer and more studious than most of her class, conceived the unhappy idea of achieving notoriety by going without food. She became the talk of the county, and baffled several committees of investigation, but at last the test became too rigorous, and she died of starvation rather than confess the imposture. Shorthand was one of this poor girl's accomplishments, and this reminds me that I became more famous in my native town than I have ever since been out of it by learning Pitman's stenography, of which I heard through my sister having a schoolfellow from Nottingham, where Pitman had held classes. I

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did not know till long afterwards that my maternal grandfather had learned an earlier system, so that possibly it was a case of atavism. My old schoolmaster, much overrating my proficiency in the art, asked me to take down a lecture at the farmers' club by an agricultural chemist, full of long words unknown to me. I accordingly sat at a side table while the lecturer spun out his vocabulary; but it was a relief to me when, probably getting notes from the man himself, my schoolmaster deemed it unnecessary to apply for my report.

There were still believers in witchcraft, a belief which Wesley had declared inseparable from Christianity; and I recollect having as late as the seventies to argue with a cousin that all civilised nations had superseded the laws against witchcraft by enactments against imposture. Teleology held the field. Everybody was convinced that abundance of haws betokened a hard winter, being a providential provision for small birds, or such of them at least as escaped the sparrow clubs formed by farmers' sons, a prize being given to whoever had slaughtered the largest number. Some writer, indeed, I forget his name, even thought it providential that rivers ran by large towns, and Gosse reconciled geology and Genesis by suggesting that the earth was created just as it stands, strata and fossils included. If an infant died it was considered unlucky to give the same name to a subsequent infant. Children, too, were taught, but I do not know how far their elders believed such things, that if their milk teeth were allowed to come in the way of a dog or a cat the next teeth would be like those of that animal; that spots on the nails were prognostics according to the particular finger ("a friend, a foe, a journey to go," &c.); that on blowing the seeds from a dandelion the number of whiffs required signified so many years before marriage, and that on going back for some forgotten article you should just sit down before starting again to avoid bad luck. But I do not think there was any serious belief as to spilling salt, tingling in the ears, dreams, or grounds in a coffee cup. The unluckiness of Friday and of thirteen at dinner had of course many believers. Some of these notions still linger. I have a friend who, on the conjunction of three planets, thought it portentous in the literal sense of the word; and I know an aged lady who attributed a series of misfortunes to her possession of what she imagined to be a fragment of a desecrated tomb, though it was really only a bit of a fresco above it, the tomb having been long ago removed to another part of the church, and she was not easy till she had had it replaced.

Elderly people used to tell me how they were "cupped," I think twice a year, not for any illness, but as a periodical tonic, and leeches were still used in my time. I am not sure that I was ever bled, but I witnessed the operation on others. Earrings were much more general than now, not so much for ornament as for improving the

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sight. Homœopathy inspired enthusiasm, and phrenology had warm adherents, but mesmerism or electro-biology was simply a diversion. Vaccination had no opponents, yet few middle-aged or elderly people had undergone it, it being thought unnecessary at their time of life. Curiously enough this notion has been recently confirmed, for in the smallpox epidemic in London in 1901-2 persons above fifty were virtually exempt. I do not remember, however, that infants were then vaccinated. I know that I was ten years of age when subjected to it—it had been represented as such an ordeal that I could scarcely refrain from laughter on finding it painless—and most patients of my acquaintance were in or beyond their teens. Revaccination was unheard of. Pock-marked faces were then quite as rare as now.

Some things at that time common have disappeared. The dandy-horse, or velocipede, propelled by striking the ground alternately with each foot, went out long before the cycle, its modern successor, was devised. The lamplighter's ladder is so forgotten that I have had to remind even my elders of its former existence, yet the present contrivance for lighting the gas lamp first appeared about 1867. I can just remember, though this is going rather more than fifty years back, the stage coach which ran 100 miles from London to our county town. It is a pity one of these vehicles has not been preserved at South Kensington, just as an old Gothard coach has been preserved at Zurich. Another vehicle which has disappeared is the sulky, a gig used by farmers or merchants going to market when they did not wish to offer a ride home to an acquaintance. The name was certainly very suitable. Carriers' carts went up from the villages and small towns to the county town, provided with a few seats for passengers, who had to be content with a walking pace. I cannot be sure whether I remember the watchman's nocturnal cry in my native town; but I know that on returning thither in 1847, after spending four years in a neighbouring village, the watchman had been superseded by the policeman. The latter inspired increased terror among us boys when he arrested two clerks for defrauding the bank, one of them the father of a schoolfellow. I recollect rushlights, of home manufacture, and also the tinder box. I also of course remember the first matches, laths of pine wood dipped at both ends in brimstone. There used to be a story of a collector for a charity who hesitated to apply to a wealthy man whom he overheard scolding his servant for not using both ends of a match; but the man gave a handsome subscription, explaining that such avoidance of waste enabled him to be liberal. These matches were soon superseded by the lucifer, which when a novelty was a dangerous instrument, for I have an impression of gazing at night through the bedroom window on blazing corn-stacks, due to a thoughtless wish to experiment with it. I likewise, of course

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remember the introduction first of the meerschaum and then of the cigarette, which gave an immense impetus to outdoor smoking. This till then could not be conveniently practised. Walking in London streets between twelve and two, you would not formerly have passed as now through a succession of whiffs of smoke. I recollect likewise the first photographs, called daguerreotypes, which had to be held in a certain light to be plainly visible. The result was not usually flattering; and when an uncle of mine was photographed in London in 1851 his wife warned people that it was a caricature, but he calmly remarked, "Well, I know that I am as ugly as sin." Next to the Crystal Palace of 1851 the event which in the early fifties created the greatest impression was the death of Wellington. Yet he had been so long in retirement that a few months previously his son, who had been M.P. for fifteen years for the county town, was defeated, making no electioneering capital whatever out of his ancestry. It is true that he himself was of little account. This reminds me of the tumultuous nominations, sometimes held in the open air, of the wearing of "favours," the hourly issue of the state of the poll, and all the saturnalia of elections.

I have made little reference to politics, but one of the things which strikes me on looking back is the existence not merely of optimism, but of an enthusiasm or hopefulness which has well nigh disappeared. People half a century ago were full of admiration for persons and things. Palmerston and Lord John, as Russell was always styled, enjoyed more popularity than was ever possessed by Beaconsfield or Gladstone, and Lord Salisbury notoriously lacked it. There was also an unbounded confidence in the results of the diffusion of education, the circulation of newspapers, and the extension of the franchise, which has not been realised. Liberals, in particular, glowed, moreover, with sympathy for oppressed nationalities, for Hungary, which Kossuth's residence in England stimulated,[1] for dismembered Poland, which found an ardent parliamentary champion in Lord Dudley Stuart, and for American slaves. Fugitive slaves, indeed, thrilled large audiences with their experiences, and, I suspect, in some cases, made a good trade of lecturing. It was believed that the United States, once freed from the stain of slavery, would be a model republic, inviting imitation. Alas, political corruption has there made gigantic strides, and so far from emancipation having been an unmixed blessing, my friend Dr. Moncure Conway informs me that some of his father's Virginian slaves, whom he ushered into freedom, regret the good old times. Newspapers now tell us indeed much more of foreign countries, but we feel less interest in them. We have really, in the scramble for Africa and other territories, become more insular in our sentiments. We are no longer such good lovers or good haters. A Marshal

[1] A Bristol Radical named his son Kossuth.

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Haynau would now run little danger of mobbing by brewers' draymen, but would simply be stared at. A Garibaldi would no longer have a fervid welcome. Is this apathy due to disappointment with the enfranchised masses and with liberated nationalities, or is it attributable, as Mr. Morley thinks, to debilitation of mental tone? I leave the answer to the reader.

J. G. ALGER.

I mentioned in my former article my uncle's objection to the cursing psalms. I find in old Thomas Fuller's *Good Thoughts in Bad Times* (1644), the following striking passage:

"When I come to such psalms wherein he [David] curseth his enemies, O then let me bring my soul down to a lower level. For those words were made only to fit David's mouth. I have the like breath, but not the same spirit, to pronounce them. Nor let me flatter myself that it is lawful for me, with David, to curse thine enemies, lest my deceitful heart entitle all mine enemies to be thine, and so what was religion in David prove malice in me, whilst I act revenge under the pretence of piety."

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JAMES MARTINEAU [1]

JAMES MARTINEAU holds a distinct place in the religious and philosophical history of the nineteenth century. He admittedly stands upon an intellectual pedestal of no mean elevation, yet quite apart from all others who stand upon the same level. He cannot be ranged with the men of science, or of literature, or of affairs; there is a loneliness about his figure which is in a measure pathetic; and even amongst his Unitarian colleagues, in the denomination which he graced, he does not appear to have shaken off his "natural reserve" or generally have won more than a "distant admiration," to use two phrases which Dr. Drummond has brought into appropriate juxtaposition. If not in all respects the intellectual superior of those with whom he was brought into more immediate contact, his intellect moved in a different groove; and if not inferior to others occupied in pursuits which attracted more notice, he was inevitably watched with far less interest. Though regarded as a leader by the Unitarians, it was long before the majority of them were willing to follow him; while he was out of sympathy with the recognised leaders of thought in the sphere of philosophy which he had chosen for his own. As a dissenter he was to a great extent cut off from cordial intercourse with the accredited and popular religious leaders of his time; and whether from lack of interest, constitutional defect, or special circumstances, he rarely took an active part in public life or intervened in the questions of the day. Yet with all these drawbacks it cannot be denied that he was a great intellectual and religious force, and exerted a widespread influence, but even that was indirect rather than direct. This conception that we have long held of Martineau's isolated position is confirmed by the reading of his *Life and Letters* by Principal James Drummond and Professor C. B. Upton, both of Manchester New College,[2] with which Dr. Martineau himself was for so long connected as Professor, Principal, and President successively. Exhaustive as these volumes are in some respects the reader will probably miss some features which would have given him a more vivid conception of Martineau as he must have appeared to his

[1] *The Life and Letters of James Martineau.* By James Drummond, M.A., LL.D., Litt.D. and C. B. Upton B.A., B.Sc. 2 vols. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1902.

[2] Now Manchester College, Oxford.

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friends and family, and we cannot but regret the reserve which Dr. Drummond imposed himself in abstaining from including some of those personal touches which his long intimacy with the subject of his biography should have enabled him to supply. We receive clear impressions of Martineau as the student, preacher, and minister of various congregations, as the professor and the philosopher, but somehow we miss the man himself. He was not all intellect, but we get the impression rather of an intellect at work than of a living human being. We could not at any price spare what has been given, but we should like to have had more of what is missing.

With this reserve we cannot but praise the conscientious labours of both writers who have with so much success traced the intellectual and religious development and expounded the philosophy of their teacher and friend. Dr. Drummond, in the distinctly biographical portion of the work which fills about three-fourths of the two volumes, had no easy task in condensing the story of a life extending through nearly the whole of the nineteenth century. Much necessarily had to be omitted, while again many things had to be included which are of more interest to personal friends and members of his own denomination than to the public at large; nevertheless they are of interest as throwing light upon Martineau's career outside the philosophical labours which are his passport to posterity.

Considerable psychological interest attaches to a characteristic which is more than once or twice exhibited in Martineau's philosophical and theological progress. His extraordinary capacity for a complete change of view coupled with an apparent inflexibility. The apparent inflexibility is probably due to the vigour and positiveness with which he asserted any doctrine or opinion he held, at the time he held it, as though no other doctrine or opinion were possible to him; and afterwards asserting the contrary with the same vehemence; and sometimes without any noticeable intermediate passage. He was, contradictory as it may sound, both slow and impulsive, it took a long time to move him from his position, but when he moved he moved all at once and all together. This is generally recognised in the complete change that took place in his mind with regard to the doctrine of Freedom of the Will. At first, a thorough-going Necessitarian of the school of Hartley and Priestley, and a Utilitarian in ethics, he, without any manifest preparation, went to the opposite extreme, and adopted the Libertarian and Intuitional theories, from which afterward he never swerved, and these determined the character of his religious philosophy to the end of his life. Another instance less generally known is given by Mr. Upton with regard to his views on the Argument from Design in Nature; he quotes the Rev. Philip H. Wicksteed, the well-known authority on Dante, an old student of Martineau's, as saying:

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"At that time (in the 'sixties') Dr. Martineau had not only departed from the orthodox theological position, but in his lectures he used to attack a great part of what was called natural theology. He was most contemptuous of the Argument from Design, and he (Mr. Wicksteed) remembered him referring to those people who 'walked through the mysterious glades of nature with the elastic step of the connoisseur, and patronised the ingenuity of the Almighty.' But when the Darwinian theory of evolution was advanced he deliberately turned round, and at the very moment when the Argument from Design seemed to have completely gone, he started and built it up into one of the most striking parts of his great book on religion."

With the substance of this Professor Upton himself agrees.

Other instances of the same kind might be given which illustrate the working of Martineau's mind. In the more particular sphere of Christian theology his latest great work, and to our thinking the most important, *The Seat of Authority in Religion*, exhibits the same characteristic. With regard to Jesus Christ, Martineau began with the opinion, then current amongst the Unitarians, that Jesus was, in some Christian sense, the Messiah; a divinely sent Messenger, accredited by miracles. In middle life this view was superseded by something like the Johannine doctrine of a mystic Christ, which as a sentiment, perhaps, rather than a doctrine, pervades the *Hours of Thought on Sacred Things*, and makes the sermons in those volumes so acceptable to many people who would be repelled by purely Theistic or humanitarian views. But in the *Seat of Authority* this mystic Christ entirely disappears, and Jesus is represented in a perfectly natural manner, stripped of all official significance, of supernatural accretions or mystic character, and appears as a Galilean teacher, a martyr and a saint; and this, unfortunately, without any intimation that it cancels entirely so much of what he had formerly said. And these earlier volumes are still valued for sentiments they contain which Martineau abandoned but never expressly repudiated.

But this capacity for change was a virtue to be admired, all the more because it is so seldom met with. Martineau was ever ready to receive new truth, adjusting his opinions under the influence of new discoveries, and this is one of his most remarkable characteristics. With a strong tinge of conservatism in his disposition he was willing to reverse his opinions on well-considered grounds in the most surprising and radical fashion. That Martineau was fully conscious of his own behaviour in this respect may be inferred from a passage in the preface he wrote to a volume of Mr. Thom's sermons: "The living teacher has only to tell the truth possessing him here and now; and should it afterwards cease to possess him, being replaced by something truer, he will not repeat it, but amend it; he will cast his blunders into the dark behind him, and follow the track of light alone."

Martineau has confessed it was the influence of Channing which

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led him to abandon the Necessitarian doctrine, and he became intellectually and spiritually a "free man" after Channing's own heart. Indeed, there is a passage in Channing's sermon on Spiritual Freedom (1830) which is almost prophetic of Martineau's future, and so accurately does it fit him that it might have been taken for his epitaph:

"I call that mind free which jealously guards its intellectual rights and powers, which calls no man master, which does not content itself with a passive or hereditary faith, which opens itself to light whencesoever it may come, which receives new truth as an angel from heaven, which, whilst consulting others, inquires still more of the oracle within itself, and uses instructions from abroad not to supersede but to quicken and exalt its own energies."

Before we leave this particular feature of Martineau's mental constitution we are tempted to refer to another illustration, equally to his credit, of his willingness to "cast his blunders into the dark behind him." In a letter to Mr. R. H. Hutton, in 1852, he refers to Carlyle in no complimentary terms:

"Carlyle's 'Pantheism' is not like that of Oersted or any philosopher, and is, I fear, an unmanageable object of attack. It is so wholly unsystematic, illogical, wild, and fantastic, that thought finds nothing in it to grapple with. How can one refute the utterances of an oracle or a satirist? His power over intellectual men appears to me not unlike that of Joe Smith, the prophet, over the Mormons, dependent on strength of will and massive effrontery of dogma persevered in amid a universal incertitude weakening other men."

But in a letter to Mr. J. Hunton Smith, written in 1876, we happily find that Martineau had completely reversed this superficial judgment:

"I regard it as an honour far beyond my due to be associated in any one's mind with Thomas Carlyle, a man who above all others stands amidst this age as its prophet and interpreter. He has shamed the folly and braced the nerves and touched the conscience of not a few, including some of the noblest spirits of our time. But he will leave no successor, I fear, that can bend his bow, and when he is gone, there will be no such voice to be a terror to pretenders and an inspiration to veracious men."

In availing ourselves of Dr. Drummond's invitation to analyse and criticise the character he brings before us, we think we detect something more than traces of characteristics in Martineau, a due recognition of which may help to explain many puzzling and paradoxical utterances of this active and versatile man. He was gifted with a vivid imagination, a great deal of sentiment, and—a not very good memory. The combination, at least on one occasion, and we suspect on more than one, betrayed him into something more than mere inaccuracy. The story is related by Dr. Drummond that on a certain Sunday in 1844 Theodore Parker preached in Martineau's chapel in Liverpool, Martineau being away from home on that day as was proved by a

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letter of Mrs. Martineau's. In 1876, this visit of Parker's being under discussion, Martineau referred to his distinct recollection of it, and the impression it made upon him. Being reminded of it he denied his absence from home, and further referred to the vivid image Parker's preaching left upon his memory. At last, convinced of his mistake, he retracted, and made this admission:

"For the lively image that I have of Parker's preaching I can account only by supposing that I constructed it from descriptions given me by my friends, interpreted by my personal knowledge of the man. . . . My error shows, by a new instance, how difficult it is to prevent imagination going shares with memory in the production of history."

The concluding sentence, we think, shows that he had learned a truth which he found of some service when he came to re-view the Gospel story. He could all the more easily reject the legendary and doctrinal accretions without imputing any intention of dishonesty to the writers, for even presumed "eye witnesses" might be deceived by a faulty memory and a lively imagination. A man who was at one time so thoroughly convinced that he had seen and heard that which he could not possibly have seen and heard, would very easily understand how others might, just as innocently, be the victims of the same kind of illusion.

Passing from personal considerations to the teaching which has earned Dr. Martineau a deserved and all but world-wide reputation, we feel that both his admirers and his critics will rejoice that the survey of Martineau's philosophical work was committed to the hands of Mr. C. B. Upton. We say this without intending any disrespect to Dr. Drummond, who must have felt under considerable restraint in knowing that he was excluded from touching upon Martineau's most important work without trespassing upon the ground which was to be occupied by his colleague. Mr. Upton, however, as the successor of Martineau in the Chair of Philosophy at Manchester College, has special qualifications for the task, and he is less reserved in the expression of his own opinions. Indeed, he begins with a personal reference which is in itself a kind of certificate. He relates that for about twenty years he spent two or three weeks of his annual holiday with Dr. Martineau at his Highland home.

"I feel quite ashamed to say," he continues, "in my great eagerness to get light thrown by Dr. Martineau on all my mental perplexities, I used to ask philosophical questions in season and out of season, introducing the subject now at meal times, and now again when we were toiling up the steep sides of mighty Cairngorm or Ben-muick-dhui. I well deserved to be snubbed for these unseasonable obtrusions of my favourite topic; but never shall I forget the indulgent patience with which the Doctor heard and replied to the several statements of my difficulties."

Mr. Upton has accomplished his task in so masterly and lucid a manner that he has left little for the mere reviewer to do more than

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to recommend its perusal by all those who are interested in the subject. Mr. Upton is no docile follower, but a most capable expounder, and sometimes an acute critic, who does not hesitate to express his divergence from the opinions of his leader. The analysis and exposition of Martineau's two great works, the *Types of Ethical Theory* and *A Study of Religion*, are most lucid, and should be of the greatest assistance to the student of these contributions to philosophy.

It is in the sphere of the philosophy of religion, rather than philosophy in its wider sense, that, in our opinion, the value of the work which Martineau did lies. His defence of Theism against the assumptions of materialistic or agnostic thinkers first attracted attention to the dissenting professor, and he was welcomed as a champion of the faith by men of all denominations. That neither Martineau nor any one else has said, or at present is likely to say, the last word about the universe we are perfectly convinced, but no man who sincerely and persistently devotes himself to the study of the greatest problems that can exercise the mind of man labours all together in vain; and Martineau has contributed, in no small degree at least, to make the problems clearer, and to show that no one-sided view of the world and human nature can ever lead us to a satisfactory solution. It is as necessary to take the spiritual into account as it is to take the physical, and at a time when some of the greatest minds were almost entirely absorbed in the study of the physical, let us gratefully say to the greatest extension of human knowledge yet achieved, it is no less to his honour that Martineau sat apart and devoted his keen intellectual powers, his devout spirit, and the greater part of an exceptionally long life to the elucidation of that mystery which surrounds us all, and excites the emotion and demands the investigation of every reflective mind.

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THE SITUATION IN IRELAND.

I MIGHT preface the few remarks I have to make upon the above subject by stating that I lay no claim to being an authority on agrarian problems, but I am simply going to state what I observed in Ireland, and the conclusions to which such observations caused me to come. A man born and brought up in a large English manufacturing city, where land commissions, and land courts, and evictions are unknown, does not, as a rule, take a great interest in such things, and I am afraid I was no exception to that rule. When I went over to Ireland for a short holiday a few weeks ago I had not the slightest intention of studying the political or economic condition of that country, but what I saw after my arrival, and during my brief stay there, compelled me to reflect a little.

In travelling from Dublin to the west of Ireland I could not help contrasting the country through which I was passing with that through which I had passed a few hours before on the other side of the Channel. Through the counties of Durham, Yorkshire, and Lancashire I saw scores of pits, factories, and mills, giving employment to tens of thousands of hands, and all along the way there were large and flourishing towns and cities, which told, far more eloquently than words, of a happy and prosperous community. But what a different picture is it in the Sister Isle! In going right across the centre of Ireland I saw no collieries, no mills, no factories, and no flourishing towns nor cities. For miles and miles there was scarcely anything to be seen but green fields, and the only sign of life was the smoke from an occasional small thatched cottage or a few cattle grazing here and there. Now and then a decayed town or a straggling village was passed.

Before I had been very long in the country one conclusion forced itself upon me. If it is impossible at present to establish a thriving manufacturing population in Ireland, there ought to be no insuperable difficulty in the way of establishing a thriving agricultural community there. The rich, verdant grass, which one sees everywhere, tells of the fertile soil from which it springs—a soil which, if generally tilled, would be able to support a far larger population than now inhabits the land. Before Ireland can become a prosperous agricultural country it will be necessary that the thousands of acres of land now used solely for the feeding of cattle must be appro-

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priated for the feeding of human beings. Tersely, instead of feeding beasts the land must be made to feed men. It requires no reasoning to prove this; it is beyond question. Almost the only land I saw under tillage in Ireland was the stony or boggy land on mountain sides, occupied by small farmers, and they must do a lot of very hard work before they can make such barren soil produce anything at all. It seemed to me strange that so much labour should be expended on these rugged mountain patches, which at best can only give the poorest return, while the rich, fertile valleys at the foot of the mountains should be allowed to lie uncultivated. It is an absolutely senseless system which is responsible for such a grave condition of affairs.

One thing which struck me in my rambling about the country was the large number of roofless cottages to be seen. As I looked upon these bare walls I thought of the sad story which the Irish census returns tell in each succeeding decade. In Ireland you see with your own eyes what this melancholy record means. Dwellings that were once the humble homes of many a happy family are now deserted, and broad acres which once produced sustenance for a sturdy race of farmers now lie waste. It seems a most terrible fate that a race so prolific as the Irish should, in half a century, find its numbers reduced on its native soil by one half. What has the predominant partner done to remedy this most lamentable state of things, or what is it doing to-day? Whatever it has done, this draining process still goes on. Week after week, young Irish men and women, the lifeblood of their country, are fleeing from their native land, to seek in a strange clime what is denied them at home.

Why do the Irish thus leave their native isle? Is it a national characteristic, a restless, discontented spirit, or are they compelled to it by the cruel, relentless stress of circumstances over which they have no control? I confess I never thought that the cause of this was a restless, discontented spirit, for every one knows that when Irishmen emigrate to Britain, America, or the Colonies, they become very, very often the hewers of wood and the drawers of water. Wherever there is hard work, work requiring heavy physical exertion, there you will find the exiled Celt, bearing the heaviest strain and receiving the lightest recompense. A man who is willing to leave his native land to eke out an existence such as that is scarcely likely to be animated by a discontented disposition. But what I saw in Ireland more than confirmed the opinion I had already formed—that it was absolute downright necessity that compelled the Celt to go amongst strangers to earn a living.

Amongst the places I visited during my stay was the De Freyne Estate, which was then the centre of the Irish land war, and the scene of some of the recent evictions. When on this estate I had a short conversation with one of the tenants who had been evicted

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from his holding a day or two before. His case was a typical one, and the circumstances, as he related them to me, were as follows. Twelve years before, his father had given to him part of his land, and he had built a little cottage on it. Before building this dwelling-place, the young fellow had gone to the landowner to ask if he would allow him from his estate the timber necessary for the little building. This the landlord refused to do, but said he could buy the timber from him if he wished, which the tenant had to do. After building his cottage and paying the landlord for the material wherewith to build it, and also paying the same gentleman rent for it after it was built, the poor man finds himself thrown out on to the roadside because he was unable to meet at the time the excessive demands made upon him by his landlord. One thing of which the tenant complained most bitterly was the action of the landlord in taking the case to the Higher Courts, and thereby heaping on to the tenant costs which he had not the least earthly chance of paying. He told me that the rent he owed amounted to £25, and the legal expenses which the landlord had saddled him with came to over £42. The landlord could have just as effectively gone through the necessary legal procedure for having him evicted at a local tribunal, when the legal expenses would just have been about one-eighth of that figure. Part of this man's land was very frequently flooded, and on one such occasion a tourist passing by asked what lake that was, and whether there was good fishing in it. He was rather surprised when he was told that an Irish peasant was paying rent for the land under the water.

On the same estate I looked into a miserable hovel by the wayside, and it seemed hard to credit that it was a human habitation. It was a very small stone building, with a thatched roof, whitewashed walls, and a small window more like a hole in the wall of some dungeon than the window of a dwelling house. Inside this hut there was but one apartment, and it was full of smoke, arising from a fire on the hearth, and this smoke was so suffocating that I could only remain in the hovel for a few seconds. The only furniture to be seen was one or two small stools, a wooden form, and a piece of wood laid along by the window, which no doubt answered the purpose of a table. A more cheerless abode it would be difficult to conceive. I asked the tenant why he did not try to make the place more comfortable. He said the landlord would do nothing for him and he could not afford to make any improvements himself, and even if he could, he had no heart to do so as the landlord would reap the advantage of it by either raising the rent or finding some pretext for throwing him out. This was not an isolated case by any means. I visited many such hovels on other estates and heard a similar tale in each. Most of these poor people were depending upon what their generous sons and daughters or brothers and sisters in Britain,

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America and the Colonies sent them to meet the claims of the landlord.

Is it any wonder that these poor people rush away at the first opportunity from a home where every homely comfort is conspicuous by its absence—from a land where chronic poverty and misery seem to be the only legacies which one generation leaves to another? How much longer is this to continue? What is the present Government doing to ameliorate the condition of the struggling Irish peasants? Looking over the morning paper all I can read of them doing is to extend the area over which the Coercion Act shall operate because the people are agitating and fighting for what they consider to be their very existence in the land of their fathers. In another column of the same paper I see it recorded that within five weeks there were twenty murders in London, to say nothing about a host of attempted murders and hooligan outrages. In Ireland, which is universally admitted to be one of the most crimeless countries on the face of the earth, the ordinary methods of dealing out justice are replaced by the harsher methods which a not too scrupulous big man is tempted to use towards a smaller man when there is no one near to protect the latter. In London, with its appalling record of crime, no one ever dreams of suggesting that the ordinary methods of carrying out the law are insufficient, but in crimeless Ireland they don't do things in that way. And yet there are still some people to be found who will calmly assert that the two countries are administered alike.

As surely as night follows day the present Irish policy of the Government is doomed to failure, and, if experience can teach them anything, they ought to know this well. When European Powers read of the unswerving loyalty and devotion of the subjects of the British Empire to their King, they smile and ask, "Why, if his subjects are so loyal, does his Majesty's Ministers find it necessary to advise their ruler not to visit a certain portion of his dominions, a portion that his Majesty evidently desires to visit, and a portion that is situated in the very heart of his Empire?" If, instead of promulgating Coercion Acts, which have been tried in vain for generations, the Government would set itself to make Ireland a loyal and contented portion of the Empire, by substituting conciliation for coercion, by meeting the reasonable and constitutional demands of the vast majority of the Irish race, by allowing the majority in Ireland to have something to say in the government of their native land, it would do the British Empire as great a service as it is possible for any Administration to do. Every one knows that it is just about as easy for a people to be loyal and contented under a Coercion régime as it is for a man to be peaceful and contented when he is being subjected to periodical horse-whippings. If the Cabinet took the Colonial Premiers into their confidence on this

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question there is little doubt as to what advice they would receive from that quarter.

Should the Government be afraid to tackle the Home Rule question there is a loophole afforded to them in the solution of the land question. The Unionist farmers of the North are as united in this question as the Nationalist farmers in the rest of Ireland. They are all agreed that there is only one solution to the land question, and that solution is the buying up of the landlords. The Government have already been experimenting with this plan, and its success is undoubted. Why then not apply the scheme generally? Sooner or later, according to the most reliable authorities, it must come. Why not now? There would be little difficulty in raising a loan for the requisite amount, and the Government would have ample security. An easier or a cheaper way of settling one of the most intricate problems of the hour could scarcely be imagined. It seems almost incredible that sensible men should allow the present deplorable and degrading condition of things to continue when such a radical improvement can so easily be made.

It is difficult to understand how any landowner can object to compulsory purchase. The Irish landlords say that they have often very great difficulty in collecting their rents, and also that these rents are dwindling away year after year. Why then should they be afraid to sell out to a Government which they know very well will not sacrifice their interests too cheaply? Would shareholders in any concern, which was in no hurry in paying dividends, offer any objection to the Government purchasing their shares at a reasonable figure? Perhaps if the truth were known the Irish landlords are not quite so unwilling to sell as some of their organs would have the public believe. When landowners know that a public body is likely to require their land for some public purpose they sometimes become passionately attached to it, especially when they know they must ultimately sell, and can only be induced to part with it at several times its actual value. Perhaps the Irish landlords may be slightly animated by such a spirit.

J. J. Nevin.

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THE PANTILES, AND THE ART OF IDLING.

THERE is no other place in our country which for nearly three centuries has united in one bond the insatiable devotees of Hygeia, the frequenters of market-overt and serious business, the fair pursuers of the lighter and more æsthetic shopping, and the gay and happy throng of the social promenade, than the Pantiles of Tunbridge Wells.

There the milliner's jostles the bank, the post-office the spa, the mercer's the butcher's, and the porcelain-shop the restaurant. But art and affairs are modest, and retire mostly behind a dear old-looking piazza, leaving the broad centre of the causeway for the convenience of beauty and fashion, revelry and flirting, over which the ideal discourse of most excellent music is president. The *genius loci* is not some old saint nor martyr as at Canterbury, nor great King nor Churchman as at Hampton, nor a heaven-born tragedian as at Old Drury; but life—pleasurable life, not apart from the serious life of the people as a whole. Upon this paved platform up and down have paced, are pacing, and will doubtless pace, all sorts and conditions of men and women: princes and haberdashers, duchesses and shop-girls, in every kind of costume and fashion down to cycle attire and khaki.

The place positively vibrates with and is redolent of three centuries of pleasurable life; and the approach to it and then the use of it, as we imbibe our daily allowance of music, strut, chat, doze, and breathe into our cockney lungs the strong, pure ether of the English Riviera, are as exhilarating as any nerve-tonic.

They say that at midnight, when the moon is bright, former frequenters in ghostly array march solemnly up and down to the old tunes, and all sorts of notables of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries may be recognised; but the privilege of witnessing this grotesque spectacle is, I fear, reserved for those who, from the "heat-oppressed brain" can conjure up "false creations."

These Pantiles, or Pantyles,[1] an oblong rectangular stone platform,

[1] "Pantile," or "pentile," a tile with a hollow or incurvated surface, is a term mistakenly applied to flat thin bricks for paving purposes, which latter, if they were ever laid, are now replaced by stone slabs, at the present time in a slovenly state of unevenness—in fact, the whole place requires careful attention, as neglect is the

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less than a fifth of a mile in length and about twenty yards in breadth, running into three counties and the ownership of three ground landlords, is shut in on the north side by a continuous, almost imperceptible, crescent of old buildings, more or less restored, with first-class shops below, fronted by a covered walk which forms overhead their balconies, where an ice or coffee may be sipped, or the varied scene at water-drinking time, from eleven to twelve, can be conned. This crescent of shops with its porticoes is pierced at right angles by three roofed passages at unequal distances, and leads to a cheerful brick pavement at their backs, facing the celebrated common.

On the south side, the pantiles, commencing from the western end, are bounded to about half their length by a narrow carriage road, seven feet below their parapet, and with houses on the opposite side. About half-way down, towards the east end, in the place of the parapet, a first block of partially restored buildings[1] lines the middle walk, and the road comes to an end: here likewise the double rows of limes thin into a single line, a flight of steps ascends from the road to the platform above, and the promenade divides into an upper and lower walk, the descent made to the latter by a few steps, and parted from the upper by a three-feet ha-ha, and the above single row of trees. And this lower walk, a mild gradient, passes in front of the first block of buildings, then before an open square court with a fish stall in the middle, dated 1745, and lastly, before a second block, when the upper walk descends by a flight of steps to the level of the lower, and both united open out into a treeless space at the eastern end, leading to the Spa. A paved passage runs all round behind these blocks upon their southern side through oldish tenements to meet the outside road above named, where the latter ends.

The advantage, however, of this wonderful arrangement of platforms, walks, and exits, lies in this: that if you twig a bore steering for you, plenty of escape is at hand; or if an invalid, you tire of the crowd for a time, you may either adjourn to the generally deserted walk opposite the common, or if one morning you do not feel up to facing the turmoil at all, and yet wish for some music, you may sneak on to the lower road aforesaid, and snugly ensconsed there, look up at the musicians in their kiosk above, or sit under the old trees on the heath almost within earshot of the band.

This venerable sanctuary of bygone and present-day pleasure indeed offers a delightful rudimentary training-ground for the art of

order of the day. A fountain at the east end would add greatly to the liveliness of the promenade. "Tile" is from the Aryan root, "stak," or "stag," to cover, thatch, roof over. Consult Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary*.

[1] The western end of these buildings was the old Glocester Tavern, now Hughes' Stores, where there is a fine old oaken staircase, readily shown to sightseers by the courteous and accomplished proprietor.

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social idling: for there is such an art to be included amongst the lesser arts.

For the ordinary idler, sick of the torpidity and vacuity of flat idleness, with command of space and time, by contrast and variety of both action and passivity, can so manipulate his idleness as to obtain from it an interchange of pleasurable sensations. The art of indoor idling consists in the arrangement of your whole day or a portion of time for the production of these sensations at home: actual locomotion is there at a minimum, although in changing from one floor or room to another it is by no means unused. In the art of out-of-doors idling, to the consideratfon of which we shall devote ourselves in this article, to *promenade*, to walk artificially, means to be limited in our freedom and convenience of walking about by our environing fellow-men bent upon the same pursuit.

Promenading is the mean, the middle state of action between pure *lounging*, the extreme of passivity on the one hand, and *rambling*, *roving*, *ranging*, &c., the extremes of activity on the other. *Sauntering* and *strolling* are the intermediate states between the mean, and either of its extremes, from which you gradually shade off. In rambling, roving, and ranging, activity is at a maximum and passivity at a corresponding minimum; in lounging it is just the reverse, in fact they are in an inverse ratio to one another. In sauntering there is much more activity than in lounging, leaning, lying, sitting, and in strolling much more still.

When we are at a promenade, if we are up to the mark, and in a state to be perfectly sociable, we walk, sit, stop to exchange greetings, or stand to listen to the music, lounge, saunter, stroll, and then we shall find that the activity about balances the passivity: and this passivity never being the mere doing nothing, the torpidity of the boa constrictor after a full meal, but subjective passivity, a good deal of light employment for the mind. Our analysis is not complete without the addition, that both outdoor and indoor idling divide into social idling and solitary idling, although both of these are much intermixed. He who aimlessly wanders about Epping, Windsor, or the New Forests, engaged entirely with his ideas, in any way indulging his collecting propensity or other hobby is not an artist in idling within our meaning; a mixed subjective and objective mental condition is requisite, yet any preoccupation permanent in value and continuously useful is excluded. The outcome is idleness, the *dolce far niente*—with a *difference*, as the actor must possess some idea and preconception of his general action within a certain portion of time and place.

To be indeed complete master of your movements at a promenade, to lean, sit, stand, appear or disappear at your own convenience at the right moment, and yet never to be caught by any bore in particular, to make yourself cheap or dear, to keep yourself in

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reserve for valuable opportunities, and yet not to offend any one—to be as nimble as Harlequin, and to turn up like Mephistophiles, when least expected—to do all this is not easy, without much practice, self-reliance, *savoir faire*, and *sang-froid;* and to do this at close quarters in crowded saloons and at at-homes is harder still, to which, out of doors idling is a pleasing and sanitary introduction. If efficient, you can lead a sort of double life and save time—the precious stuff that life is made of. Free to indulge your own thoughts, take a perfectly independent view of the outside situation, criticise the music, appreciate the weather, review men and women, without being entirely surfeited by the *niaiseries* and distortions of every day commonplace humanity; and even if the complete mastery of the virtuoso, as in other walks of art, may be beyond your efforts, the attainment of a modest success or even a superficial accomplishment will render your existence more amusing, and at certain moments less of a nuisance to yourself as well as to other folk.

In this notable and convenient place then, the tyro, shifting at pleasure his *locus standi*, will practise himself at posing in every sort of attitude. At one moment lounging against any of the fifty pillars Corinthian, or sheltering behind any of the forty and four lime trees; at another, disappearing through any one of the safety-valve passages north and south, treading courageously the outer platform in view of the noble common, showing himself off upon the middle walk or becoming philosophic upon the lower one.

Some few steps away from the Pantiles there is a small shady public garden called "The Grove," a most delicious retreat, which looks as if Kensington Gardens had grown anæmic, and shaken itself into parts for more easy transition to the country and change of air, and a small portion here had settled down with its fine old trees, and taken up a permanent abode in Tunbridge Wells.

Now this reminds us that for the solitary idler Kensington Gardens is *par excellence* the playground. There, in a long stroll of, say, three hours, covering in the end two or three miles, he may traverse and re-traverse some bright summer afternoon a large portion of the enclosure; threading his desultory way amidst the overhanging foliage to different points of vantage as to view and command of avenue. He will roam, range, rove and ramble from bench to bench, with a minimum of lounging and sauntering, also with liberal notions of variation in circuit at different times; with a steady intention however to arrive for a finish at a certain spot. Much exercised in thought if of a thoughtful turn, or perfectly objective in attitude as regards the outside world if otherwise; both conditions possessing their corresponding advantages and disadvantages. The individual who can't get on long without his "talkee talkee" may provide himself with this article upon every bench he shares with others, and we know by friends' experience

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that flirtation of a sort is not banished from this paradise of the plutocratic nursemaid, and even better sport is procurable.

Of course, in very sultry weather, lounging with some sauntering will almost usurp the place of all the other movements. Absolute rest in a recumbent posture [1] *sub tegmine fagi* will soothe your heat-worn frame. To glance upwards through the leafy maze at the brilliant blue vault above reminds us how in the coming autumn and winter months we must seek through the distracting cloud-darkness of despair, grief, disease and decay, the silver lining above.

To conclude, when you are thus upon your back at full length, careless of and deaf to worldly affairs, whether you hear that Mr. Balfour has for once sat upright, or my Lord Halsbury is really about to resign, or, more serious still, that your dividends from Home Rails are actually things that were, take care anyhow that every nerve and muscle in your body then finds its Nirvana.

HORACE SEAL.

[1] This being actual stagnation, more than the extreme of passivity.

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RELIGION AND MORALITY.

To the plain man, striving after a comprehensive view of life which shall satisfy at once his mind and heart, much confusion has been caused by the conflicting claims of religion and morality, faith and works, grace and nature. He is met on the one hand by the fervid religionist, whose pet aversion is Mr. Worldly Wiseman of the town of Morality, and who yet claims to be in possession of a sure guide in the exercise of the purest ethics; and, on the other hand, by the moral philosopher, who invites him to learn of the evolutionary development and natural necessity of morality, who affects a mild pity for the religious enthusiast, but yet must christen his ethical system by some such title as "The Religion of Humanity."

Thus the startling paradox is presented of the respective apologists of faith and works, each protesting independence of the other, yet tacitly admitting that his own creed does not satisfy the whole soul of the perfect man.

The plain man, untrained in philosophic and theological reasoning, is thus driven from pillar to post and has to find firm standing ground as best he may. If he turn with the enthusiasm of youth to the religion of the Evangelical Church, he presently finds that there are not to be found (in operation at all events) the highest and broadest ideals of social morality, but rather that the word has lost its scope and meaning, and become narrowed down to cover but one or two of the manifold relationships of human existence, leaving a vast area of the social life to be exploited by the old Adam at his own sweet will. He finds, in fact, that the Church of Christ, while in possession of the highest conceivable code of ethics, has quietly abandoned the task of adapting it to the new conditions of an increasingly complicated society, and has buried its head in the sand of creeds and dogmas.

Nor is his disappointment less when he climbs to the colder and rarer atmosphere of the moral philosopher and sits at the feet of Comte and Mr. Herbert Spencer. There too he feels that something is awanting to give his life that completeness and fulness which his aspirations demand. His newly learned maxims may demonstrate to his understanding with mathematical exactness the necessity of a

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high moral standard, and the identity of a sin against his fellow man with an injury to himself; yet the motive power, the force, the oxygen, supplied by the old faith is lacking.

While pausing on the horns of the dilemma any thought is welcome which may deliver the poor speculator from his perplexity, and for such a thought he is indebted to Mr. Havelock Ellis. "Religion," he says, "with its internal criterion, and morals with its external criterion, remain essentially distant, sometimes antagonistic. That is but a puny religion which rests on morality; and, on the other hand, the morality which rests on religion will sooner or latter collapse with it in a common ruin."

This may strike many as a hard saying, but on reflection will be found to be *true*, and the history of the Church confirms it. The moralities which have rested upon religion and not upon a solid basis of their own have speedily become immoralities and have been arrested in the process of decay only by revolutions and reformations.

Thus far then the ideas of our perplexed philosopher have become cleared up. Religion and morality *are* essentially distinct, and though in the perfect man they will converge and flow as one stream, ennobling and beautifying each other, they must be cultivated and trained as separate factors in human life. Religion and morality cannot rest upon each other, and cannot grow out of each other; they arise from different sources and satisfy different needs of the human soul. A desire here arises for some definition of the two words that will make them cover, as they ought to do, the whole field of human life. What is religion, and what is morality?

Religion can only be adequately defined as that instinct by which we stretch out our hands to the Infinite, striving at some point in the circumference of our being to come into touch with the mysterious power which surrounds us, and in which we live and move and have our being. From the poor Indian, "whose untutored mind sees God in clouds and hears Him in the wind" to the English church bishop with the most definite creed and the clearest ideas about the nature of God and His mode of working, all religions are but attempts to penetrate the clouds and darkness which are the habitation of "The Eternal." Nay, can we—remembering how the worship of the gods graduated by insensible degrees into the worship of knowledge and the worship of the beautiful—can we deny the name of religion to the efforts of the poet and painter to record in language or in outline and colour those visitations from the "spirit of beauty that consecrates with its own hues all it shines upon of human thought or form?" Need we deny the name of religion to any emotion by which a man is raised above himself and comes, if only at one point, into contact with Eternal laws? "Worship," said Carlyle, "is transcendent wonder." Religion may be said to cover the whole field of our emotional nature.

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As regards morality, there is no difficulty in defining its limits, for it includes all that remains. Wherever the orbit of one man's life intersects that of another, there moral obligation begins. "The Red Indian on the banks of Lake Winnipeg cannot quarrel with his squaw but the whole world must smart, for will not the price of beaver rise?" Truly no man lives to himself alone, and however complex and obscured the relations of man may become it is difficult to conceive of an action in which moral obligation or the neglect of it is not involved.

This clearing of the ground by way of definition may seem unnecessary, but it is to be remembered that our anxious inquirer has had to find for himself some explanation of the most perplexing phenomena. He has seen in too many cases the religious spirit running higher and higher while the moral sense became so attenuated that cash payment might represent its beginning and end. He has seen the enthusiasm for saving souls unfolding itself along with the growth of a twist in the moral sense or an obliquity in the moral vision which gave the most curious, and, to the philosopher, interesting results, and this accompanied by no deliberate or conscious hypocrisy. He has seen, on the other hand, pure souls practising the most exalted morality, and by the mere force of repulsion from the phenomena described above, shutting themselves out from that communion with the Eternal which gives unity to thought and faith and "reveals the soul of loveliness which dwells in all things." He has seen heroes living in a world they conceived to be fatherless, and patiently obeying the injunction to work while it is yet day, with no sustaining faith stronger than that the "night cometh when no man can work."

Might not a right conception of the idea quoted above have saved many a religious enthusiast from moral deterioration, and many a purist in morals from the loss of his faith? Whether the religious idea or the moral sense arose first in the evolution of human faculties matters nothing to us here, the main point is that they deal with different sections of our spiritual being, and that the one cannot be made the basis of the other.

Religion is an instinct, an emotion, an aspiration, an act of the imagination; and though by creating within us that hunger for fulness, completeness, and rightness of life and conduct, which all enlargement of soul produces, it stimulates the desire for a pure morality, it cannot *teach* us morality.

The moral sense, let us concede at once to Mr. Herbert Spencer, is earth-born, and has grown by the accumulated experiences of the human race out of the lowly roots of reciprocity and expediency, therefore it must be grasped by the reason of man, its details must be laboriously learned and applied with intelligence to the daily changing conditions of life; but it must not be called a religion.

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The culture of morality can only safely rest upon its own natural basis, utility—or the mutual welfare of humanity.

Many readers of that otherwise admirable book, *Literature and Dogma*, must have felt oppressed by the unsatisfactoriness of the definition of religion therein given. Mr. Arnold calls it "mortality touched by emotion," seeming to imply that the moral sense first arose, and of itself developed the emotion which converted it into religion.

If this is what was meant our argument runs counter to it, and the history of man's growth seems to refute it. The emotional nature of man was born when the first savage bowed down to the sun, the visible embodiment of beneficent force, or trembled at the thunder-peal as the threatenings of an angry God; and may have existed while the moral sense was yet impotent to prohibit cannibalism.

The "touching" of the moral sense with emotion was consummated when the spirit of wonder and worship first perceived that here too in his relationship with his fellow-men the same laws that had delighted him in the contemplation of the supernatural ran out in lines of beauty and grandeur; and thus religion in its most beautiful aspect was born.

The constructive faculty, or the skill in the representation of nature by the graphic or plastic arts, when touched by poetry gives birth to *Art*, but the poetic spirit and the technical skill must be cultivated separately, and neither can grow out of the other or supply the place of the other.

In a complex state of society the action of moral laws becomes obscured, and it is difficult to gather up the threads of cause and effect and distinguish between them, but assuredly we could not after centuries of Christianity have developed such an immorally organised state of society had men always recognised this eternal distinction between religion and morals, between the poetry of life and the art of right living. It is in the vain delusion that religion *is* morality and not in a lack of desire for righteousness that we must seek for the reason that men of intellectual power and lofty emotions have made no effort after a more just and equitable distribution of life's duties and joys, after the establishment of more purely moral relationships with their fellow-men.

In a primitive state of society morality would be a simple affair. It would then be impossible to tread upon our neighbour's potato patch without being aware that one had done so, and the injunction to "do as ye would be done by" would be easily followed; but in a complex civilisation like ours the moral relationships of men become obscured by laws and tendencies and maxims of trade adopted for convenience when men's relationships were simpler; and it may become easy without knowing it to tread upon our neighbour's corn, nay, to disinherit him of his right to labour for his own sustenance, which is surely the most unquestionable of the rights of man.

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Assuredly morality is not the simple thing that most Christians tell us, and conceiving of society as an organism interdependent in all its parts, then the art of right living, socially as well as individually, must include the study of sociology.

Whether the further evolution of society demands an attempt at some form of socialism or an extension of co-operative industrialism it is for time to decide; but whatever form the future remedies for social ills may take, it is the growing moral sense of humanity that demands it, the reasonable conviction of the solidarity of human interests, and the impossibility of sound health in some of its members while others are diseased.

One thing however has become evident to the plain man who makes these few guesses at truth, that however necessary is the cultivation of the moral sense and the study of ethics in all its breadth and depth, religion can never teach it to him.

Religion reveals to him the beauty of the blowing clover and the lilies of the field, but botany must be studied as a thing apart.

Religion fills him with that divine curiosity for looking into things which even the angels are said to possess. In presence of the mysteries and immensities surrounding our little world, religion calls forth the emotions described by the prophet of old in the words "the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy," but astronomy must be patiently learned e'er it can satisfy the intellectual as well as the emotional nature of man.

Religion reveals to him the interdependence of inward peace and outward harmony, and the necessity of just and equitable relations with his fellow-men, but the art of right living is a thing to be made the study of a lifetime. It is an exercise of the reasonable faculties of man into which the past, the present, and the future of the human race must enter as considerations.

The ecclesiastical mind is frequently exercised over the decadence of religion and the increasing indifference to the ordinances of the Church. Many possible causes have been suggested by way of explanation; but may the true cause not be that the moral sense of humanity is slowly awakening from the long slumber into which the opiates of dogmatic theology had thrown it, and from across the centuries it hears the voice of Christ whispering, "And if thou bring thy gift to the altar and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee leave there thy gift before the altar, go and be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."

Our brothers have something against us, and a serious indictment it is. We have built up our civilisation upon an understructure of artificial laws which condemn millions of our brothers to days of laborious toil alternating only with periods of want. We have shut them out from participation in that ease and security which our increased resources and the bounty of nature might have made

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possible to all, and have compelled them to live with their eyes to the ground—and then we soothe our uneasy consciences with missions and charities.

We want a higher morality; a social organisation which will do no violence to our advancing sense of justice and equity; a condition of things in which we can enjoy the exercise of our highest faculties, moral, intellectual, æsthetic, and imaginative, without the feeling of shame which follows on the reflection that to the masses of men these enjoyments are impossible.

Fortunately or unfortunately, in the Divine laws written upon the table of the human heart, there is no limited liability act behind which a poor mortal can shelter himself. Each member of society who thinks upon these things must feel his own share in the responsibility for them, and if he therefore refuses to enjoy the privilege of bringing his gift of worship to the altar of the Eternal Righteousness until he can examine into the matter, the recording angel will surely put the omission down to his credit.

ALEX. MACKENDRICK.

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TWO VILLAGES.

WALKING one day in a little country town I had occasion to make an inquiry of a chance passer-by. The first person that I met was a fair-haired boy with blue eyes, about fifteen years of age, whose dull face and heavy slouching gait proclaimed him one of the less intelligent sort. Nevertheless I stopped him to put my question, but, although to my mind at least the remark was perfectly intelligible, I received no word in reply. I repeated the sentence, more slowly and distinctly, but with no better success; a third time I essayed in louder tones, in case the lad were deaf, but never a word did he say.

This conduct somewhat puzzled me, for the boys of this town were by no means stupid, and generally ready enough with retorts, which were quite intelligible if not always equally polite. I asked the lad where he came from, whereat his brow contracted, and he appeared to be endeavouring to think, a process which seemed to give him considerable pain. As no answer was again forthcoming, I scrutinised him more closely, and from his ungainly figure, fair mealy face, and crass stupidity I theorised that he was an inhabitant of a certain hamlet some two miles distant.

"Do you come from ——?" I said, anxious to verify my hypothesis. The boy's face brightened, the operation of thinking ceased, and a grunt proclaimed that my supposition was correct.

It appeared to me strange that one should be able to recognise the inhabitants of a certain village by their excessive ignorance, for stupidity of all kinds is well distributed, even in country districts. Yet before this I had noticed that an exceptional dulness prevailed among the rustics from certain parts, and that pre-eminent in their stupidity were the inhabitants of this particular village, which I will call "The Hamlet."

It seemed to me unwise to generalise on such a subject from my own observations alone, however conclusive they might appear in my own eyes, and I took an early opportunity of comparing notes with one who was in a better position to judge such a matter. I was already on my way to an iron foundry where fifty men or more are constantly employed in various departments of metal-work. The foreman was a hard-headed intelligent man, of the type commonest

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in the counties overrun by the Danes in the tenth century, and when I had concluded my business with him I broached the subject of my meditations. I inquired first whether among the many men employed in the works there were any from "The Hamlet." The foreman laughed, a trifle sarcastically I thought, as though to imply that I ought to have known better than to ask so futile a question. No, he informed me, they were not likely to employ such yokels, who were a by-word among all intelligent people. I ventured further to ask whether the men of "The Hamlet" were more stupid than the folk of other villages, or whether his remarks referred to rustics in general; and he explained that, though country people, as a rule, were useless as mechanics, the inhabitants of "The Hamlet" were the dullest, most stupid, and most ignorant of all the dull, stupid, and ignorant people with which the country districts abounded.

"But you do employ some men from outside the town," I persisted, as I recollected the gangs of men I had met returning home from the works in the evening along the country lanes. "No, sir, not as a rule. We can make nothing of them, excepting the men from the heath." "But surely," I rejoined, "the heath is quite country," for I knew the place well, with its maze of narrow lanes, and had often wondered whether so scattered a collection of houses could even deserve the name of a village. "Ah," replied the foreman, "them from the heath's different. They uses ther' 'eads; for, yer sees, they's got ter," and he added significantly, "they'd clem else."

I did not pursue the conversation further, for the foreman's observations had entirely corroborated my views, but I pondered much on the causes which had led to the development of such different types within five miles of each other, and as to how far the fear of starvation had been the real cause of the change, for the foreman's views were evidently summed up in his concluding remark "they'd clem else."

I knew the two villages well, and many of the inhabitants of both, besides being familiar with the outlines of their past history; and as these points seem to have a great bearing on the problem, I will briefly relate what I know. "The Hamlet" is a little village, containing from one to two hundred inhabitants, lying fairly compactly about two miles from the little country town referred to, in which parish it is and has always been. It consists of two farmhouses, with a few more at a distance of about half a mile, several small holdings, a smithy, and a number of cottages. In recent years it has boasted of a school, used on Sundays as a mission-room, and a house for the mistress, who has presided over the training of the youth of the place for twenty or thirty years.

Here let me remark that a careful examination of the facts leads

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me to be convinced that the stupidity of the inhabitants is not to be attributed to the school. The mistress is an excellent, industrious, and intelligent person, and her work invariably gives satisfaction to H.M. inspectors, who recognise, no doubt, that the backwardness of the pupils is due far more to their innate stupidity than to any faulty teaching. It is, of course, possible that a master or mistress of higher attainments, employing newer methods, might be successful in raising the intellectual level of future generations, but the task would be heart-breaking to any such teacher, and it is doubtful if better results would follow than from the patient work of the good lady who has lived so long among them, who understands their slow minds, and whose wonderful sympathy draws out from them such little gleams of intelligence as they possess.

I have digressed thus far to show that the stupidity that we are complaining of must not hastily be attributed to faulty teaching in school, and I may add that the views I have expressed were confirmed by some remarks made to me by an assistant inspector, who had just returned from paying a surprise visit.

Let me now continue my description. The village, in fact the whole township with a few trifling exceptions, belongs to a great nobleman, the lord of the manor, or aggregate of manors of which this forms a part. Moreover, since very early days this township has belonged to this lordship, which has been held at different times by persons of varying ranks, from kings and princes to representatives of knightly families. But in all times, from the earliest days of which we have any record, the land, with the few exceptions alluded to, has been part of a large estate, which in its turn has been only one of several such properties held by the owner in various parts of the country.

It may be worth mentioning also that without exception the owner of the lordship has never at any time, since the Norman conquest, had a residence upon the estate, or, at any rate, occupied such residence if it existed.

So much for its history. Let us now look at the lives of the people as they are led at present. The majority of the inhabitants find work on the farms in or near the village, while the remainder of the men are employed in various occupations on the landlord's estate, or work in his timber yard in the neighbouring town. In these ways employment is always ready to the hand of each native as he grows up, and it seldom happens that an inhabitant has to go far to seek it. The cottages are, with few exceptions, good and in fair repair, and, but for a somewhat inefficient water supply, the sanitary condition of the village is above the average.

The water supply has now, I have little doubt, been remedied, but a few years ago the dwellers at one end of the village were wont to

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depend for this upon a brook that runs near their doors. In old days this was all very well, but the time came when the neighbouring town took upon itself a misdirected sanitary mania, and anxious to get rid of its refuse turned it, by a carefully laid system of drains, into the head waters of this stream. The inhabitants of "The Hamlet" did not, however, feel any ill effects from this pollution of their supply, and subsequent incidents seem to suggest that this was to be accounted for by the fact that, in spite of the absence of a public-house, water formed an inappreciable amount of the liquid they consumed. All would no doubt have gone well had not temperance reformers descended suddenly and upset the equilibrium, for no sooner had several dwellers by this stream taken the pledge than an outbreak of typhoid fever arose among them.

But the water question, though interesting in itself, has naught to do with our argument. The people, we have seen, have good cottages and constant work found for them, without having to look far for either, and the amount of charity that flows to them from the landlord is considerable.

Now it might be thought that as "The Hamlet" is only a small portion of a larger estate, and that this estate is one of several possessed by the same owner, one too on which he has never resided, the pauperisation so often met with at the gates of large houses would be absent. But although from time immemorial the estate has possessed a non-resident landlord, and the face of the sun has, so to speak, been but seldom visible to the tenants, there has always been present an orb, shining like the moon with reflected glory, and shedding upon the people those rays of indiscriminate charity so often baneful in their ultimate effects.

A long chain of representatives, agents, stewards, and receivers of rents, have played this lunar part since the days of Queen Elizabeth, and even in the Middle Ages a seneschal seems often to have acted in a like capacity; and as "The Hamlet" is owned entirely by "the Sun," and lies nearer to the domicile of "the Moon" than other villages similarly blest; as, too, there is no star in its firmament, in the shape of a resident parson, to detract from the value of "the Sun's" reflected rays, "The Hamlet" has received a double portion of such effulgence.

"The Moon" will say that "The Hamlet" is its pet village, and descant upon the virtues of the inhabitants. It is to "The Hamlet" that Diana takes her especial charities, here she holds her mothers' meetings, and here she visits the poor with extra energy, looking upon it as her special district, so that in spite of the absence of "the Sun," "The Hamlet" is far from being left in utter darkness.

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If my remarks on Diana's good works appear disparaging, it is not because I do not recognise the genuine charitable feeling which prompts them, but because it is to such actions that I am inclined, in part at least, to attribute the stupidity which has grown upon the people. Everything has been done, and is still being done, with the best of possible motives, to relieve these people from feeling the stress of that competition which bears so much harder on their neighbours; and as a result the law of the survival of the fittest has been discounted, or shall I say the fittest to survive under these conditions are those of the lowest mental attainments, who are good docile sheep, with never an original idea of their own.

But before concluding our investigations of "The Hamlet" let us look at "The Heath," which has produced such a different stock of people, and let us seek for the causes of the divergence, and see whether the foreman was right when he said "they'd clem else."

On the outskirts of a manor adjoining the lordship already referred to, of which, however, it has never formed a part, is a low, level, ill-drained swamp, known as "The Heath." A century and a half ago it was uninhabited, and, it would appear, uninhabitable, for it was described by the neighbours as the heath, or in local parlance

> "the yeth
> Where the devil clemmed to djeth.

Folk-lore thus points to a conception not unlike that of our foreman, but according to the rhyme the prince of darkness, cunning though he is usually considered, was unable to use his wits sufficiently to escape the fate which, like the sword of Damocles, has ever been hanging over the heads of the Heathmen for their eventual good.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century some squatters—report says, though I believe erroneously, Irish gipsies—settled upon certain hillocks which arose out of the surrounding marsh. The lord of the manor, it would seem, either knew not, or cared not; or, perhaps, as some think, the ownership of the manorial rights was at that time in dispute. Be that as it may, before the nineteenth century had grown two decades old there were many settlers on the spot who claimed a freehold. Then the lord of the manor became aware of the encroachments, or maybe he settled his dispute with the other claimant; certain it is that he attempted to claim his rights and to exact fines and acknowledgments from the intruders. Some few, it is said, paid these dues for a while, but the majority sternly refused; the lord of the manor then ceased to

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demand the money, and the inhabitants have remained unmolested ever since.

A queer, wild set they were considered, uncouth, barbarian, and semi-pagan, the outcasts of society. Half a century ago their reputation had improved but little, and, until a school was erected for them at that time, education, even of the simplest kind, was unknown. It is still the fashion in some quarters to talk of them as barbarians, and "the Moon" holds them all in horror, chiefly, I fancy, because they steadily refuse to be converted to Sabaïsm.

And yet from this unpromising material has arisen a stock that far excel their neighbours in intellect. Whence has come this mighty change? To what causes should it be attributed? The present schoolmaster is an able man, and the results he obtains are always satisfactory, but this cannot altogether account for the improvements. The teacher, though he has been there twenty years or more, cannot in that time have worked so marvellous a revolution, and the level of intelligence is found as high among the old as the young. Moreover, I have been informed by a school inspector that, though the master's power and attainments are high, teachers of equal capacity are by no means rare in country villages, yet few villages have reached the pitch of general intelligence found upon "The Heath."

We must look to other causes, and here the foreman's words occur again, "they'd clem else." "The Heath" is of considerable extent, and on it there is no land suitable for agricultural operations on a large scale. Farms are in consequence only to be found on the surrounding high ground, and these are invariably surrounded by their own villages, or groups of cottages, so that but little agricultural labour comes in the way of the Heathmen. The only other regular work to be obtained in country places is hedging, draining, and those other occupations generally known as estate work. Now it is only large landowners that keep a regular staff of men for such jobs, and "the Sun," who is the predominant owner of property, draws his employees from "The Hamlet," or other villages owned by him. To a lesser degree this custom applies to the other landed proprietors. It follows, then, that all "estate" work that can be picked up by the Heathmen must be on the land of the smaller owners, or to supplement the regular workmen on the large estates. This work is uncertain, it requires searching for diligently, and it will only be given to the very best men. There is consequently a keen struggle for such scraps, and the competition sharpens the intellect and improves the quality of the work. Again, other openings must be looked for. Some have started in a small way as builders or wheelwrights, clog-makers or well-sinkers, and when their trade has

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increased have given work to other Heathmen, while in one corner a bed of osiers has tempted many to take to basket-making.

In any case, the inhabitants have to shift for themselves—they'd clem else—for a freehold cottage and an acre or two of marshy land is not sufficient to support a family, and no assistance could be expected from outside sources. No squire was there from whose house charity flowed, no parson to bring doles and puddings, nor was there any superior person who felt it his duty as landlord to do something for these poor people. No, they were alone and friendless, left to struggle as best they might with adversity, without even so much as a word of sympathy from their outside neighbours. But this neglect has been to them a blessing, and now that some small squires have arisen on their borders they do not require their assistance, scarcely, in fact, appreciate their presence; and though for some years there has been a parson among them, they are not wont to expect much material assistance from him, but have felt it to be their privilege to subscribe to a fund to raise his very meagre stipend.

It would seem, then, that a keen struggle for existence and the absence of charitable doles have been the main factors in raising the intellectual standard; but, it may be suggested, perhaps this advantage has been attained to the detriment of the people in other ways. How, for instance, are they housed and what are the sanitary conditions of their surroundings? As we have seen, the cottages in "The Hamlet" are generally in good repair, and the water-supply, though once faulty, has now, in all probability, been attended to. How are these matters on "The Heath?" At first sight it would appear that they are in a deplorable condition. The houses are small and ill-built, often of one story only and containing but two rooms, while, though well-sinkers abound, wells are by no means numerous. But a change is coming over the place. Owing to the lack of wells and the expense of sinking one for each small holding, the aid of the district council was invoked, and now a good water-supply is laid on to each cottage, which pays a yearly sum for this privilege. During the last ten years many of the worst cottages have been enlarged or rebuilt, and several new houses of more ambitious proportions have arisen; and now that the Heathmen have found their feet, and reaped the result of a century's unassisted struggle with adverse surroundings, we may soon hope to see this blot removed, and to find "The Heath" in this respect a model village.

In "The Hamlet" this is not so. Though most of the cottages are in good repair, there are some that are, or were a few years ago, a disgrace to civilisation, and far worse than the poorest "The Heath" can show, nor does the village show any marked signs of

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improvement. Others of its kind are worse in this respect, but any one who has had the opportunity of watching the progress of villages during the past twenty years or so will have noticed that whereas "The Heath," and places like "The Heath," are yearly becoming more habitable and civilised, with better houses and more sanitary surroundings, villages like "The Hamlet" are either stagnating or, more often, sinking from bad to worse, in spite of the frequent attempts made by parish and district councils to insist on improvement.

The irresistible conviction is that where the struggle for existence is allowed to work unchecked, the majority of the people will survive by means of the intellectual vigour thereby engendered; and that though for awhile the conditions of life may be far from ideal, they will ultimately rise to a higher level than elsewhere. And the reason is not far to seek, they advance because the people desire that they should advance, and not because "the Sun" or "the Moon" think it advisable that this progress should be made.

Some may think, however, that the intellectual activity is due to other causes; that the present population of "The Heath" is not indigenous, but that the more independent and intellectual folk have been attracted there by the chance of acquiring a freehold home. To a certain extent this may be the case. The conditions obtaining on "The Heath" have been such as to drive away those unable to rise to the necessary standard, and these have taken refuge in other villages like "The Hamlet," or drifted into the large towns, while their place has been filled by outsiders who were able to hold their own. But the vast majority of the present inhabitants take a pride in being able to prove their descent from the first settlers on the marsh, and it has happened more than once that a younger son, being crowded out and compelled to leave home, has departed to a distant town, returning again after many years with a little fortune wherewith to erect a villa on his native heath.

One word more. "The Heath" may be intelligent and progressive, but is the sum of happiness greater there than in "The Hamlet." Let us visit the school some autumn when the Heathmen are giving a dance, and, paying our eighteenpence at the door, go in to share with them the innocent amusement which they have provided for themselves out of their own pockets. All the young men and women are there, many with friends invited from a distance. Some of the old men have come too, with their wives, to watch the young folks enjoy themselves. The austere elder from the chapel will, as like as not, turn in for a few minutes and chat awhile with the parson on the advantages of such gatherings as a means of weaning the young men from the attractions of the public-house. All is

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gaiety and good-humour, a little noisy, perhaps, but never unduly rough; nor do the youths turn up their noses at the coffee and lemonade provided on the buffet with the sandwiches and light refreshments, or leave in the middle to get a glass of something stronger from the pub.

We shall have spent a pleasant evening and be ready to go, a few nights later, to "The Hamlet" to assist Diana with the Christmas-tree which "the Sun" provides for the elect. When all is prepared the mistress bids the children enter. In they come, stolid and stupid, bobbing or pulling a flaxen forelock according to their sex. Then follow their mothers, with a respectful curtsey to Diana and one less pronounced to us, and perhaps a man, sheepishly and against his will, dragged in by his "missus." The good folk sit down to tea, and there is a long silence while they stuff themselves with cake and buns. Then, after singing a mumbo-jumbo grace with closed eyes, they file out again while the tea is cleared away. Then come the games, in which Diana shines, and is in very truth the soul of the party; and well she need be, for a more spiritless company it would be hard to discover. Then the presents from "the Sun," hung on and round the glittering tree, are distributed among the guests, who repeat the bobs and forelock pulls before departing.

The men have, for the most part, kept clear of the ceremony, as is their wont. Only Diana's latest examples of reformed drunkards appear, for they have been specially summoned and dare not be absent. Certain hulking forms may be seen through the darkness congregated near the door, as is usual when a meeting or service is being held. The light and noise attracts these moths to the threshold, but fails to draw them across it. There is no beer to be given away, and that they know well, so the feast offers no attractions to them.

But perhaps the people of "The Hamlet" are as happy in their own dull way as the Heathmen in their keen enjoyment of the pleasures of life. To do Diana's bidding, to worship "the Sun" and "the Moon," and simply to exist without the effort of thinking, may be to them a state of bliss approaching the conception of Nirvana. Perhaps, after all, theirs is the happiest lot.

I had often thought that this might be so, until fresh information caused me to look at the matter in a new light. A young curate, who had lately come to work under the clergyman of the neighbouring town, had "The Hamlet" allotted to him as his special district. Being youthful and enthusiastic he entered upon his work with overflowing energy, determined to understand the people committed to his charge and to enliven their lot. He had been brought up in London, and being up to this time unfamiliar with the ways of

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country folk, was thus, perhaps, more readily impressed by features which would be unnoticed by those who had long been accustomed to rural surroundings. He had not been many weeks at work before he noticed that a secret dread, or horror, was everlastingly present to the minds of the people, and after much patient inquiry he elicited the fact that this bugbear was neither a goblin nor were-wolf, but their kind protector "the Moon." I knew already that the villagers were confirmed Sabaïsts, but it was a fresh piece of information to me that their deities, like those of many tribes in a low state of culture, were spirits to be propitiated rather than worshipped. I was slow to believe this suggestion, for I knew that "the Moon's" actions were just and considerate, especially when "The Hamlet" was concerned, and that Diana spared herself no time and trouble to attend to the needs of these folk, and always acted, after her own lights at least, for their best advantage. Yet the curate was by no means unobservant, nor was he prejudiced, for he had always admired Diana and her charitable ways.

After a full discussion of the phenomena, it appeared to us that the idea originated thus. "The Moon" was looked upon as all-powerful and omniscient, and a deity requiring absolute obedience and immense respect. If the unfortunate inhabitant of "The Hamlet" should, even unintentionally, fail to render this service, dire consequences would follow, for summary eviction was the certain punishment. There was not, that I could discover, any foundation for this belief, for "the Moon" was not wont to evict people, as other luminaries have been known to do, because they chanced to disagree with him in politics or religion, though he might, under the circumstances, hesitate to let a cottage to such folk if other applicants, not open to these objections, were forthcoming. Still, the opinion prevailed that to utter one word against "the Moon," to disagree with his views, or even to criticise his actions, however mildly, nay, even to take upon oneself that initiative that was his by right, would be visited with severe punishment in the shape of eviction; then where could another home be found, save in some forlorn spot like "The Heath," and this meant of a surety for them that they would *clem*.

On the whole, then, it seemed that the Heathmen were also the happiest, for though some of the old men had grown gnarled and crusty from the hard fight to keep their heads above water, while others suffered from "bouts and eetches," a complaint very common among the dwellers on the undrained marshes, often attributed in former days to witchcraft and other malign influences; still, there were many of ripe years spending their latter days in contentment and comparative ease, to whom the struggles of early days were things of the past. These have often told me of their early beginnings,

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and described with pride their present wealth; while the younger generations are sharp, cheerful, and hopeful, ready to conquer all difficulties that may beset them, and if they leave home for a while, it is only that they may make a fortune elsewhere, and come back in their old age to live and die on their native Heath.

HAROLD PEAKE.

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THE NEW BOTTICELLI.

THE news of the finding of a Madonna by Botticelli in a castle near Piacenza was reported in the press during the summer. I had taken note of it, and forgotten it entirely, when a few days ago I was in Piacenza at the public library, which has been created in the ecclesiastical, or, I think rather, religious buildings adjoining the Church of San Pietro. The only picture by an old master on public view was shown to me in an inner hall; it was, to my surprise, a Botticelli. I had rediscovered the picture spoken of during the summer, the few data concerning which prove that there was really something recondite about what I had chanced upon.

Like the Chigi Madonna it was not known for a Botticelli during its long repose in the neighbouring castle of Bardi, in the province of Parma, whence it was brought a few months ago on its becoming the property of the Municipality of Piacenza, and was deposited for the time being in the public library. It has, however, the most unmistakable proofs of its authorship, and it cannot fail to receive as full acknowledgment as the Chigi Madonna or the Pallas: more tardily, however, for Professor Venturi, the Inspector-General of the Itallian Art Collections, and the national authority about Botticelli, only learned of it a few days before my visit, on the occasion of the Exhibition of Sacred Art inaugurated at Piacenza by Bishop Scalabrini and the local authorities, while a letter of inquiry from England has been the only token of interest in its identification yet displayed by the world of Botticelli cult. But Piacenza lies on the main line between Milan and Bologna, or Florence, or Rome, and the less hurried British traveller always gets down to see the statue of Alessandro Farnese on the delightful square of the municipality.

The picture is an oval, framed in the customary arabesque, or, rather, floral pattern of gold, which is now faded. There are three figures in the scene: the Blessed Virgin, the Child Jesus, and St. John, all in the most marked Botticellian manner. Not one face only, as in some other paintings ascribed to this master, but each of the three is in the more familiar conception of his characteristic style.

There are traces of re-painting. The fineness of touch and the delicacy of finish have vanished, even where there are not signs, as on the neck of the Madonna, of gross restoration. Nothing remains

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of the glistening gold found in the Madonnas of the Uffizi Gallery, nor even of the glow of other colours, like those in the Borghese Madonna. These defects are, unfortunately, a fading rather than a decay, still less a corruption; the defacements are not considerable; not the ghost only of the picture lives in this meditative scene, which for the rest is lacking in the hymn-like joyousness of other visions of the painter, and is thus true to its descriptive legend:

"Quia . Respesit (*sic*) . Humilitate . Ancile . Sue."

Only Sandro Botticelli would have wrought in the left corner the regularly-studded, long-lined, tall trees making a deep shade, and flowering so beautifully as to recall in the directest way the like scenes in the Uffizi and Belle Arti (now Ancient and Modern Gallery) at Florence. The green is ineffable, if wan.

Lying on its back upon a table the picture can be but badly seen. It is, moreover, a panel formed of three or four parched and shrunken pieces of board meeting unevenly. Set upright, however, it still presents great difficulties for photography, for the same reason. One photograph has been made, but with indifferent success, by the Regionale, or Provincial Inspection of Fine Arts.

WILLIAM J. D. CROKE.

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LOVE'S LOVERS.

"Rossetti is one of those who, in the words of Mérimée, *se passionnent pour la passion*, one of Love's lovers."—W. Pater's *Appreciations*.

Love's lovers!—pallid ghosts of lurid fame
That flit through woodlands grey with serpent slime,
Chanting to seven stringed lutes a doleful rhyme,
With faces woe-blanched and red hearts aflame;
Cain-branded on the forehead with foul shame
For sweet transgressions, wrought in ev'ry clime
From earth's First Matins to her Vesper chime
By troubadour, brave knight, and frail fair dame,
Yea, white-robed clerks that to Love's Court had strayed
(Forgetful of the upraised, threat'ning rood
And pitiful scarred Brows by thorn-spikes torn),—
What guerdon found ye in green bays that fade
For coronals immortal? Liefer would
Ye crucify Love's self than die love-lorn?

WILLIAM FREDERICK HARVEY.

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CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

UNTIL quite recently our knowledge of the inhabitants of the depths of the ocean has been extremely limited, and the progress of investigation can hardly be said to keep pace with the work which is being done in other branches of science. Not only does the chase of the denizens of the deep necessitate much perseverance and personal courage, but the investigator must also possess abundant pecuniary resources, which are rarely found in the hands of persons gifted enough to use them. A conspicuous exception to this latter statement must, however, be made in the case of the Prince of Monaco, who has for many years carried out deep sea explorations which have added materially to our knowledge of pelagic organisms, and whose fertility of resource and inventive faculty have even discovered entirely new fields for research. Especially is this the case with regard to the investigation of the organisms dwelling at intermediate depths in the ocean. Those organisms frequenting the bed of the ocean, and also those floating near its surface, had been subjects of investigation for years before the Prince of Monaco, by means of specially devised apparatus, discovered that beings of special organisation were to be found in mid-depths. An interesting and popular account of some of the Prince's scientific expeditions has just been published,[1] and will be read with pleasure by every lover of nature. Not only is the author a thoroughly trained biologist, but he is also a most talented word-painter, and some of the scenes depicted by him are highly dramatic. For instance, the death of the cachalot or sperm whale off the Azores is most graphically described, and is to some extent historic, for the wounded colossus, in its death struggles, disgorged the remains of five gigantic cuttlefish, all of them new to science. Less sensational, but infinitely interesting from a scientific point of view, is the discovery that numerous pelagic organisms which in the daytime inhabit the depths of the ocean, rise to the surface in dark, moonless nights. The Prince, as an old sailor, passes lightly over such matters as shipwrecks, the dangers of the Arctic ice, and many other things that would furnish abundant material to a novelist.

[1] *La Carrière d'un Navigateur.* Par Albert Ier., Prince de Monaco. Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie. 1902.

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Throughout the whole work runs a strong vein of sympathy with our fellow-creatures, whether human or otherwise, and we can strongly recommend the book to many who, while calling themselves naturalists, are in reality but heartless collectors of specimens and ruthless destroyers of life that cannot be replaced.

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

THAT Catholic legend has corrupted the history of the early Church in Britain and Ireland a few people know and many more suspect, and Professor Zimmer's little book on the subject [1] will more than confirm their suspicions. There are many controverted points made clear by Zimmer, but the most important is the way in which he disposes of the legend of St. Patrick, and demonstrates, to use his own words, that "the Patrick of history cannot have played, during the fifth century, that part which the seventh century legend ascribes to him." That St. Patrick was not an Irishman, but a Briton, is a statement that will not meet with ready acceptance in many quarters, but the evidence for the truth of the statement is convincing.

The results of the labours of investigators in the field of New Testament criticism are enormous, and the details are to be found in many a bulky volume. For a brief summary of these results and their effect upon orthodox notions of Christianity, we have met with nothing nearly as good as Mr. Holah's booklet on *The Gospel Manuscripts*.[2] Into a very brief space indeed he has condensed the results of much labour and thought, and produced a sort of *vade mecum* upon the subject which should be on the desk of every student of the New Testament.

The best method of conveying great truths to the young or untutored minds is no doubt that of the Catechism.[3] Mr. Mangasarian has therefore adopted it as a means of spreading the doctrines of the secularists. The ideal Catechism should be as brief as possible, but Mr. Mangasarian has followed the example of the Westminster Divines and made his too long—not so long as theirs,

[1] *The Celtic Church in Britain and Ireland.* By Heinrich Zimmer. Translated by A. Meyer. London: David Nutt. 1902.
[2] *The Gospel Manuscripts.* A Short Record of the Results of Modern Research. By J. R. Holah. London: R Brimley Johnson. 1902.
[3] *A New Catechism.* By M. M. Mangasarian. London: Watts & Co.

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however, it must be said. Nor in other respects can we say it is perfect, but we suppose a Catechism should assert dogmas and not offer reasons. The answers at least should be straight, and Mr. Mangasarian's are not always so. For instance, to the question—"Did Jesus believe in liberty of conscience?" the answer should be "Yes" or "No," and then the proof should be given—this is the established method. But Mr. Mangasarian answers—"No religous teacher claiming divine authority ever has," which is begging the question. Again, with regard to the supposed missing verses at the end of St. Mark. Question—"Are these missing verses important?" Answer—"Yes. They relate to the resurrection and ascension of Jesus, and, above all, to the doctrine of eternal damnation." But if the verses are missing and possibly were never written, how can any one say what they contain? Mr. Mangasarian has not yet learnt the art of compiling a Catechism, which we must admit is a difficult one.

Mr. Balfour's Apologetics[1] have been critically examined so often that we think it was scarcely worth the trouble of a fresh writer at this late date to take the trouble to expose all the fallacies to be found in the *Defence of Philosophic Doubt* and other works of the present philosophical Prime Minister. We care for Mr. Balfour's philosophy as little as we admire his Education Bill, but one may grow tired even of the critical examination of that hopeless measure. That this particular example of criticism is fairly well done and admirably printed we can in justice say, but that is about all.

That *The Revelation of the Holy Spirit*[2] is written by a colonial Bishop (if that is the correct way to speak of Dr. J. E. C. Welldon, "lately Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India and Ceylon") may probably account for the feeble way in which a great subject is treated. We have met with men in far humbler positions who could have done it far better. For the most part, there is more of the letter than the spirit in this essay, and more importance appears to be attached to correct doctrine than to spiritual influence.

Why some very admirable discourses on the duty and dignity of work[3] should be called a "Gospel" we are unable to conceive, except upon the ground that a fashion has set in amongst religious writers for the use of fanciful and inappropriate and often unmeaning phrases. The substance of Dr. Cunningham's lectures is excellent, there are historical and literary allusions and quotations which reveal an exceptionally cultivated mind, but we think it was unnecessary to impose a Christian limitation upon the ethics of work.

[1] *Mr. Balfour's Apologetics Critically Examined.* London: Watts & Co.
[2] *The Revelation of the Holy Spirit.* By J. E. C. Welldon, D.D. London and New York: Macmillan. 1902.
[3] *The Gospel of Work.* Four Lectures on Christian Ethics. By W. Cunningham, D.D. Cambridge: The University Press.

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SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, AND JURISPRUDENCE.

WE candidly confess that until we read Mr. William Law Mathieson's *Politics and Religion: A Study in Scottish History from the Reformation to the Revolution*,[1] we had but a confused idea of the manifold phases of the political and religious controversies of those stirring times. Mr. Mathieson has supplied a chapter in Scottish history which was sadly needed. To be impartial in politics is difficult enough, but to treat sympathetically contending religious views is for the average historian almost impossible. And yet in this particular Mr. Mathieson has been pre-eminently successful. Such a subject as this might, to the English reader at any rate, have been rendered hopelessly dry, but from first to last there is not a dull page. With an immense mass of detail, with endless controversies long since buried, Mr. Mathieson, whilst omitting nothing of the slightest bearing on his subject, has not allowed his narrative to be overwhelmed. Absolutely lucid, and yet at the same time minutely detailed, Mr. Mathieson shows such a firm grasp of his facts that the reader need never pause as the narrative runs smoothly along. Students of the Commonwealth period will especially welcome the second volume, which is chiefly concerned with the negotiations of Charles I. and the Covenanters. They will also welcome the history of the relations between the Whiggamore Covenanters and the English Independents. The history of Scottish Presbyterianism is remarkably well done, showing how John Knox had merely substituted the infallibility of the Bible for the infallibility of the Pope. In this connection the character sketch of Montrose is the best we have seen, doing full justice to that brilliant but unfortunate commander's political and religious views. There can be no question that hitherto the differences between the ultra-Presbyterians and the ultra-Episcopalians have loomed too largely in the eyes of historians. By viewing them in their right proportions Mr. Mathieson has succeeded in his object of tracing the development of religious opinion held by the average Scotchman, who, when questions of allegiance were not at stake, viewed with indifference the contentions for principles of hierarchical organisation between the ecclesiastic and the civil authorities. With great breadth of view, mastery of facts, lucidity of style, Mr. Mathieson combines remarkable aptitude for telling phraseology.

The reminiscences of such a man as Colonel Alexander K. McClure must necessarily be of high interest to politicians and

[1] *Politics and Religion: A Study in Scottish History from the Reformation to the Revolution.* By William Law Mathieson. Two Vols. Glasgow: James Maclehose and Sons. 1902.

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historians, dealing as they do with some of the most memorable events in the history of the United States of America. A journalist, political agent, and soldier, Colonel McClure came into more or less intimate relationship with the leading men of his day in all departments of civil and military administration. *Recollections of Half a Century*[1] is an attempt to trace the wonderful progress of the States during this period, and to place on record incidents and facts known only to the author, relating to the people with whom he came into contact. Colonel McClure gives a particularly interesting account of the events leading up to the Civil War, showing for the first time, so far as we are aware, that, but for Beauregard opening fire upon the half-starved garrison of Fort Sumter, the Civil War would never have taken place, and the Southern States would have been allowed to secede. It appears to be evident that the great majority of the North was not prepared to retain the South by compulsion, and still retained such reverence for the constitution that it shrank from seeking to enforce its anti-slavery views upon the secessionists at the point of the bayonet. Acquainted with the Presidents from Fillmore to Roosevelt, Colonel McClure gives us character sketches in which he seeks successfully to deal impartially with all alike. He brings to our notice some of the great editors of the earlier period, Joseph Gates of the *National Intelligence*, and Francis P. Blair of the *Washington Globe*. Colonel McClure was also acquainted with many of the leading men of the Confederacy, such as President Davis and General Lee, and he has something to tell of his conversations with those great men. He has also much to tell of party politics and of their leaders, He gives us a glimpse of the heroic action of Broderick, Baker, and McKibben, who held the Pacific States for the Union, Broderick falling in a duel provoked with the deliberate purpose of ending his power and career, and Baker meeting his fate in one of the early battles of the war. It is impossible in this notice to enumerate a tenth of the events of national and international importance touched by Colonel McClure, or to do more than single out a few names which are household words in the States and not unknown in this country. As an illustration of the development of the country, Colonel McClure contrasts his first journey to the Pacific coast by coach, running the gauntlet of Indians and road agents, and his later journeys in the palatial cars of the Union Pacific Railway. Of all the great orators of the earlier days, and he heard most, Colonel McClure gives the palm to Colonel Ingersoll, whose speech at the Cincinnati Convention in 1876, nominating Blaine for the Presidency, was the greatest. Of Ingersoll's moral character he speaks in the highest terms. He was a man of blameless life and of great intellectual force, and yet so strong is the religious bias with

[1] *Recollections of Half a Century.* By Colonel Alexander K. McClure. Salem, Mass.: The Salem Press Company.

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Colonel McClure that, whilst eulogising the man, he cannot refrain from terming his attacks on revealed religion "blatant blasphemy," simply because Ingersoll did not accept his own views of theology. This exhibits a narrowness of vision which we should not have expected from Colonel McClure, who should, as a man of the world, be able to recognise that he is just as likely to be wrong as any other of the hundred and one other religious sectarians. If we have any criticism to offer of this fascinating book, it is a certain carelessness in expression and a tendency to repetition, but where so much is excellent it would be churlish to pick holes.

The Improvement of the Moral Qualities,[1] by Dr. Stephen S. Wise, is, as its sub-title explains, an ethical treatise of the eleventh century, by Solomon Ibn Gabirol, printed from a unique Arabic M.S. together with a translation and an essay on the place of Gabirol in the history of the development of Jewish ethics. During the earlier centuries of the dispersion, the Rabbis had a sufficiently herculean task in retaining in their allegiance to the Talmudic law those widely scattered members of the faith, without attempting to construct a system of ethics independent of dogmatic religious teaching. The first to make any such attempt was Saadya (892-942), who maintained that the higher soul of man manifests itself in three dynamic forces—inborn love, inborn aversion, and discernment. His theory, however, was based entirely upon tradition and dogmatic belief. Ibn Gabirol made an entirely new departure. He was the first to attempt to frame a system of ethics entirely independent of religious dogmas and beliefs. The dynamic forces of Saadya's higher soul he reduces to mere qualities or traits of the lower soul. In his view, religious ethics are beyond the line of intelligence, and with those he does not meddle. His system is intended to cover all that is truly human in conduct and character. In this respect his work is unique, and, as Dr. Wise says, must have created a considerable stir among the religious thinkers of his day. Although he avoided all religious questions, he refers to the Rabbis in reverent tone and quotes the Bible in support of his views. Thus he could not be convicted of heresy, and he was shunned rather than despised. The "Ethics" was written in 1045 or 1048, and is in fluent and classic Arabic. The MS. is now in the Bodleian Library, and is here reproduced by Dr. Wise. We need scarcely comment upon the extreme value of Dr. Wise's labours. His introduction and translation are most valuable contributions to the study of the evolution of ethical thought.

[1] *The Improvement of the Moral Qualities: An Ethical Treatise of the Eleventh Century.* By Solomon Ibn Gabirol. Printed from a unique Arabic Manuscript, together with a Translation and an Essay on the Place of Gabirol in the History of the Development of Jewish Ethics. By Stephen S. Wise, Ph.D. New York: The Columbia Press; The Macmillan Company, agents.

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Le Mont Saint-Michel et les Pays Etrangers[1] is the title of Etienne Dupont's new treatise on that ecclesiastic fortress St. Michael's Mount in Normandy, "the marvel of the world." For centuries the shrine to which pilgrims from the West of Europe crowded in their thousands, it is to-day visited by nearly 100,000 persons of every nationality during the year. Once part of our own dominions, apart from any other reason, it is naturally an object of interest to Englishmen and Americans who share a common heritage. To such M. Dupont appeals by his chapters on its early history and its connection with England and English sovereigns, and in this connection he has something to say of our own St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall. But the cult of Saint Michael was not confined to Normandy and Cornwall. It was widespread in France, as the numerous churches dedicated to this saint shows, and the same may be asserted of England. But the cult of St. Michael was even more extended. It was deeply seated both in Belgium and Germany. Two-thirds of M. Dupont's treatise are concerned with tracing out the extent of this worship, and in describing the periodic and organised pilgrimages to the Norman Mount from both these countries. This work will be warmly welcomed by archæologists and historians, not only in France, but in England, Belgium, and Germany.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

The Papal Monarchy from Gregory the Great to Boniface VIII.,[2] by Dr. W. Barry, is the latest contribution to the "Story of the Nations." As might be expected from so accomplished a scholar as its author, the book is a brilliant and erudite performance. Dr. W. Barry is concerned with the facts of history, not with inferences and deductions from them. The Pope is here considered not as the divinely-appointed guardian of faith and morals, but as a ruler of men, in affairs which may be viewed under a secular as well as a religious aspect. "If we extend our view over the ruins of the Western Empire, such is the spectacle that meets us on every side.

[1] *Le Mont Saint-Michel et les Pays Etrangers.* Angleterre—Belgique—Allemagne. Par Etienne Dupont. Bruxelles: Oscar Schepens & Cie. Londres: Dulan & Co. 1902.

[2] *The Papal Monarchy from Gregory the Great to Boniface VIII. (590–1303).* By William Barry, D.D. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1902.

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Laws are broken up; governors cannot defend; the sword is the arbiter of public and private right; the Pax Romana has ceased; it is a universal confusion. But whenever a Bishop holds his court, religion protects all that is left of the ancient order. A new Rome ascends slowly above the horizon. It holds within it the Hebrew and the Christian Testaments; it has never forgotten the forms of jurisprudence . . . it is even the heir of the religion which it has overthrown; it assumes the outward splendour of the Cæsars; but its reliance is upon a creed they never knew, in which justice and mercy, qualities of the spirit, not of the flesh, are to serve as its strength and guidance. The Emperor is no more; the Consul has laid down the fasces; the golden Capitol has seen its gods and heroes carried into captivity by a Wendish robber from the shores of the Baltic. But the Pontifex Maximus abides; he is now the Vicar of Christ, offering the old civilisation to the tribes of the North. He converts them to his creed, and they serve him as their Father and Judge Supreme. This is the Papal Monarchy, which, in its power and its decline, overshadows the history of Europe for a thousand years." Dr. W. Barry has not attempted the futile task of whitewashing the characters of bad Popes, *e.g.*, he writes of Benedict IX. thus: "He was a bandit not a priest, stained with adulteries, homicides, the vices of his bringing up, and his youth." We are glad that his estimate of Frederick II., whose exquisite youth had been passed amid the golden groves and the shining seas of Palermo, exactly coincides with ours: "Truly a spirit misunderstood, never wisely handled, full of mysterious charm and powers wasted, the most captivating, enigmatic, and unhappy of Christian Emperors." The volume is copiously and admirably illustrated.

Napoleon, Goethe, and Mirabeau were of opinion that "perhaps the death of Marie Antoinette dates from the affair of the Diamond Necklace," and F. Funck-Brentano makes out a very strong case for it in *Cagliostro and Company*,[1] which brings graphically before the reader the King and Queen, Count de la Motte and his wife, Cagliostro and the Cardinal de Rohan. The book is translated by G. Maidment, and will be found extremely interesting, not only by the student of history but also by the general reader.

[1] *Cagliostro and Company.* By F. Funck-Brentano. Translated by George Maidment. With Ten Illustrations. London: John Macqueen.

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THE DRAMA.

In Tudor times, it is a matter of common knowledge to all who have investigated this subject, that the influence of Spain on the literature of England was very great, as indeed it was during the same period in France, and, in less degree, on Germany and Italy. In Dr. J. B. Segall's learned monograph, *Corneille and the Spanish Drama*,[1] we are told that, "The opinion regarding the ownership of intellectual products was, of course, in those days different from what it is to-day. The right of individual property did not then extend to the realm of thought. Ideas stored up in literary works were not only the common property of all who could read or go to the play-house, but likewise of those who felt inclined to try their hand at giving them shape and life as it best suited their own taste. . . . In Spain itself there is perhaps not one dramatic author who is not more or less indebted to his great predecessors for some of his ideas or even entire plots. . . . The subjects treated by the Spanish dramatists came in time to be regarded as common property of the poets, much as were, among the Greeks, the myths of their national life; the younger dramatists constantly turned back to their great forerunners. . . . In conclusion, it may be said, that even if it be shown that Calderon's play suggested that of Corneille, that would not diminish the right of ownership of the latter. For as far as plot, construction, and incident are concerned, there is absolutely no resemblance between *Héraclius* and *En esta vida todo es verdad y todo mentira*." The reason for this was not far to seek: the Renaissance was a period too prolific in ideas for authors to waste their time in wrangling about a copyright in them. The influence of Spanish literature became established in France during the first half of the seventeenth century—a time when French literature was entering on a new epoch. Spanish was then the common medium of intercourse between the cultured classes throughout Western Europe. It was the language of Louis XIII.'s wife, who kept a troupe of Spanish actors, and at whose court Spanish fashions were in great vogue. "The novels of Cervantes and Lope de Vega's dramas, above all, were the great storehouses whither French poets resorted for plots, intrigues, and incidents." *Le Cid* was a veritable triumph for Corneille, who derived the idea of its plot from Guillem de Castro's *Las Mocedades del Cid*. In the Spanish play, Rodrigo is an idealised portrait of the mediæval knight, whereas the Rodrigue of the *Cid* is the courtier of the time of Louis XIII., idealised, rhetorical, and *précieux*. The Spanish romantic epic drama has become a French

[1] *Corneille and the Spanish Drama*. By J. B. Segall, Ph.D. (Columbia). New York: The Columbia University Press. 1902.

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classic tragedy, but *une tragédie heureuse.* It would be interesting to compare Dr. J. B. Segall's learned monograph with *La comedie espagnole en France au dix-septième siècle*, which appeared when the former was completed but not ready for the press. Dr. Segall assures us in his "Note" that, despite the partial identity of subject, these works differ entirely, both in method of treatment and results.

BELLES LETTRES.

Unpopular Papers,[1] by Norman Alliston, are so clever that they certainly deserve to become widely popular. Their author is a hater of shams and humbug of all description. Dealing with the subject of biography, he writes thus: "In the second class are those miserable, grudging, envious productions, so frequently to be met with in books of general reference. . . . In these the subject is belittled in a spiteful, underhand way. . . . These (writers) are the anarchists of literature—and they ought to be packed off to Siberia without delay." *In a Newspaper Age* he writes: "Another cause that reduces journalism to a kind of commerce in talk is that a premium is put on words, instead of directly upon worth, weight, wit, and sense. And this also accounts for the rottenness that pervades every branch of touch-and-go literature to-day. 'We shall be pleased to use your contributions at regular space rates,' write the editors. Even turnips are not sold by space!" Again, in *Aspects of Civilisation*, we are told that: "The tendency of civilisation is to suppress singularity, to object to the cry of the individual, except his expression consist with that of a majority . . . A person, therefore, who is strong enough to act upon his own initiative, and who does so without reference to a central body and its collective opinion, must always cause resentment among those who find themselves necessarily subjected and dependent in decision." Surely a better plea than this was never put forth for Bohemianism! *A Theory of Games* is an essay of too philosophical a nature to be noticed in brief.

Dr. W. Rhys Roberts has taken for his province the whole subject of Greek literary criticism. In 1899 appeared his scholarly and exhaustive edition of Longinus *On the Sublime*, which was

[1] *Unpopular Papers.* By Norman Alliston. London: George Allen. 1902.

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followed, two years later, by an admirable edition of the *Three Literary Letters* of Dionysius of Halicarnassus. He has now laid English scholarship under a further obligation by his even more admirable edition of *Demetrius on Style*.[1] Each of these three texts is accompanied by a translation at once accurate, terse, lucid, and idiomatic. The difficulty of finding exact English equivalents for the technical terms employed by the Greek critics is one which only a scholar who has attempted the task himself is capable of appreciating. English is comparatively poor as regards rhetorical vocabulary, Some interesting terms may, however, be gleaned from Elizabethan critics, for instance, Puttenham, and of these Dr. Rhys Roberts has occasionally availed himself. Milton, when sketching a course of instruction in rhetoric, includes the present treatise on style under the name of "Phalereus" (or Demetrius of Phalerum), to whom it was traditionally attributed. If any special name is to be attached to the treatise in question, it must be that of some Demetrius other than Demetrius Phalereus, whose authorship may be rejected as inherently improbable, and as lacking altogether in external evidence. The treatise *de Elocutione* probably belongs to the first century B.C. or the first century A.D., the latter period being on the whole the more likely. The late words or forms are very numerous, so also are classical words used in a post-classical sense. Dr. Rhys Roberts has brought together sixteen instances of ἅπαξ εἰρημένα, *e.g.*, παράξυσμα. The four types of style treated of in the περὶ Ἑρμενείας are: the plain (ἰσχνὸς), the elevated (μεγαλοπρεπής), the elegant (γλαφυρὸς), and the forcible (δεινός), In his singularly illuminative "preface," the editor hopes "that the treatise will also be acknowledged to have a distinct relation to the theory and practice of modern English composition. Finding its standards in the best Greek writers, it advocates qualities such as purity of taste and propriety of expression, which are none too common in any age or country. Most of its detailed observations apply to the modern no less than to the ancient languages; and when there is divergence, the very divergence is instructive."

Encyclopædia Britannica,[2] vol. XXX., has an introductory article by Mr. A. Birrel on "Modern Conditions of Literary Production." Literature in its widest sense is as large as human life, and has been produced after some fashion or another at all times and in all places, though happily not yet *ab omnibus*. Before pens and ink were invented men had found means to commentate upon their environment, and to record their history "with quipo-threads, with feather-pictures, with wampum-belts, still oftener with earth-mounds and

[1] *Demetrius on Style*. The Greek Text of Demetrius de Elocutione, edited after the Paris Manuscript. With Introduction, Translation, Facsimiles, &c. By W. Rhys Roberts, Litt.D. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1902.

[2] *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Vol. XXX. New Volumes. K-Mor. London: A. & C. Black and the *Times*.

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monumental stone-heaps, whether as pyramid or cairn. . . . The spread of what Goethe shudderingly calls 'half culture' is noticeable everywhere. Even polite learning has not wholly escaped the taint of trade. Parnassus is undoubtedly a very noisy mountain when publishers shout their wares and authors seek to gain popularity by the doubtful device of exhibiting their photographs. . . . An age of widespread diffusion of knowledge can hardly present a romantic aspect. A dungeon is more romantic than a school." There are, however, cryptic sentences in this brightly written, if not altogether illuminative, article. Leighton, Meissonier, Menzel, and Moreau represent art, and Liszt music. Law is well represented. Labour legislation in England is treated by Miss A. M. Anderson, of the Home Office; law in general by Lord Davey and Dr. Simeon E. Baldwin. Mohammedan law is the subject of an elaborate article. That on the liquor laws is not quite up to date. There are articles on local government, land registration, lien and marriage. The chief novelties in this volume are Major Baden S. F. Baden-Powell's account of military kites, and a picture, under "mammalia," of the okapi, an animal discovered by Sir H. Johnston. Professor Albutt discourses learnedly of the latest progress in medicine. Professor Case, of Oxford, treats of logic and metaphysics.

We have just received from Mr. R. Brimley Johnson a tasteful and well-illustrated edition of Lady Duff Gordon's *Letters from Egypt*.[1] From her father, John Austin—author of the *Province of Jurisprudence Determined*—Lucie Duff Gordon inherited an independence of spirit, keenness of intellect, and width of culture which rendered her one of the most remarkable women of her time. "In her youth," writes Mr. George Meredith, "she was radiantly beautiful, with dark brows on a brilliant complexion, the head of a Roman man, and features of Grecian line, save for the classic Greek wall of the nose off the forehead." The last seven years of her life were spent in Egypt for the sake of her lungs. There she won the love of all with whom she came into contact, doctoring their sick, teaching their children, and, after her death, leaving a memory of her greatness and goodness such as no other European woman ever acquired in that country. Her *Letters* are simply charming. There is no suspicion of literary colouring about them; nothing to suggest that they were written with a view to future publication. The following extract from a long letter to her husband will serve as a fair specimen of her style:—"We went together yesterday to the Tombs of the Kings . . . . and I think I was more struck with the beauty of the drawing of the figures than last year. The face of the Goddess of the Western shore, Amenti, Atber, or Hecate, is

[1] *Letters from Egypt.* By Lady Duff Gordon. Revised Edition by her Daughter Janet Ross. New Introduction by George Meredith. London: R. Brimley Johnson. 1902.

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ravishing as she welcomes the king to her regions; death was never painted so lovely . . . . Our moonlight ride home was beyond belief beautiful. The Arabs who followed us were immensely amused at hearing me interpret between German and English, and at my speaking Arabic. . . . One of them had droll theories about 'Amellica' (America), as they pronounce it always. Was the king very powerful that the country was called '*Al Melekeh*' (the king's)? I said, 'No; all are kings there; you would be a king like the rest.' My friend disapproved utterly: 'If all are kings they must all be taking away every man the other's money'—a delightful idea of the kingly vocation."

Mickey Mooney, M.P.,[1] by Helen Savile, is a pungent and diverting satire, not wholly ill-natured, on a type of Home Ruler with which, happily, the House of Commons is not yet acquainted—"an ignorant, uncivilised Yahoo, who used to be just a half-tamed bog-boy, and whose illiterate speeches have done incalculable harm to the poor creatures who believe in them." The author of this clever and well-illustrated booklet has some hard things to say about the society women who accepted poor Micky under the impression that he was The Mooney of O'Mooney Castle, and had "pots and pots of money and a place in Cork as big as Windsor Castle." Lady Satin-Tights, for instance, who went out to South Africa as a hospital nurse, and returned home disgusted at the treatment she had met with. "I said I had brought out the Ascot race-game, two sets of table-tennis, and one of parlour croquet, and one of the savages told me that any man well enough to want such things would be mad to get back to the fighting-line. . . . One day . . . I came upon a kind of shed place and I looked in. There were two stretcher beds in it, one empty and the other occupied by a poor pale invalid with a shaved and bandaged head. I offered to read, but only got a shake of the head, and I considered the poor thing wanted cheering, so I rushed to my tent and put on my dancing dress. . . . I flew back and danced a charming *pas seul* at the foot of the bed. Once the poor thing cried 'Stop, stop,' and thinking that it was from fear lest I might get giddy, I laughed and went on dancing; but the same doctor brute burst in, and, Patty, he positively swore at me, and said I should be responsible for the nursing sister's murder.

Ikey Benjamin is the only Jew, in *Neither Jew nor Greek*,[2] who savours of the *ghetto:* the rest are, for the most part, Jews of the conventional English pattern, such as one may meet with any day, on the borderland of Society, in St. John's Wood or Maida Vale. The exceptions are Herbert Karne—an artist—and his sister Celia—

[1] *Mickey Mooney, M.P.* By Helen Savile. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith.
[2] *Neither Jew nor Greek.* A Story of Jewish Social Life. By Violet Guttenberg. London: Chatto & Windus. 1902.

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a talented singer and actress. Of the former Miss Violet Guttenberg tells us that, "he was a Jew, but he was also an English gentleman, and was treated as such by the members of the social circle in which he moved." Both brother and sister gloried in the race from which they sprang, but neither observed the ritual of its creed. In each case considerations of religion prevent for a time the course of their respective loves from running smooth. "Oh," exclaimed Celia's accepted lover, "it seemed to me as if the clergyman must have chosen it because he knew we were in the church. 'Neither Jew nor Greek' . . . united, made one in Christ. No difference between the Jew and the Gentile, for the same God is God of both." This is a novel of literary merit and a certain psychological quality. Internal evidence inclines us to think that its author is a convert from Judaism to Christianity of the latitudinarian school.

Amidst the strident clamour of latter-day sects, the Society of Friends, now fast diminishing in the number of its adherents, occupies a unique place. Moreover, students of English literature cannot forget that it was to Thomas Ellwood, the Quaker, that we owe the suggestion of *Paradise Regained*. *The Children of Silence*,[1] by John Cleveland, is a sympathetic story of Quaker life in the middle of the nineteenth century. Despite the title—happily chosen as descriptive of these kindly, though fantastic, visionaries—it is a story abounding in sensational elements. The career of Ralph Arnot is illustrative of heredity, "defects of doubt and taints of blood," as modified by environment, whereas Yates, his tempter and senior partner in crime, made deliberate choice of evil. Mr. John Cleveland shows a psychological insight and grace of style which are remarkable in these days of slip-shod composition.

Joseph Friedrich Herbart (1776–1841) was a Göttingen professor who founded a training college for teachers at Königsberg which soon collapsed. At the middle of the nineteenth century Herbartianism, as an educational system, occupied an insignificant position; it appealed more to philosophers and psychologists than to schoolmasters. The modern Herbartian movement is mainly due to three men, viz., Stoy, Dörpfeld, and Ziller. *The Student's Herbart*,[2] by Dr. F. H. Hayward, is the work of a professed Herbartian who is fully awake to the incidental defects of the system which he advocates. No better introduction than this to the study of the works of the Master could be desired. A chapter is devoted to the literature of Herbartianism, but for a complete bibliography of this important pedagogic movement recourse must be had to *Herbart und die Herbartianer*, published by Beyer and Söhne, Langensalza, of which supplements appear from time to time.

[1] *The Children of Silence.* By John Cleveland. London: Isbister & Co. 1902.
[2] *The Students' Herbart.* By F. H. Hayward, D.Lit., M.A., B.Sc. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1902.

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On the Continent, and more especially in Scandinavia, the science of phonetics has, for some ten years past, been applied with most satisfactory results to the teaching of modern languages. Without a knowledge of the laws of sound-change, scientific philology is impossible, and if ever the present system of studying modern languages is to be reformed, it must be on the basis of a preliminary training in general phonetics, preferably on the lines laid down by Prof. Henry Sweet. It would be hard to overestimate the services which Prof. Kr. Nyrop, of Copenhagen, has already rendered to students of the Romance languages. His *Grammaire Historique de la Langue Française*, the first volume of which gigantic undertaking appeared in 1899, may be said to mark a new epoch in French Philology. His *Treatise on French Phonetics*, written in Danish for the instruction of his countrymen, is now accessible to all who can read French. *Manuel Phonétique du Française Parlé*[1] is something more than a mere translation of Prof. Kr. Nyrop's *Fransk Lydlære:* M. Philipot has, with the approval of the author, introduced, here and there, into the text certain amplifications and observations derived from personal research. Amongst his more notable additions may be mentioned certain new remarks on the *e* feminine (§ 88, and foll., § 113, Rem.), and on the double consonants (§ 125 and foll.). This excellent little treatise is composed in a terse and lucid style, and phonetics are regarded, not as an end but as a means. It is a work of great practical utility, and deserves to be known and studied far and wide.

Mr. Austin Dobson, whose minute acquaintance with English eighteenth century literature is unrivalled, has given us, in *Samuel Richardson*,[2] all that the most exacting and dryasdust specialist would care to learn about the prosaic personality of the founder of the analytical novel of ordinary life. The jaded readers of to-day, however wearied they may be with snippets and summaries, are hardly likely to turn for relief to the nerveless, ambling, redundant style of Richardson's pedestrian pages. It was the feminine streak in his constitution which rendered this prosaic sentimentalist so skilled an anatomist of the female character. We cannot take the same view of *Pamela's* virtue as did her author's contemporaries. "To our modern ideas she is much too clever for an *ingénue*. She is only fifteen; but she is as sharp as a needle. In her first letters she quotes Hamlet, and she knows all about the story of Lucretia. What Richardson calls her 'innocent stratagems to escape the snares laid for her virtue' have all the shrewdness of forethought, and from the first she has her eye on the main chance." *Clarissa; or the History of a Young Lady*, though full of preachments, is the novel

[1] *Manuel Phonétique du Français Parlé.* Par Kr. Nyrop. Deuxième Edition traduite et remaniée. Par Emmanuel Philipot, Maître de Conférences à l'Université de Rennes. Paris: Alphonse Picard et Fils. 1902.

[2] *Samuel Richardson.* By Austin Dobson. London: Macmillan & Co. 1902.

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on which Richardson's fame most securely rests. More than one reader addressed impassioned appeals to the author that the story should not end tragically. "If you disappoint me," wrote one excitable lady, "attend to my curse . . . may you meet with applause only from envious old maids, surly bachelors, and tyrannical parents! may you be doomed to the company of such! and after death, may their ugly souls haunt you! Now make Lovelace and Clarissa unhappy if you dare." Invertebrate as Richardson was, he had sufficient moral, or artistic, force of character to resist such appeals. In 1749 a small octavo was issued under the title of *Meditations collected from the Sacred Books . . . being those mentioned in the History of Clarissa as drawn up for her own Use*—a feat of fantastic piety only excelled by the Italian priest who treated the *Orlando Furioso* as a Christian allegory.

The Life and Love Letters of a Dwarf,[1] edited by Mr. H. R. Heatley, makes curious and interesting reading. Joseph Boruwlaski —a scion of the untitled nobility of Poland—was born in 1739, came to England 1782, and died at Durham, 1837. "Though only three feet three inches in height, he was perfectly proportioned, and of the most courtly and amiable demeanour. . . . He sat in the lap of Maria Theresa, and discussed with her the character of her great rival, the King of Prussia. He knew Marie Antoinette as a child, was hospitably entertained by her predecessor Marie Lechzinski, the wife of Louis XV." Notwithstanding his diminutive stature, he succeeded in marrying a young lady of good birth and considerable personal attractions. The love-letters of "Joujou" and "Isalina" are written in an attractive style. Boruwlaski's relations with George IV. show that monarch in an exceptionally kindly light. The last dwarf kept in a private family in England belonged to Mr. Beckford, the author of *Vathek*. This book is handsomely got up, and contains four illustrations.

From the Abyss of its Inhabitants,[2] by one of them, is a prose poem, finely conceived, of the long, unlovely streets of overgrown London, and its hideous suburbs, the breeding-place and playground of the Hooligan *in esse* or *in posse*, invested at times by the Philistine hordes of "Maffickers." "Three times at least during these months the richest city in the world was in the hollow of their hands. They brushed the police away like an elephant destroying flies. They could have looted and destroyed, plundered and razed it to the ground. . . . At night we left them, a packed and soddened multitude, howling under the quiet stars. We woke in the morning, and, lo! they had gone—vanished as a dream when one

[1] *The Life and Love Letters of a Dwarf, being the Memoirs of the celebrated Dwarf, Joseph Boruwlaski.* Written by Himself. Revised and edited by H. R. Heatley. London: Isbister & Co. 1902.

[2] *From the Abyss of its Inhabitants.* By One of Them. London: R. Brimley Johnson. 1902.

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awaketh." There is a pretty chapter devoted to the children of the poor, returning "to the Abyss from this experience (a fortnight in the country), a little awed, a little frightened, full of stored up memories, with affections awakened by the novel sense of isolation and the consciousness of going home."

No higher praise can be awarded to *Witchcraft and Second Sight in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland*,[1] by the late John Gregorson Campbell, than that it is, in every respect, equal to his learned and fascinating work on the superstitions of that region. The value of these two works, collected entirely from oral sources, to the folklorist is inestimable. The Highland witches are far less repulsive or horrible than their sisters of the south. Tales regarding them make no mention of incubus and succubus, midnight meetings, and rides through the air on broomsticks. Campbell of Tiree considers the gift of second sight to be in its origin the same as spectral illusions. It arose from hereditary disease, malformation, or weakness of the visual organs, and derangements of mind or bodily health; in no case voluntary. In the chapter on "The Celtic Year," Campbell proves the improbability of Beltane (in Gaelic, *Bealltainn*), May-day, having any reference to the worship of Baal, or that the fires kindled and observances practised on that day had any connection with the attributes ascribed to that Phœnician deity.

A Short History of Sepulchral Cross Slabs,[2] by Mr. K. Styan, is a readable little treatise on a subject which must prove interesting to all antiquaries. The slabs preserved in the Lapidarian Gallery in the Vatican date from about A.D. 89–A.D. 400. The earliest example of these stones in Ireland is probably that of St. Bracan (A.D. 500). One was dug up, in 1877, at Monkwearmouth Church, which had a cross of a very early Anglo-Saxon type, and therefore may be assigned to the seventh or eighth century. At the Reformation many such slabs were dug up and replaced face downwards, so as to conceal the cross, &c. This book contains seventy-one illustrations of examples found in the British Isles.

The contents of this double section of *The Oxford English Dictionary*,[3] vol. vii., are fairly representative of the English vocabulary. They comprise a number of words of Teutonic origin, exemplified by *oak*, *oar*, *oat*, *oath*, OLD (which occupies nearly fourteen columns), the numeral and pronoun ONE (with its derivatives *once* and *only*), the adverbs *oft*, *often*, and the prepositions OF, *off*, ON (which are treated exhaustively). From Greek we get a group of scientific or technical terms, in ochlo-, octa-, *aeco-*, *aeno-*, *oligo*, &c. ODD in most languages

[1] *Witchcraft and Second-Sight in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland.* By the late John Gregorson Campbell. Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons. 1902.

[2] *A Short History of Sepulchral Cross Slabs with reference to other Emblems found thereon.* By K. E. Styan. London: Bemrose & Sons. 1902.

[3] *The Oxford English Dictionary.* Edited by Dr. James A. H. Murray. O–ONOMASTIC. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.

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is expressed by the negation of *even* or *equal*: the positive sense of this word is peculiarly English. In old Norse it means the point of a triangle, hence the third or unpaired one of a set of three, or the unpaired or uneven member of any group. OGRE is a word of uncertain derivation. Perrault may have formed it on an It. dial. for **ogro* for **orgo*, = It. *orco*, "demon," "monster," from Lat. *orcus*. Among the phrases presented may be found the following: *obstacle-race, odour of sanctity,* and *oil upon the waters.*

In his dedication of *Le Fils de M. Pommier*,[1] M. Joseph L'Hopital writes: "J'estime, en effet, avec eux" (Louis Bouilhet and Gustave Flaubert) "que le mérite du romancier ne consiste pas à faire de ses ouvrages un divertissement pour petites filles ignorantes ou une excitation aux imaginations malpropres de grandes personnes trop instruites, mais à reproduire exactement ce qu'il a vu, à mettre son intelligence en communication avec celle de ces lecteurs et à obtenir d'eux, non point sans doute toujours la même manière de voir et de sentir, mais l'estime à laquelle a droit tout homme qui s'exprime clairement et franchement." This literary canon, the truth of which is indisputable, has been studiously observed by the author in this admirable study of peasant life. M. Pommier is a peasant of the most unsympathetic type; his and his wife's hopes are centred in Fernand, their only son—an awkward, uninteresting youth, who is bullied at school and petted at home. By dint of usury and successful speculations M. Pommier finds himself at last in a position to acquire the estate of a deceased Marquis, greatly to the disgust of the Le Verdier family. Violently anti-clerical himself, he is reluctantly persuaded to send his son to a clerical school which the young Le Verdiers attend. With the elder brother the feud, begun at school, culminates in a duel years afterwards in Paris, which nearly costs Fernand his life; but Gabriel Le Verdier remains the latter's devoted friend to the end of his brief but wayward career. It is a story of psychological interest comparable with *L'Étape*, and, as a work of art, in most respects its superior.

Cas de Conscience,[2] by Champol, is a profound study in morbid psychology. An uncle is distressed at discovering in his nephew certain hereditary instincts which may wreck the happiness of the girl whom the latter is about to marry. "Dans cette nature charmante, séduisante au plus haut degré, j'ai découvert dès l'enfance de terribles instincts ataviques. . . . J'en ai suivi le développement, je vois venir le moment de l'éclosion. . . . La déviation absolue du jugement? . . . l'insouciance du bien et du mal? L'aberration est plus complète. C'est la confusion du vrai avec le faux, du beau et du laid . . . pire que la cécité." Claude Hersen is an entirely

[1] *Le Fils de M. Pommier.* Par Joseph L'Hopital, Paris: Librairie Plon. 1902.
[2] *Cas de Conscience.* Par Champol. Paris: Librairie Plon.

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novel creation in fiction. The story will add fresh laurels to the brow of the author of *Les Justes.*

Marianne—the charming heroine of *Chanteclair*,[1] by François Casale—is a being endowed with truly heroic qualities, but the portrait of the philanthropic aristocrat, Henry Le Brenn, who, while execrating the excesses and cruelties of the Revolution (to which on two occasions, he narrowly escaped falling a victim), was still resolute in fighting its battles, fails to carry conviction with it. The question naturally arises: "Que diable allait-il faire dans ce galère?" This story, which by no means is lacking in incident, presents a sympathetic view of French Society at the eve of the Revolution.

[1] *Chanteclair.* Par François Casale. Paris: Librairie Plon. 1902.

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POETRY.

The Collected Poems of Samuel Waddington[1] include such notable additions as "Lux Naturæ" and "Birds, O Happy Birds." Mr. Waddington is a recognised authority on the structure of the sonnet: his own sonnets are always flawless in form and often exquisite in expression. Of these "Beata Beatrix," "Rosæ Mariæ," and "To a Sister of Mercy" more particularly arrest our attention. Apart from the sonnet, the quality is less uniformly excellent, and occasionally his verses, as in the third stanza of "The Bat," become a mere jingle of rhymes. We quote from the "Song of the Sirens" on account of its haunting lilt:

"Whither, O whither, ere yet the stars wane,
Love, art thou going? Nay, with us remain;
Come back, belovèd! Love, come back again!

"See, unto thee we stretch hands ever fain;
List, for to thee we sing chanting one strain,—
Come back, belovèd! Love, come back again!"

[1] *The Collected Poems of Samuel Waddington.* London: George Bell & Sons. 1902.

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THE

WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

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THE WHIG ELEMENT IN THE LIBERAL PARTY.

WITH the first Parliament elected after the great Reform Bill had passed into law the political life of this country may be said to enter upon a new epoch, an epoch that roughly extends from that year up to the final separation of the Liberal Unionists from the Liberal party. A political history of that period might be called "The Decline and Fall of the Whig Party," but, as for many years after the abdication of Romulus Augustulus the Roman Empire maintained an enfeebled and restricted existence in the east of Europe, so the Whig element in the Liberal party, though fallen from its former high estate, does at the present time both exist and make itself felt.

The progressive and dominant party in the Parliament of 1832 was almost entirely composed of Whigs, but for the first time in British history the manufacturing and mining interests, that had increased and multiplied during and after the great war with France, sent their own representatives to Westminster. The first Joseph Pease, the peaceful Quaker, sat on the same side of the House with John Gully, who had begun his picturesque life as a prize-fighter, and whose advent as member for Pontefract Greville notes with dismay in his journal. These men were typical of the little Liberal leaven that gradually leavened the mass of the Whig party, to them, and to the small band of philosophic Radicals, was due the growth of the demand for further reform after the first Reform Bill. That measure, which was only passed into law with much heart-searching amongst the more moderate Whigs, was intended by them

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to be a final one; but as the increase of Liberal ideas led to the extension of the franchise, the extension of the franchise was in its turn the primary reason for the increase of the Liberal section at the expense of the Whigs. Such ideas usually permeate slowly, and we find, in fact, that though their supporters steadily grew in number, they were for many years proportionately fewer in Parliament than in the country. Their Radicalism also was not the Radicalism of the present day—"changed not in kind, but in degree," the test questions of that time, the profession of which alternately fills Greville with horror and surprise, have long since passed into law and are now generally approved. We have travelled far since Grote was the Radical member for the City of London.

As time went on, more especially after the Reform Bill of 1867, each Liberal Cabinet was more Liberal and less Whig than the one that preceded it, but the Radical element was not strongly marked in any of them until that of 1880. By that year it had become only a question of time when the antagonism of the Progressive and the Whig elements would lead to open rupture, and this, heralded by the earlier withdrawal of the late Duke of Argyll from the counsels of the party, took place in 1886, on the introduction of the first Home Rule Bill. It is true that the opposition in the Liberal party to that measure did not arise altogether from the Whigs, it is true that throughout the country there were many, especially among the Nonconformists, whose repugnance to the Bill was due, wholly or in part, to other reasons, but it is no less true that the great bulk of those who at that time withdrew their allegiance from Mr. Gladstone, did so because they felt, consciously or unconsciously, not so much an insuperable objection to self-government for Ireland, as that the ties connecting them with the Liberal party had finally reached breaking point—the party had progressed whilst they had both stood still and desired to do so in the future. For there is no necessary antagonism between Whig ideas and an Irish Parliament. If the opposition of Fox to the abolition of the latter carries little weight, because, of all the Whig leaders whose marble statues adorn St. Stephen's Hall, of him alone can it be said with certainty that were he alive to-day, he would be an opponent of the present Government, surely that of Lord Grey, an uncompromising Whig if there ever was one, shows that such a belief is not incompatible with the strictest Whig orthodoxy.

It is true that there were other factors in the situation which must be taken into account. Mr. Chamberlain and those Radicals and quasi-Radicals who followed him, as the price of co-operation and subsequent alliance with the Conservative party, were able to carry such reforms as Free Education, measures which the majority of the Liberal Unionists cannot have felt much greater enthusiasm

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for than did most Conservatives. It was this that made the real reason of the break-up of the Progressive party less apparent than it would otherwise have been. The case was further implicated by the specious position taken up by the revolted leaders. They were Liberals in all things, they only disagreed with Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy (some of them only disagreed with Mr. Gladstone). And this was, indeed, true of a certain section of the Dissentient Liberals. Men whose political opinions were the same as those of Mr. John Bright or Mr. Leonard Courtney, though they might co-operate with the Unionist party in the House of Commons and support Unionist candidates at the poliing booths, remained Liberals in all essentials. The subsequent course of events, more particularly the South African War and the Education Bill, has shown the truth of this, but it led to confusion at the time, and still helps to obscure the real causes of the disruption, for it is not till the lapse of years enables us to judge events in their historical perspective that the spectator can attempt to estimate the conflict impartially, when the dusty turmoil of party warfare has slowly passed to other and nearer parts of the political battlefield.

Sir William Harcourt is reported to have exclaimed in the lobby of the House of Commons after the Liberal victory at the polls in 1885, "We shall never have a Conservative majority again"; so far from that being true, it cannot be doubted that a schism in the party was inevitable and could not have been much longer delayed. This would have been so if Mr. Gladstone had not adopted a Home Rule policy, or if he had died before adopting one, for in the first case, a breach would have occurred, slowly perhaps, but surely, between him and his Radical followers, and in the second case, the rivalry between the advanced and moderate sections would have almost immediately blazed into open hostility. The Whig party had, in fact, fought the good fight and finished its course. The constitutional ideals it had set out to achieve it had, as Kingsley foresaid, achieved; its goal was reached, its horizon was empty, the vital elements that had with varying intensity animated it in its long and honourable conflict for civil and religious liberty had passed from it to its younger rival, the Radical party, which had already attracted to itself all those Whigs whose political aspirations were more advanced than the creed outworn in which they had been suckled.

The two immediate results might have been predicated. First, the official programme of the progressive party, for the first time in its history, became a really advanced one, and though the victory at the General Election of 1892 was too inconclusive to enable it, with one exception, to carry the items of that programme into legislation, that exception is the clearest proof of the fact. Can any unbiased student of political history imagine for a moment that Sir William Harcourt's greatest legislative achievement would have

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been possible with any Liberal Cabinet that leaned largely for support on the great Whig landowners? Those Peers whose historic connection with the party of progress in this country proved perhaps the greatest obstacle to their leaving it, were the most strenuous opponents of that reform, the justice of which has since been acknowledged both by Lord Goschen and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. The second result was no less obvious. Save for a short space of three years, the government of the country and the direction of the Empire have been in the hands of the Conservatives, strengthened as they have been by the zeal of their new converts and allies.

A comparison of one country with others is always difficult and often fallacious, on account of the different social conditions that must exist, conditions that a foreign observer can never estimate with exactness even if he is fully aware of them, but in the present instance a curious parallel may be noted between the course of internal politics here and on the Continent. In several countries of Europe analogous movements have taken place. In the case of Belgium the Liberal party had been in power for twenty-eight years out of the thirty-seven from 1847 to 1884, and since that year, when they finally fell owing to a complete division between the advanced and moderate sections (answering roughly to our Radicals and Whigs), the Conservative, or Catholic party has been continuously in power. The older Progressives, like the Whigs of this country, have been reduced to a state of comparative insignificance; the more moderate have joined their former opponents, and those who remain have had their former position taken, not as in England by a party which, though advanced, can still include all orthodox Liberals, but by the Social Democrats. Save in a few constituencies the elector has only a choice of two extremes. Apart from this difference, similar causes have led to similar results.

A somewhat similar movement has also taken place in Germany, though obvious and fundamental differences in political structure and development render the comparison less striking. What is clear, however, is that, as in this country, the Progressive party, which was till 1878 the National Liberal party, owing to internal dissentions between the advanced and moderate elements, has lost the position of leadership that it formerly held. The German National Liberal party now returns far fewer members to the Reichstag than the Catholic and Conservative Centre, and polls far fewer votes than the Social Democrats; since 1881 all that is really liberal in German political thought is to be found in the revolted Radicals and in the Socialists themselves. Now that the latter party have adopted opportunist tactics in place of a rigid adherence to the old Marxian formulæ, the progressive elements seem to be rapidly approaching a period of alliance founded on a mutual working basis. It has been

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stated with truth that the National Liberals have ceased to be either national, or liberal, or a party, and since 1887 it has been only a question of time when their fusion with their old opponents, as in the case of our Liberal Unionists, shall be absolute, except perhaps in name, as in this country.

When we consider the problem as it presents itself here we find, however, one striking difference that is absent elsewhere. When the Liberal party broke up, a small but powerful and largely aristocratic section of the Whigs did not pass over to the Unionist camp, it was understood, not so much through love of the new *régime* as through either personal admiration for Mr. Gladstone, or dislike at separation from the allies and friends with whom they had so long been associated. The position of the former class is illustrated by an anecdote that had a somewhat wide circulation in the obituary notices of the late Lord Monk Bretton, formerly Mr. Dodson, whose personal affections so largely governed his political convictions that he could say in conversation, "Well, I cannot see the reasons for Home Rule myself, but Mr. Gladstone can, so it is all right"! Of the others who remained, how much less Liberal many of them were at heart than some who seceded in 1886 was shown at the time of the Armenian massacres, and during the war between Greece and Turkey, when the attitude adopted by several prominent members of the Liberal League (though not by all) was far less representative of Liberal feeling than that of such decided Whig Unionists as the late Dukes of Argyll and Westminster. This Whig element was probably stronger in the last Liberal Cabinet than in the party as a whole, but whilst Mr. Gladstone remained in political life it was comparatively quiescent. It is certain, however, that (aided by the natural dislike of many Liberal members to incur the expenses of a fresh appeal to the country) it was strong enough to prevent a new General Election after the rejection of the second Home Rule Bill by the House of Lords.

On the retirement of Mr. Gladstone, followed by the crushing defeat of 1895, and then by Mr. Gladstone's death, the differences between the remnant of the Whigs and the Radicals entered upon a more acute stage. During 1892–5, when the party was in a small majority in the House of Commons, it was impossible, from tactical methods alone, to emphasise its internecine feuds; when placed in a great minority it was impossible not to do so. This always happens when there are two warring elements in a party which has not an immediate prospect of taking office. There has been much written and more said as to the alleged personal reasons that led to the successive retirements of Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt from the leadership of the Opposition. Whatever foundation they may have in fact, it is patent that the real causes lay deeper. The

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South African War has, we are told, conferred many benefits on this country, surely not the least is that it has revealed those fundamental and fatal differences that go to the root of things, and that must prevent any long continued alliance, not to speak of union, in the future.[1] For the Progressive party now contains at the same time two mutually antagonistic elements, that will no more mix than will oil and water, anything therefore that places this fact clearly in the public view, though it may for the time being cause confusion, will in the long run tend towards a clearing of the political atmosphere; a weakness that is known and recognised is less likely to do harm than one which is latent. It cannot be denied that the Radical point of view is diametrically opposed at almost every point to that of those Whigs who have hitherto refrained from taking the step the great majority of their friends took in 1885 or 1886.

It cannot, I think, be doubted that the peculiar political conditions which prevail in this country, make the solution of the problem more difficult. In most continental countries where a constitutional form of government prevails those who now organise Liberal Leagues outside, and in hardly veiled hostility to the official tabernacle, would have entirely separated themselves, and constituted a distinct group or party under the personal leadership of Lord Rosebery. It seems to be generally assumed that this would be an irreparable misfortune, but would it in reality be so? We should at least know where we stand. Any temporary weakening in numbers would be unlikely to last long in the present dissatisfied state of public opinion, and would be more than counterbalanced by the increased definiteness of aim, and the sense of union that the necessity of having no longer to conciliate and comprehend those Whigs who are neither outside the party nor inside the tabernacle would immediately bring to Liberalism as a whole. Such a consummation is as devoutly to be wished as it appears unlikely to be realised.

My reason for thinking that this, the most obvious solution, is an improbable one is the great popular strength of the idea of two parties in the State, and two only. Most acute observers have long seen, as Seignobos mentions in that remarkable book *L'Europe Contemporaine*, that though political parties in Great Britain are few in number they are in reality more than two. Each Government and each Opposition comprehend within themselves several smaller groups that in many countries would form definite and separate parties. Yet the vitality of the interests they represent has never, or practically never, been strong enough to enable them to maintain a separate political existence. It has been said, probably with truth, that the great

[1] I do not mean that every Radical was necessarily an opponent of the South African War, many regarded it as inevitable, but generally speaking, its ardent supporters were of the Whig section. The nearer a man was to the Whig position, the stronger he was for the War

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dividing line in this country is a religious one, and if and as long as that remains a fact it is improbable that the group system of parties will take a firm root. As long as it is true that the average Conservative is a Churchman, and the average Nonconformist is a Liberal, so long will there be two, and only two parties, in form though hardly in reality.

Assuming this to be the case, what will be the fate of the remnant of the Whigs? Apart from differences of expression, it is hard to see what fundamental principle separates a Unionist like Mr. Chamberlain from a neo-Whig like Lord Rosebery, and where the chief difference is verbal, is that likely to remain for ever an impassable barrier? The uncertainty of the line of demarcation has been shown by the announcements which have appeared lately from time to time that several Whig noblemen, hitherto understood to be Liberal Unionists, have now given their adhesion to the principles of the League of which Lord Rosebery is the most eloquent exponent. Political prophecy is rash work, but should the present Government fall after Mr. Chamberlain returns from personally inspecting the results up to date of his policy in South Africa, it is by no means impossible, or improbable, that the Whig section will rally to him both in Parliament and in the country. In that case also a separation between the Whigs and the Liberal party will be final and complete, and the present Ministry will be replaced by a coalition one.

Whatever happens the following difficulty will have to be honestly met and answered by those Whigs who still desire Radical support. Apart from questions of foreign or colonial policy, the Chesterfield programme is either silent, uncertain, or negative on the following matters: Home Rule, Disestablishment, the Taxation of Ground Values, Electoral and Temperance Reform; it makes no mention of either ending or mending the House of Lords. We are offered instead a clean slate—with efficiency—a quality that is equally the desire of honest men of all parties. This is not the place to discuss either the justice or the possibility of these reforms, but the stubborn fact remains that most Radicals believe in all of them, and all Radicals believe in most of them. How can the Whig remnant, even under the most eminent leadership, ever hope to persuade the vast majority of those whose votes can alone return them to power, to abandon them? I venture to say that if such a result were possible the first fruits of it would astonish no one as much as the neo-Whigs themselves. In an astonishingly short space of time the Socialist party, at present small in numbers throughout the country, and barely represented in the House of Commons, would rival those of Belgium and Germany in votes, in organisation, and in influence. The question would not then be, what is to become of the Whigs,

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but the infinitely more important one, what is to become of British Liberalism as a whole. As a body of political opinion, Liberalism is already on the Continent threatened with extinction between the upper and the nether millstones—is the same result to happen here? There it has lived on its past, here it is asked to forget it. The party that does either has no hope of a future.

David Freeman.

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VENEZUELA AND THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

It is, perhaps, sometimes too hastily assumed that the Monroe Doctrine binds the United States to intervene in every dispute which may arise between an American and Non-American Power.

This is not the case, and, in reality, the right of America to exercise such an intervention has practically, save in Venezuela, only been used in the case of Powers which border on her own territory.

It is true that the French were forced to evacuate Mexico in 1865 by a threat from Secretary Seward that, if they did not withdraw, General Grant's army would be moved from Virginia to the Rio Grande; whilst the interference of the States in the relations between Spain and Cuba was justified not only by the Monroe Doctrine but by that of Bon Voisinage, to use an old term. We ourselves have acted on this doctrine in our dealings with Afghanistan and the Persian Gulf. But, when we go further afield in America, we can find no really clear case where the Monroe Doctrine came into play until we reach the time of President Cleveland's Message on the Venezuelan boundary question. Shortly after the Doctrine had been suggested to Monroe by Canning, inspired by an anonymous Irish pamphleteer, England, without requesting the intervention or co-operation of the United States, forced the Brazilian troops to evacuate Uraguay, and declared that State an independent republic. In 1838 England and France undertook warlike operations against Mexico, again without resistance or remonstrance from the United States; and a little later on, under the same conditions, expelled the Argentines, under President Rosas, from Monte Video, and jointly guaranteed the independence of the Republic of Uruguay by a treaty to which the United States has never been invited to become a party. The policy pursued in the River Plate region sixty years ago, which has found its echo to-day in the selection by Chili and Argentina of King Edward VII. as arbitrator in their late dispute as to their frontiers in Patagonia, constitutes, indeed, a precedent on which President Roosevelt may well reflect if he seeks justification for a refusal to intervene actively in the affairs of Venezuela on the ground of the Monroe Doctrine at the present time.

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Spain again was allowed to reoccupy the Dominican Republic as Spanish territory from 1862 to 1865 without protest from the Government at Washington, which also looked on as a passive spectator at the war of 1864–1866 between Spain and Peru, during which Spanish ships bombarded Callao, and did not interfere in the trifling hostilities which arose in the forties between Great Britain and Brazil as to captured slavers.

In fact it is not too much to say that previous to the early nineties the only cases in which the Monroe Doctrine was put in force with regard to countries which did not confine with the territories of the United States were when the United States Minister in London took the first steps in 1826 to induce England and Russia to delimit their territories in Alaska, and proposed that unfortunate line of frontier the existence of which is at the root of all our boundary difficulties in the Yukon regions, and when in the early sixties we retroceded the Mosquito territory to Nicaragua in deference to American protests, which, however, were mainly based on their interests regarding the construction of a Trans-Isthmian canal.

Unfortunately, in the early nineties, we allowed the Monroe Doctrine to be invoked with reference to our temporary occupation of Corinto in order to secure the repayment of a debt by Nicaragua, and from that time it has never been allowed to remain long unused with respect either to ourselves or to Spain.

With regard to Russia, the United States have been more complaisant, for they left the Russian occupation of California in the early thirties unnoticed; though, as a matter of fact, they replied only by an effective occupation to the act of transfer by which Spain, in 1846, ceded to England the rights she still claimed over those regions, an opportunity which was lost to us by the unauthorised action of an American officer and the inopportune gallantries of a British admiral.

We must not forget that England has often acted on a kind of Monroe Doctrine as regards Europe. It is true that our guarantee of the independence of Portugal is based upon formal though very ancient treaties, which, as lately as 1870, were invoked by Lord Granville to prevent the union of Portugal and Spain under one crown; but we had no treaty rights to fall back on as our justification when Cromwell and the Rump interfered between Sweden and Denmark to secure the freedom of the Sound, or when, with the same object in view, the younger Pitt wished to make war upon Denmark to save Sweden from her clutches. Our whole policy, likewise, with regard to Holland and Flanders was for centuries based in reality, upon the same theories, and our reasons for guaranteeing the existence of Belgium to-day are much the same as those by which President Roosevelt is actuated when he wishes to

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eliminate European territorial influence from the neighbourhood of the Trans-Isthmian Canal. It would be distinctly contrary to American interests to allow European naval stations to spring up on the Venezuelan or Columbian coasts. Spain for centuries had her principal establishments in the Caribbean Seas at Cartagena and at Porto Bello, now Columbian ports. The future sea-road from New York to San Francisco lies through Panama, and the Venezuelan and Columbian coasts have, therefore, precisely the same importance for the Americans that the coasts of Morocco and Tunisia have for our Mediterranean road to India. It is the approaching construction of the Trans-Isthmian Canal which lies at the root of the attitude of America with regard to Venezuela, and it is this fact which rendered our agreement with Germany not to come to a separate settlement with President Castro of such menacing import.

It is now forgotten that the Mexican Expedition of 1861 was undertaken, in the first instance, by France, England and Spain in concert, and that a joint advance from Vera Cruz on Mexico was proposed and all but carried into effect.

Fortunately the English and Spanish admirals were wise enough to come to a settlement with the Provisional Government of the Republic and to withdraw their troops. France refused to ratify the engagements taken by her representative, and continued in occupation of Mexican soil. The war, which followed, in the end led Napoleon to Sedan and France to the loss of Alsace-Lorraine.

We have done for William II. what we refused to do for Napoleon III., and come what may we must drink the hemlock with him to the dregs. We have seen what German folly did for us in China; and yet, without in any way explaining their motives to the country, our Government enters into a close alliance with her in an undertaking in which America, rightly enough, takes the deepest interest.

It is curious, moreover, to remember that Venezuela was for a short time a colony of the Holy Roman Empire, for under a grant from Charles V. Cori was colonised by the Welsers of Augsburg, whose agents first brought the name of the El Dorado to Europe. The Kaiser has not yet referred to this interesting fact, but he is, doubtless, well acquainted with it. We have seen him justify the naval and colonial policy of Germany by precedents taken from the dusty archives of the Great Elector. America could scarcely complain of the antiquity of the pretexts, for she herself invoked the Borgian Grant during the late Boundary controversy.

The German Emperor has then thrown his glove down to America, and England has placed herself at his side. We stake Canada and the West Indies, he stakes a few leagues of sand in Africa. The risk was an unequal one. It is a good thing that President Roosevelt has proved himself a cool-headed man.

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Fortunately we can consent to arbitration, or to a reference to the Hague Court, if we remember that America has precisely the same interests to preserve with regard to Margarita and the strategic points of the Venezuelan coast, as we have to consider with regard to Tangiers and to Sheikh Said, without any fear of creating a precedent for the extension of the Monroe Doctrine to those regions of the Plate in which our true interests in South America lie. Let us cease to discuss the rights of America under the Monroe Doctrine, and let us argue the question as we should argue that of Ceuta and Tangiers, and we shall avoid making the Venezuelan struggle a test question on the major premises.

The German Emperor has pledged us to joint action with him, and we are bound to take it as regards our claims against Venezuela, but we are not pledged to aid him in his attempt to test the Monroe Doctrine; and if we keep our heads cool we can keep that Doctrine altogether out of court, and we shall thus avoid incurring the hostility of Washington. Venezuela has been, for the moment, the Morocco of South America, and that Morocco is within the geographical sphere of influence of the United States.

Let us settle the Venezuelan question on geographical grounds.

ACONCAGUA.

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REDISTRIBUTION OF SEATS AND PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

AN EXPERIMENT.

THE continual re-adjustment found to be necessary even to secure a roughly equitable representation of places in the National Parliament points to the early introduction of a measure for the redistribution of seats, and this raises the question whether it would not be better

VOTING PAPER.

Order of Preference.	Candidates.	Order of Preference.	Candidates.
	BACON, Francis BROWNING, Elizabeth Barrett BROWNING, Robert CARLYLE, Thomas COLENSO, John William ELIOT, George EMERSON, Ralph Waldo FULLER, Sarah Margaret GOETHE, Johann Wolfgang von HUXLEY, Thomas Henry KANT, Emanuel		MARTINEAU, James MILL, John Stuart MILTON, John PARKER, Theodore RUSKIN, John SHAKESPEARE, William SHELLEY, Percy Bysshe SHELLEY, Mary Wollstonecraft TENNYSON, Alfred TYNDALL, John WHITMAN, Walt

INSTRUCTIONS FOR VOTING.—Place a number opposite each name in the order of your preference from 1 to 22. The Voting Paper will be considered void unless all are thus fully filled in, or if it is marked in any other way, or is signed. If this Paper should be spoilt another one may be obtained on taking this one to the Returning Officer.

once for all to abandon the representation of places for the representation of persons. A recent experiment at a London institution in an election by proportional representation may therefore not be without interest at the present time.

For the purpose of the experiment it was supposed that a

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RECORD OF THE POLL.

Candidates.	Result at each Stage of the Counting.						
	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	Final
BACON, Francis . .	7	12	14	25	20	20	20
BROWNING, Elizabeth Barrett . .	4	4	4	4	4	4	—
BROWNING, Robert .	8	10	11	12	12	12	20
CARLYLE, Thomas .	6	10	51	20	20	20	20
COLENSO, John William	3	3	3	3	3	3	—
ELIOT, George . .	3	6	10	16	16	16	20
EMERSON, Ralph Waldo	21	20	20	20	20	20	20
FULLER, Sarah Margaret . .	2	7	7	17	17	17	20
GOETHE, Johann Wolfgang von .	21	20	20	20	20	20	20
HUXLEY, Thomas Henry . . .	11	14	14	15	16	16	20
KANT, Emanuel .	3	32	20	20	20	20	20
MARTINEAU, James .	5	5	5	5	5	5	—
MILL, John Stuart .	4	5	6	6	6	6	—
MILTON, John . .	3	77	20	20	20	20	20
PARKER, Theodore .	4	7	8	8	8	8	—
RUSKIN, John . .	21	20	20	20	20	20	20
SHAKESPEARE, William	156	20	20	20	20	20	20
SHELLEY, Percy Bysshe	3	4	13	17	21	20	20
SHELLEY, Mary Wollstonecraft .	2	2	2	2	2	2	—
TENNYSON, Alfred .	8	15	22	20	20	20	20
TYNDALL, John . .	4	4	4	4	4	4	—
WHITMAN, Walt .	5	7	10	10	10	11	20

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ANALYSIS OF THE VOTING.

Candidates Elected.	By what Preference Elected.															
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Bacon, Francis	7	4	3	—	—	—	1	5	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Browning, Robert	8	2	—	1	—	—	—	1	1	3	2	—	—	1	—	1
Carlyle, Thomas	6	2	2	—	3	7	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Eliot, George	3	4	1	—	—	1	10	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	—	—
Emerson, Ralph Waldo	20	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Fuller, Sarah Margaret	2	5	—	—	—	—	10	—	—	—	—	—	3	—	—	—
Goethe, Henry Wolfgang von	20	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Huxley, Thomas Henry	11	2	1	—	—	1	1	—	1	—	—	1	2	—	—	—
Kant, Emanuel	3	—	1	1	15	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Milton, John	3	2	15	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ruskin, John	20	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Shakespeare, William	20	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Shelley, Percy Bysshe	3	1	—	—	—	—	10	3	3	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Tennyson, Alfred	8	5	3	1	—	2	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Whitman, Walt	5	1	1	1	—	—	2	1	1	1	1	1	—	—	2	3

generous friend had offered to present to the library of the institution the works of fifteen authors, to be elected by those attending the meeting. Each person was entitled to one vote and no more, and no author nominated was to be entitled to receive more than the number of votes required to secure election, the object being to place the power of election in reality in the hands of those voting, and not solely in the hands of a majority, *i.e.*, half the number of voters, plus one.

Twenty-two candidates were nominated for the fifteen places. Their names were printed on the voting paper in alphabetical order.

All attending were given a voting paper as printed on page 129.

In the election a quota of the voters actually taking part in the

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voting was to secure the election of a candidate, such quota being a number equal to the quotient obtained by dividing the total number of votes by the number of candidates to be elected, or if such quotient were fractional, the integral number next less.

The number of voting papers placed in the ballot-box was 308.

In counting the votes, the void papers (four) were first eliminated, which made the total number of the valid papers 304. This total divided by fifteen (the number of candidates) gave twenty as the number of votes required to secure election.

The number of first preferences was then ascertained, and those candidates receiving the required quota were declared elected, as shown in the first stage of the counting, the voting-papers being put away as exhausted. The surplus preferences given to the elected candidates were then disposed of by cancelling the preferences for those elected, taking the papers in regular succession as they lay.

A second count was then made with the result shown in the second stage of the counting.

The counting proceeded thus until all surplus preferences had been disposed of, when it was ascertained that twelve of the candidates had failed to secure the twenty votes requisite for election, while there were still five candidates to be elected. The names of the seven candidates lowest on the poll were then struck out of the contest and their would-be voters were given a place on the poll in the order of their preferences (the papers being taken in regular succession as they lay) for the five candidates still in the contest but without the required quota of votes.

The final result was obtained as shown in the record of the poll and comes out as follows: The fifteen successful candidates were each returned by twenty votes, and (excluding the void papers) of the 304 electors taking part in the election only four are without a direct representative in the list of successful candidates.

This result cannot but be satisfactory to the electors, while those elected are completely representative of the electoral body, a result which can never be arrived at where a majority, *i.e.*, half the number of voters, plus one, is given the whole power of election.

MARK H. JUDGE.

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THE INDIAN HIGH COURTS:

THEIR SHORTCOMINGS.

THE British-Indian Judicial system, as we are assured on the testimony of Sir John Scott, Sir Courtney Ilbert, and other impartial observers, is as good and complete as can well be conceived. Its Codes are models of clear and effective condensation; its rules of Procedure and Evidence are not only comprehensive, but so easy to be understood that even suitors and accused can follow the logic thereof; while native Indian advocates—though they may not have had the benefit of our "legal education"—can interpret and apply them as well as the Bench itself. Nevertheless, as with the best of mundane arrangements that are dependent on continuous personal vigilance and energy for their success, the administration of justice, even by the High Courts in India, leaves something to be desired. Yet there is nothing occult in the subject matter of certain grievances and grounds of complaint recently renewed and again made articulate. These come under two principal heads. One, with the bearing of which we are too familiar in our own Supreme Courts of Justice, is that of prolonged delays in arriving at judgment, and consequent accumulation of arrears. The other is the excessive cost of successive stages in procedure, which is exacted through stamps and fees—that is, quite apart from forensic expenses voluntarily incurred by litigants. This latter grievance, being mainly debitable to the fiscal and financial authorities, cannot be charged against the Courts and their officers, so may be left aside for the moment. As usual, it is against the High Court of Bengal that the brunt of these complaints is directed, and most actively, as appears, from the energetic mercantile community of Calcutta.

As to the unhappy eminence in respect to statistics of delay shown by that High Court over which Sir Francis Maclean has presided the last three years, there is one general excuse that is sure to be pleaded. This is threefold: (*a*) The extensive area over which the Bengal jurisdiction stretches—from Assam in the far north-east to Chatia-Nagpur in the secluded south-west; (*b*) the large population, seventy millions or more, amongst whom certain prominent classes are much given to litigation; (*c*) and the

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numerous transactions arising in, or connected with Calcutta of its energetic European merchants, bankers, and planters, must necessarily cause constant claims on the Bengal High Court Judges and their staff. But such remonstrances, because of the law's delays and its costliness, are more or less prevalent in other Provinces. For instance, as regards the Punjab, where our administrators of all ranks claim to be more energetic than all others in the Indian peninsula, it is averred there are cases that have lingered within its High Court for five years ere coming to final judgment. Under the usually efficient High Court of Bombay—albeit its jurisdiction extends from Dharwar far south, even to the remote borders of Upper Sind—the complaints of delay have not been rife of late; but now and then they have cropped up when suitors take breath to make themselves heard. Even in steady-going, sleepy Madras litigants have occasionally got wearied, and joined in the chorus of reproach that the mills of the Indian High Courts grind exceeding slow; but in that Presidency the proper remedy was partially applied two or three years ago by strengthening the Bench of its High Court.

As to the more practical course of drawing attention to this serious grievance of justice delayed under the Indian Courts, it is expedient to deal chiefly with the situation as it is in Bengal. Thus it is stated, taking the figures of a few weeks ago, that there were sixteen hundred cases awaiting turn before the Calcutta High Court, and that nine hundred of these were then ready for trial. This may well be regarded as intolerable, if not incredible, when it is also mentioned that about three hundred is the average number of suits annually disposed of by that tribunal. It is only too easy to calculate how many years, under the present number of Judges and administrative officers, would be required to reduce those arrears; and fresh suitors are ever pressing forward with their claims to be heard. The prospect is the more discouraging when we are reminded that only seven years ago these general complaints took definite shape in demands for reform in the order of procedure and for reorganisation of the tribunal itself. At that time a Civilian Judge was Acting-Chief, who seems to have made strenuous efforts in the latter direction by arranging for a second Criminal Bench and forming a separate Cause List for commercial suits. This appeased public feeling at the time; but it has been renewed in strength, so that, a short time back, the Viceroy's attention was specifically drawn to the subject generally, but then mainly in regard to the prolonged delays under the Punjab Chief Court. With Lord Curzon's usual alacrity he did respond at the time; but rather with his debating skill and the layman's habit of casting reproach on the litigants themselves; and thus that serious public grievance was "disposed of" for the moment.

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But such superficial show of "efficiency" will never do; not, at least, for articulate Calcutta. From that direction come demands which evidently mean serious business. These demands may make the Finance Department's hair stand on end; but they will arouse grave thoughts amongst responsible authorities. First, the appointment of six additional judges is asked for; and, it is somewhat impolitely remarked, that in the selection better choice should be made than of "the average inexperienced junior from home who is usually foisted on the Indian Courts." It is also said that the rate of the Judges' salary should be raised, in order to secure competent and efficient lawyers. On the other hand, it is contended that the present custom, which includes both long vacation and prolonged leave privileges, must be greatly modified, so that the High Court should sit during the greater part, if not all the year round, in Calcutta.

It is obvious that these large orders would need much money for their fulfilment; but this objection is met in a single remark, to the effect that the charges levied on suitors and in the course of judicial proceedings yield a considerable balance of profit to the general revenues—at least in the Bengal Presidency—over and above all the cost of the judicial administration. This alleged fiscal cause of delay and obstruction to the dispensing of justice raises large and permanent questions of serious political moment that demand searching and impartial consideration. These have been for two or three decades past a matter of recurrent controversy in every review of Indian administration as a whole, and must ere long be resolutely faced.

W. Martin Wood.

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IS A SOUTH AFRICAN ETON POSSIBLE?

IN a previous number of the WESTMINSTER REVIEW (December 1902) I examined at some length the suggestions put forward by the Bishop of Grahamstown, at the late Church Congress at Northampton, as to the great advantage which would result to South Africa from the establishment of public schools on the English system. I ventured to point out that the Royal Military College at Kingston, Ontario, Canada, offered in many—though, perhaps, not in all—respects the type of school applicable to the wants of South Africa, and also that such a school might form a memorial to all who fell on both sides in the late war, as "The King's College of All Souls, Transvaal."

In the present paper I would endeavour to show that the establishment of such a school, although costly, is not beyond South African resources.

The primary object of the Kingston College is to train officers for the Canadian local forces and the Imperial army. In addition, the cadets are given a good education in civil engineering, but no one can obtain the diploma of the college who does not pass in military subjects at his final examination.

Each student pays £40 a year, and the Dominion Government gives an annual grant of £10,000. The course is a three years' one. The commandant's salary is £600 and allowances, those of the professors, £450 to £500. Their salaries are paid by Canada, and they are under the Canadian Minister of Militia, but the posts are usually filled by Imperial officers chosen by the War Office.

Cadets enter by competitive examination, but only about 40 per cent. finish the three years' course, as many fail to pass the Intermediate Examinations at the end of each year.

Colonel Kitson, now commandant at Sandhurst, was formerly commandant at Kingston, whilst Major-General Sir P. Girouard, R.E., constructor of the Soudan military railways and late superintendent of the South African military railways, was a Kingston cadet.

It is obvious that such a college could readily combine a training in mining engineering with that in military subjects; but I would point out that if a very few professors for special subjects, such as practical agriculture, forestry, botany and entomology, dairying,

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horticulture, and irrigation, be added, a training could also be offered in agriculture and forestry, which would be of the greatest value to the farming classes of South Africa, that is to say, the Dutch.

As is the case at Sandhurst, a large extent of ground will, in any event, have to be attached to the college for purposes of practical military training. It would be easy to lay out this ground so as to form instructional farms, gardens, orchards, and plantations, as well as to raise food products for the students.

The initial expenses would, indeed, be lessened if the Agricultural Department of the Transvaal Government consented to allow the land to be used for its experimental farms, gardens, and plantations, for its bacteriological and entomological laboratories and for its meteorological observatory, as their managing staff could, in that case, also give theoretical and practical instruction to the agricultural students. This plan is followed with great advantage at the Prussian State Forestry School at Eberswalde, and at the Würtemburg Schools at Hohenheim and Tübingen. Colleges for the study of mining and agriculture already exist. The School of Agriculture at Berlin receives mining as well as agricultural students. The staff of fifteen professors at the Royal Hungarian School of Mining and Forestry at Schemnitz includes only two special professors in mining and four in forestry. Our Indian engineering colleges have, in some cases, agricultural classes and experimental farms.

It must also be remembered that, under present circumstances in South Africa, the professions are not so strictly defined as with us. The mine manager must understand how to treat cattle disease, to plant trees, and to grow mealies. The farmer must repair his own roads and bridges, construct his own buildings, and design his own dams, sluices, and irrigation trenches. Every farm of any importance and every mine have their own repairing workshops for their plant.

Moreover, a military training necessarily includes the elements of mechanics, drawing, surveying, fortification, and engineering. Farms are surveyed with the instruments which are used to make a military map; a sluice and a dam are much the same, whether they serve in a great fortification or lead water to a mining battery; a chemist employs the same processes to test gunpowder, ores, or manures. Consequently, a boy who after two years' training in military subjects passed his "Mods." in them and then went in for a "Double First" in his Military and his Mining or Agricultural School, would start with almost exactly the same training as is found suitable for students entering the great French Agricultural College at Grignan, and would be far better prepared for his future work than is the student who goes in for the diploma course at Cirencester after entering the college without any examination or special technical knowledge.

Of course, his general education when he entered the college

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would not be a very complete one. At the Cape Government School of Agriculture at Elsenburg students, who enter at fifteen, must have passed the fifth standard, and English, Dutch, and arithmetic are taught during the first year to those whose education is deficient. Yet at Elsenburg, as at all agricultural colleges save the French, which, except for forestry, have a three years' course, the diploma course is only two years, and its certificate is given after an examination in both the theory and practice of agriculture. The college plant and workshops would thus serve to train alike the future miner and the future farmer, and the college farms would not only raise food-stuffs for the students, but would, as at Cirencester, serve for all instructional purposes, and in time yield a good revenue. Thus the ground which, as at Sandhurst, would, in any case, have to be attached to the college for purposes of military training would be fully utilised.

Taking all these circumstances into consideration, it will, I think, be found that the extra staff which would be required if an agricultural branch were added to the college, would not exceed the five or six professors above suggested, whilst many of the others could teach alike the mining, the military, and the agricultural students.

Cattle and food-plant diseases are so rife in South Africa, and their causes so little known, that the two most important subjects which could be taught would probably be bacteriology and entomology. Every student of these sciences in South Africa is, indeed, called upon at times to act the part of a pioneer and of an apostle, for the field of possible discovery is but little trodden, whilst, except in the case of quack remedies, the Dutch farming population, as a rule, only believe what they see, and the microscope has therefore proved the most efficient ally of the Scab Act.

At Elsenburg an important rule exists that every student shall be trained in manual labour. This provision is absolutely necessary in order to ensure progress in agriculture, for the Boer is but too apt to leave anything in the nature of manual work to be done by his Kaffir labourers.

As regards the expense of a South African Eton, it must necessarily be large at the beginning. Prices run high in the Transvaal, and married officials with £1500 a year, who pay £900 a year rent for a cottage with four rooms at Johannesburg, find it hard to make both ends meet. It may be said that the purchasing price given by £1 in England only gives 8*s.* in the Transvaal; in other words, £100 will buy in Sloane Street as much as £250 on the market at Pretoria. Under these circumstances salaries and allowances must be large. On the Continent the average cost per annum of each student, taking in and out students together, in an agricultural college, is found to be about £52, about 65 per cent. of which goes in salaries and the rest in working expenses. In Hungary, a poor country, the amount expended per student per annum is about £60. If we take

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Transvaal prices the equivalent to this would be about £170. The average number of paid members of the staff to students is in Continental colleges as one to eight. The expense of board and lodging per student per month could not be taken as less than £10, equalling £4 in England. Consequently, we shall not be wrong in estimating the cost of each student in the Transvaal as about £270 per annum, £150 of which would represent salaries and the working expenses of the college. The English equivalent of this sum represents £108, viz., £48 for board and lodging, and £60 for tuition, &c. As each cadet at Kingston, Ontario, pays £40 per annum, and the Dominion Government gives a grant of £10,000 a year, this rate is probably correct. At Elsenburg each student pays £48 10*s.*, and there is a Government grant in addition. Probably £100 per annum, or £40 English, represents the largest sum which South African cadets could at present afford to pay per year. The cost of the school would therefore be large, but it is not beyond the means of the great mining companies, and might be greatly reduced if the provisions of Mr. Rhodes' will allow his trustees to give assistance to any model Agricultural college besides that on his farm at Inyanga.

If a South African Eton can play its part towards wiping out racial bitterness, and raising the tone of the younger Afrikander population, whether Dutch or English, no price would seem too great to pay, if it is called by its proper name, "Part Insurance for the Peace of South Africa." A large capital expenditure on land and buildings would be inevitable; yet, in time, remunerative. As most of the high veldt in the Transvaal is fairly fertile, probably three farms, or say eighteen thousand acres, either on the border of the Magaliesberg or in the neighbourhood of Krugersdorp, would be enough to render the college almost self-supplying as regards food and forage, and, in time, to provide a good surplus for sale. The land would improve in value. The buildings and grounds should be worthy of the college. I would suggest that the buildings should be in the old Dutch style so familiar to every one who has visited Groot Schuur, and not altogether unlike that of our Henry the Eighth period. The grounds, kitchen gardens, orchards and plantations should be worthy of the buildings, and should be scientifically laid out by experts from Kew, Hohenheim, or the Cape Botanical Gardens. The gardens should, above all, show how the common trees, shrubs, and flowers of South Africa can be used for decorative purposes and for afforestation. Laboratories, museums, gymnasia, workshops, and riding schools would have to be provided.

At the great Russian Agricultural College at Moscow the total annual expenditure on the upkeep of the museums, laboratories, libraries and experimental stations, amounts to 20,000 roubles (£2110). It is more than covered by the receipt of 31,000 roubles (£3325) from the school forests and farms. Koloszmonostor in Hungary expends 140,000 kronen (£5833) on salaries and expenses,

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but receives 56,000 kronen (£2341) from the sale of its farm produce. At Hungarian Altenburg, where there is a large Government remount farm, the annual expenditure is 206,000 kronen (£8,589), the returns from the farms and gardens 48,000 kronen (£2000). Johannesburg, Pretoria, and the Rand lie within easy reach of either the Magaliesberg or Krugersdorp. On the whole the initial capital expenditure for the land and buildings of such a college would probably amount at present Transvaal prices to £300,000 (£140,000 in English price terms) or £350,000. A single trial bore-hole on the Rand has before now cost £500,000. To American millionaires these sums would not, for such a purpose, seem excessive. The Leland-Stanford University in California cost £1,600,000. Its graduates have been the pioneers in Californian irrigation. Mr. Carnegie has already, it is said, lavished £15,000,000 on free libraries, and £2,000,000 on freeing Scotch University Education. The Lick Observatory was the fad of an illiterate miner. According to Mr. Willcock's report, irrigation will add at least £60,000,000 to the value of South African land. The future of irrigation as of South African agriculture generally, however (if we are to keep to the letter of Article 3 of the Treaty of Vereeniging), depends upon the Dutch, and the Dutch are slow to convince as to the utility of modern ideas. Still, the large sale which American agricultural machinery commanded in the two new colonies before the war shows that their desire to advance in agriculture has already been awakened. The majority of agricultural students in a South African Eton should be Dutch.

Again, the burgher youths who fought against us have not yet forgotten the lessons which they learnt in their prison schools. They are eager for a learning which aforetime they despised. St. Helena, Bermuda, Ahmednuggar, have been to many a sturdy Dutch lad what the blaze of midnight light and the bursting doors of the prison were to the gaoler of Philippi. They are crying to us to come over to help them. Shall we refuse their prayer?

Moreover, at the present time, many of the English officers and employés stationed in South Africa have sons who if at home would certainly go to Charterhouse, to Wellington or to Cheltenham. If a suitable school on English public school lines existed in South Africa many of these boys would undoubtedly be sent to it, and their presence could not but have its influence upon the colonial born scholars. Later on as settlers they would form as valuable an element in the population as the sons of the half-pay officers who first settled Ontario have proved themselves to be in Canada.

Nor should another element be forgotten. Natal and the Eastern Province of the Cape Colony have as yet no technical schools, but they have several quasi-public schools more or less upon the English model. These schools have cadet corps which gave his first military education to many a man who fought at Colenso and at Talana. If

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the Natal Ministry, in place of instituting a small technical college in Natal, would found scholarships for their more advanced students in a South African Eton Overberg, many a good non-commissioned officer would be added to the college roll.

Emigrants to South Africa too are now beginning to see that even the best preliminary training in England will not give them a sufficient knowledge of South African local conditions to enable them to set up for themselves the moment after their arrival at Cape Town. Many English-born students are already studying at Elsenburg and at the Stellenbosch School of Mines. If, therefore, English post-graduates of mining and agricultural colleges were allowed, as is the case at Cirencester Royal Agricultural College, to attend a South African Eton as "out-students," for such classes and such periods as they might choose, another healthy element would enter its society.

I have left to the last that feature in my South African Eton which I think above all important. I allude to the choice of picked Etonians and Harrovians, nominated, with guarantees of subsequent employment, by their headmasters to form the nucleus of the new school and to bring the traditions of English public school life to a South African Eton. Who can tell the good which the handful of Cambridge students, who settled in the earliest days of Massachusetts at Harvard, have done to America, and who can tell the good that a chosen band of the flower of the youth of England might do to South Africa? Such boys should be at least seventeen years of age, qualified members of their school volunteer corps, in the upper division of the fifth form, and likewise good athletes. They should, if possible, be accompanied by one or two of their former masters, men endued with the spirit of an Abraham or of a Selwyn, who might be willing to do a good work for the cause of progress by bearing the traditions of the best English education to South Africa. South African society is, for the moment, in a state of fusion. The warmolten metal can be run into any mould. Later on it will harden once more. The cry will be raised of "South Africa for the South Africans" and the "blank" will refuse to take the English stamp. Boys, above all, are imitative animals, and take their tone from their own leaders. It is not easy to put a limit on the influence which youths, who had come to the front at Eton, would have on the minds of younger fellow pupils, whose most brilliant ideals were drawn from Barberton or Buluwayo.

But it is upon the public life of South Africa that Eton and Harrow boys who had been thus trained would in the time to come exercise the best and most salutary influence. They would have come young enough to South Africa to learn to understand the Afrikanders amongst whom they had grown up, yet not so young as to forget the principles in which they had been trained in King Henry's or in John Lyon's school. They would be the "General

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Staff," from which the Chartered Company and the two new colonies would draw administrators as high-minded as those who guide the destinies of India, and the pioneers in the delicate task of welding Belgian, German, Portuguese, and British Africa into one commercial whole. They would bring the labour of Uganda and of Nigeria to the Randt; they would rise to be the chiefs of the Bar—for military, mining, and agricultural law would be taught at the College—and of the Press; they would manage the isolated mines in Rhodesia beyond the Zambezi; perchance, Premiers of the South African Confederation of the future might be found amongst their ranks. Can it be imagined that if South Africans agreed to make the proposed technical college[1] for the Transvaal a public school on the lines advocated by the Bishop of Grahamstown, for the purpose of promoting union by means of education between the Dutch and English races, their Governments, the Chartered Company and the great mining undertakings (if not the Imperial War Office), would not unite in guaranteeing the means for attracting such a band of students within its new-built walls? Candidates for such cadetships would not be wanting. Four hundred Etonians attended a recent Fourth of June celebration at Buluwayo, and many an Etonian and many a Harrovian has gone to ruin at Johannesburg or at Kimberley for want of a proper training in the local peculiarities of South Africa. To such emigrants as these a South African Eton would be a boon indeed, and in due course of time the fees which could then be charged them, whether as in or out students, might become an important source of revenue to the college.

Nor must another important consideration be forgotten which would determine for good or for evil the destinies of a South African Eton. I refer to the choice of the first commandant. At Kingston the commandant is invariably an Imperial officer appointed by the Canadian Government on the nomination of the War Office. Is it quite certain that it would not be better to place the nascent fortunes of a South African Eton in the hands of a civilian, appointed by the High Commissioner and governing body, and aided by a suitable adjutant named by the War Office, as is done for the Eton College Volunteers? A mere colonel of a mere regiment would be no man for the task. Even colonels of the Guards and of crack cavalry regiments, men of the world as they are, have grown up in the traditions of the drill book, and their, perhaps, unconsciously autocratic manners have not always in the past been appreciated by the South African Dutch. Moreover, any soldier appointed to the post would probably have distinguished himself in the late war. Would his Dutch pupils forget the fact that some of them, may be, were orphaned by his hand? An Anglican clergyman of the ordinary type of headmaster or master of a college is likewise out of the

[1] As to the proposed Technical College in the Transvaal, *cf. Natal Witness*, Nov. 22, 1902.

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question. He would at once, if only on religious grounds, incur the hatred and suspicion of the Dutch; whilst, at any rate for the first few years, he would have a task to face such as has never fallen to the lot of even a Vaughan, a Benson, or a Thring. Every man's hand will be against him. Most of his pupils will never have even heard the words "discipline," "reverence," or "respect." Racial, political, above all, religious fanatics will be for ever assailing him. He may have, when self-government is restored, alike to defend his school against the open attacks of a Dutch Volksraad, and against even more insidious attempts to convert it into a Boer place d'armes. The Boers will not be allowed to forget that the Independence of Cuba was won in a stable at West Point. Antonio Maceo would have his counterparts in a South African Eton. William of Wykeham, who founded the public school system of England, was a statesman as well as a bishop, and a statesman is needed to found a public school system in South Africa, but statesmen do not grow up save amid the rude blasts of public life.

The Dutch respect a gentleman, and the commandant must, above all things, be a gentleman, by birth, training, and tradition. He must be a proved scholar, probably with a University training, yet he must have lived as a man amongst men; he must know the realities which lie beneath the conflicts of political life, and he must know the arts by which the bitterness of such conflicts is assuaged or removed. Above all things, he must be a man absolutely above any suspicion of financial motives. Is it certain that an ideal commandant might not be seconded from the ranks of our diplomatic service, or from amongst the clerks of our Houses of Parliament? The staff of the Houses of Parliament are gentlemen, as a rule public school and University men; they have proved themselves to be scholars; they are trained lawyers and men of business, and they know well how to distinguish the politician from the man. Their life's calling has taught them to be all things to all men, and yet that they must ever and at all times be men of honour. Would not such a man be well fitted to preside over the birth struggles of a South African Eton? and would not such an appointment bring real advantage both to South Africa and to England?

The commandant of a South African Eton would learn to know and to be known by South Africa in a way in which no other English official could ever hope to know or be known by it, and, on his return home, he would be an invaluable because a disinterested adviser on South African subjects to every Ministry.

To South African statesmen, busy with the task of framing the Constitution of their Confederation, and of three new colonies, the presence of a trained technical adviser on the spot would be of the greatest advantage, and, in the meantime, he would himself be learning lessons which would be fitting him to aid in the pressing task of reforming Parliamentary procedure at Westminster. Sir Algernon

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West has placed it on record in his *Recollections* that the highest officials of the Treasury held it to be to the advantage of the Office that its members should avail themselves of opportunities for acquiring experience in the Colonies. On the wise choice of its first Commandant the destinies of a South African Eton must greatly depend.

Another difficulty would of course arise with regard to questions of language and religion. The former would, perhaps, be best solved by making no formal regulations whatever on the subject; the latter, so far as the Dutch pupils were concerned, would have to be left wholly in the hands of their own predikants and of the Dutch members of the governing body. The existence of this question would be one chief reason for associating Boers from the outset with the management of the school.

One more difficulty remains which must be mentioned. To some minds Eton appears to be but an enervating palace of luxury. They remember, perhaps, many an out-at-elbows lounger at Kimberley and Buluwayo bars. In reality, "plain living and high thinking" was the motto of Eton in its best and greatest days. Mr. Gladstone, when at Eton, slept in a curtainless, carpetless room, rarely tasted tea, and dined on porridge in a hall with a sanded floor. His father was one of the richest merchants in Liverpool. The Kingston cadets are treated as private soldiers, not as gentlemen cadets; English naval officers are not trained or housed like Ouida's guardsmen; the average expenditure at a Continental agricultural college is about £60 a year; at Elsenburg the annual fees are £48 10*s*. A South African Eton would be none the less dear to its sons because it was the home of refined simplicity. To Dante the most stately of English Kings was Henry *della semplice vita*. Even though his son was the First Edward, the branches, in Dante's eyes, were far meaner than the trunk from which they sprang.

I may be thought to have calculated the cost of a South African Eton at too high a rate; for though prices are at present enormous in the Transvaal, they must fall as agriculture revives and railway communication improves. In time the fees paid by the pupils, aided by the produce of the school farms, may, as at Elsenburg, prove sufficient to cover the cost of their board and lodging, in part of their "tuition;" but it must be recollected that no Continental technical, mining, or agricultural college could exist without the aid of large subsidies from the State. Will the South African mining magnates and South African States consent to pay such subsidies to a South African Eton? They will, as I have said, be in reality paying part of the insurance money for the peace of South Africa. The printing press is sometimes a better weapon than the Mauser. It is certainly a cheaper one. The war has been a hard schoolmaster.

HUBERT READE.

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ON EDUCATION.

On January 10 last, upon opening the pages of the *Morning Post*, there were disclosed almost three columns devoted to Education. Not only were there long reports of the Head-Masters' Conferences, &c., but there was a leader on the subject. And this in England! Verily John Bull must be awakening. One even fancies that, amid the sounds of yawning and stretching, one has heard a murmur of words—"Education? To be sure—educate—yes, let's."

Meditating on these symptoms of activity we wonder what will be the result should this sleepy acquiescence be transformed into one of his by no means unknown fits of spasmodic energy. And as the deeds done during such ebullitions of Bullish enthusiasm are apt to have dire and lasting consequences, owing to his sanguine and happy-go-lucky way of plunging into matters to which he has given little or no previous attention, we can only hope that he will hold his hand until he has considered the subject in all its bearings.

Before legislating it is necessary to have a clear idea of what is needed. But members of Parliament, members of boards, head-masters, and parents seem to have the vaguest and most conflicting notions upon the subject. The nation does not know what education it wants, and teachers do not know what education to give, nor, one may add, how to give it, therefore it is somewhat hard for Government to decide what shall be given.

As one way out of the difficulty the *Morning Post* suggests that Government shall consult the head-masters and the "crammers." They, we are assured, are the experts and they know what they want, and could "advise the Government as to the kind of examinations that will have the best effect upon the public schools." Doubtless they know much about examinations, but is that education? Parents, on the other hand, in Scotland at least, regard examinations as the curse of modern education, and the ruin of the physical and mental health of thousands.

And when we examine what the teachers say we find little or no united expression amongst them. Nowhere is there shown a wish to consider seriously the real nature and aim of education. There is much talk as to what kind of Bill is to be desired, to which schools State aid ought to be given, and what system

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of inspection should be instituted, but there is no suggestion that our whole system of education, from primary school to university, is in need of complete remodelling. Quite the contrary indeed. We find the President of the Incorporated Association of Head Masters saying seriously, according to the report, that "One might spend millions of money, erect thousands of schools and force the youth of the country into them, but one would not make good scholars out of refractory material. What was lacking was a general pleasure in the exercise of mental energy, a desire to learn and an interest in the processes of learning."

Dr. Gow is entirely right, and the fault lies solely with the teachers. Every one knows the eagerness of children to learn, to know and to question, and every one has seen how that early love of knowledge, that consuming curiosity is stamped out, and all desire for knowledge is killed after a few years of school life.

What do we want? Let us suppose that the English nation were to set itself the task of considering as one body what it desired.

Did all classes give their opinions, there would at first seem to be a great conflicting of interests, and rather strange results might be expected of such a congress, but it is certain that each class would want the education which would most directly benefit it. And, in the long run, one may say that the education which benefits all classes is the one which will most benefit the community. But there is much confusion in most minds as to what does really benefit a class, or even an individual. From the University pedant who wishes to turn out scholars, to the British matron who wants her sons to be "gentlemen," not forgetting the commercial prince who wants an education that "will pay," none seem to have any idea how these things are to be accomplished; and when we turn to the masters, these so-called experts, we find more vague and conflicting statements as to the aim of education and the means to the end. Even amongst those who make education a study, that is advocated as being the best which shall enable Britain to hold her own and retain the supremacy which she has acquired. But is this the end of education?

For by supremacy is always implied in the minds of the people commercial supremacy; and great as is the effect on history when a master nation dominates the world of thought, it must be remembered that the moral influence of a nation is not necessarily most potent when it is merely supreme on account of its wealth. The moral development of humanity is not solely a matter of commerce and money. In so far as it is for the good of humanity, one naturally desires that the greatest influence be exercised by that race which has the highest ideals; and that commercial supremacy and

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the possession of wealth may, by bringing leisure for thought, tend to this is undoubtedly true. One would therefore wish that nation which is in the best position to encourage freedom of thought and scientific research to take the lead. Curiously though, it has happened that that nation which has had the greatest wealth, the largest leisured class, and the freest constitution, is the one great Power above all others, save Russia, which most steadily suppresses freedom of thought in intellectual matters, and which most strongly discourages, indeed indirectly prohibits, research and experiment! This fact is very significant, but we need not go into its cause at present.

What, then, is wanted? But first, here I would beg that one other class be consulted about education, namely, those who have felt themselves to be the victims of the present incompetent systems, whose careers and whose health have been ruined by inefficient and pernicious education.

There is a growing demand from such in all stations for an education that shall fit them for life, and not merely make scholars, or gentlemen, or specialists of them.

And one of the first questions which practical-minded victims ask is, "Why is our educational system so full of gaps?" Our primary, secondary, and advanced education by no means forms one perfect chain. It is, in fact, a series of jerky, disconnected institutions in which each seeks to accomplish precisely so much as is convenient to it to undertake and looks to the others to do what it has left undone, which obligation the others do not always consider binding. And the one subject which all fight shy of, knowing their utter incapacity to undertake it, is *moral education.*

Having passed through all those phases of education, men and women stand on the threshold of life almost absolutely ignorant of what is before them, and totally unfit to stand alone. Looking back, one asks, where does moral education come in, in this strange scheme? Theological education may be fitly left to the Church, but who is responsible for moral instruction? Who is to teach those sane and moral ways of living necessary to prevent injury to body and brain, to individual and community? In short, who are the teachers who have any knowledge of the laws of nature, and when and how are they to teach it?

Briefly, one might distinguish three departments in education:

1. That which all ought to know, irrespective of position and sex.
2. That which is suited to different stations in life.
3. That suited to special professions or trades.

Of the first group it may be said that, although the most important, it is the one which is most ignored.

(1) In a country overflowing with doctors, hospitals, police, poor-

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houses, and all the symptoms of physical and moral ill-health, one may reasonably conclude that there is a lamentable ignorance among its inhabitants of the laws of health and morality. Consequently, we see the urgent need of teaching to all, rich or poor, men or women, how to keep in health, how to behave as individuals and as members of society, in short, such habits as shall be a benefit to themselves and to the community. Whatever one's station or sex, it is quite certain that from birth till death one must be fed, and in this country clothed and housed; therefore it is needful for all to know the elementary laws of health, to understand the nature and value of food, its cost, its suitability to climate, season, and age, and how to prepare it; to know the effects of clothing; and to understand the necessity of sanitary habits; and last, and not least important, to have a sufficient knowledge of physiology to prevent personal injury to themselves or their offspring, through ignorance. Put shortly, one might say that every individual ought to understand his own body and how to use it. He ought to understand the laws of his country in so far as they affect him personally.

If one considers it carefully, this education will be found to embrace all the elements of the morality of life, for it may be summed up in the phrase, to know one's duty to one's self and one's duty towards one's neighbours. And the laws governing this perception of duty are based upon the great laws of the universe in so far as our knowledge permits. If this amount of education were placed within the reach of all, and taught by competent teachers, it is very probable that crime would immediately diminish and quite certain that sickness and ill-health would; and the efficiency of all classes and individuals would be immensely increased.

The moral education should begin in the nursery, and surely it ought to be continued throughout juvenile life, and in the school as in the home. There is nothing in the foregoing group of knowledge which might not be taught in the primary and secondary schools. It is as essential that the labourer and factory-worker should know how to keep in health and how to respect the rights of others, as for the aristocracy, and, given good teachers, there is no reason why his brain should not be capable of learning the elementary laws of his body. Before this can be accomplished there must be a great change, not only in the teachers, but also in the language in which they convey their instruction.

With regard to this matter I have written more fully elsewhere; here I need only say that it is totally impossible to teach botany, or physiology, or even sanitary habits to children, so long as the scientific handbooks use the absurd phraseology which is common in speaking of scientific facts. But even were the text-books written in simple English, the methods of teaching would require to be greatly altered before any good could come of the knowledge

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imparted. The servant who informed her mistress that she thought it was her thorax, not her throat, that she had cold in, adding, "I know it's your thorax, ma'am, because I was teached physiology at school," had spent the whole time devoted to physiology in learning the parts of the body off by heart, and knew nothing of applied physiology whatever. She did not learn one fact that would be of service to her in her daily life. This is solely the fault of those who prescribe the lessons and the teachers who convey them to the pupils. Why need a servant (or anybody else for that matter) ever waste time learning that her chest is called the thorax?

In much the same haphazard and ignorant way is natural history taught. The intellectual value of learning natural history is that it trains the brain, teaches children to observe, to reflect and to act upon reflection. Its moral benefit is also great. Yet I know a school in which natural history is turned into an instrument for the imparting of thoroughly immoral training by an ignorant, uncultured teacher. There the boys are requested to bring in as many nests for identification as possible. So that instead of checking the tendency to cruelty and inconsiderateness common in boys, the teacher directly encourages it, along with want of respect for the rights of their fellow beings (for birds have their place and rights in the scale of life), and this is called teaching natural history. Indirectly also they are taught want of consideration and respect for the rights of others and their property, as to get the nests they often injure trees and bushes, even in private gardens. The necessity for teaching natural history in the primary and secondary schools is not so urgent as the teaching of the subjects which I have just mentioned. Yet its moral effect is so great, in giving an insight into the general laws which govern the universe, in broadening the sympathies, in opening the mind to that larger life around us, and in assisting even children to realise the unity of the Kosmos, the Oneness of Life, that one is tempted to regard it as one of the subjects of which every individual in the community ought to have some knowledge.

(2) When we come to consider the teaching of different classes, we are met by many difficulties, but one cannot help thinking that the education which best fits men and women for the station they are to occupy will come to be looked upon as the most desirable. In the keen struggle for means of livelihood all the energies are used up by the largest part of the community in earning sufficient for their necessities. They cannot afford to lose one ounce of energy in misdirected labour, and it is only those who are placed above the daily struggle who have energy at liberty for further culture.

If one could teach the lower and small middle classes to develop energy by judicious living, one would thus work far more for their elevation, than by teaching them to play the piano and read a little French or Latin Grammar. When we look, for instance, at the

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teaching given to the children in agricultural districts we naturally expect that it will have some bearing upon their probable future life. The following extract from *Farm, Field, and Fireside*, quoted from the *Standard*, may give some idea of how little is done by education to encourage love or knowledge of agriculture in the youth of rural districts:

"A school manager, living in rather a large agricultural village, and who takes a considerable interest in rural life, has written to the *Standard* a letter entitled 'The Knowledge of Common things.' He says:

"It occurred to me the other day to question in school the twenty-five or thirty of the eldest children upon little matters of everyday life—seventy-nine in the school, without infants.

"Questioning the boys first, only three or four knew when wheat was sown—not one when barley. With the exception of one boy, none could give the names of any kinds of wheat or barley. Of bad weeds, only three or four could give names; the same of good grasses. Of the real reason why land was broken up after harvest and laid rough during the winter they had little knowledge, but, to my surprise, one boy knew what the subsoil was. Not one boy knew the difference between a savoy and a spring cabbage, but one girl did. A good many knew which was a horse's hock, but not one the stifle or fetlock.

"None could give the names of different breeds of sheep, but they could of two or three cattle; only one boy knew the usual number of nails in a horseshoe. All could tell me the length of a chain, a pole, a mile, &c. A few could give me eight or nine names of forest trees. The girls had a very vague idea as to the weight of a quartern loaf, or how bread was made. The same about a cake. One had a slight idea of making beef-tea; not one knew the heat at which water boils; only one knew the time to boil an egg; and not one knew what a poached egg was."

The writer concludes by asking the pertinent question: "Why should not boys be instructed—not as permissive subjects—in all matters connected with the soil, plant life, works of husbandry, anatomy of animals, grafting, budding, pruning, and the like? They would like the subjects, and it would make them love their gardens, the fields, and the country generally, instead of hating it, as they, in most cases, do now."

And it is a fact that young farmers, poultry farmers, and market gardeners, are largely dependent upon the editors of these journals and a few handbooks for any knowledge which they may possess regarding agriculture, other than the very meagre stock handed down by ignorant and prejudiced forerunners.

Just precisely what curriculum would meet the wants of all classes in giving a foundation of education to each, which would be suitable without unduly emphasising class distinction yet equally without losing sight of it, would be difficult to say without long weighing of *pros* and *cons*. That some clear distinction must be drawn between the education given to the man who is to be a Cabinet Minister, a university professor, or a student of astronomy, and that

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given to the one who is to be a farmer, a tradesman, or a mechanic, is a fact which even the social democrats are beginning to understand.

The sooner it is frankly acknowledged that between the stone-breaker and the washerwoman on the one hand and the poet or philosopher and highly cultured lady on the other hand, there is an immense difference in capacity and rights of education as of other things, the more quickly shall we arrive within sight of that Utopia where all are equal, or at least more nearly so than at present. For it is an indisputable fact that "one's rights are according to one's capacities, and one's position is according to one's morality." Something then, which shall give a good education to each according to the requirements of his station, we need. Something more uniform than we at present have, and that will give us a guarantee that if a man has attended this or that class of school he may reasonably be presumed to have had a certain education. The German division into real school and gymnasium has much to recommend it, but one does not want so rigid a system in this country. For there it is only those who have passed through the gymnasium who can enter the University, whereas in Britain we certainly wish to retain the right to enter the University at any age and without respect to our former position or requirements, provided always that some guarantee, such as entrance examinations or other certificate, is given, proving that one's attainments are sufficient to entitle one to a University education.

But it is certainly greatly to be desired that a much more complete education be given to all (complete enough, that is, to make them efficient and worthy citizens with the knowledge which is most becoming to their station and future rank) before passing to the last and what may be termed the finishing stage of preparation for life, namely, technical education. And this is quite possible without spending an undue portion of one's life in preliminary studies, although not so if the existing curricula are to be retained. But when all that is useless in our present system is swept away there will be found to be so much time to devote to subjects more suitable to the brains and tastes of children, that an education comprising twice the amount of useful knowledge and carrying them twice as far on the road towards special knowledge will be possible without losing one year of their time. When, instead of addling their brains with the perplexities of grammar (suited only to the most mature intellect), and cramming them with isolated and useless facts, we have thought out a systematic, well-connected course of instruction in things connected with the life we have to live, and the world we live in, and taught not only the facts, but their application, to children in one unbroken sequence, there is no doubt that a very thorough education will be practicable before the age for specialisation is reached.

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(3) With this third group of technical and professional education I cannot at present deal. Indeed, the whole subject of education is one requiring a life-long study, and the most careful testing and adapting of knowledge to the requirements of advancing thought and science, as well as to the ever-changing demands of social and economic life.

Therefore it is with hesitation that even the above tentative sketch is offered for consideration, and only because of the necessity of free discussion by all classes of the needs of the community. When the people really see their needs they will doubtless take steps to supply them; the great difficulty at present is to see what is wanting, and how to remedy the indifference and ignorance which prevails upon the subject.

A. GALBRAITH.

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THE ETHICAL MOVEMENT IN 1902.[1]

If one may define Ethics as the science of "rightness" one may say that the object of its votaries is to find a foundation of demonstrable fact upon which to base our moral beliefs and actions, for it is the weak point of all morality resting upon theological bases that, though the resulting morals may be roughly said to agree in many important respects, yet the different sects differ materially as to the moral sanction for their teachings.

It was because he found Ethics incomplete that Professor Huxley advocated religious instruction in schools.

It is because the public still believes Ethics to be incomplete that so little progress is made by the Ethical Societies in convincing even that section of the public which is open to the conviction of reason.

But the whole process of seeking a basis for a preconceived belief is false to science.

The Religionists, accepting beliefs which are incapable of logical proof, are satisfied with those beliefs as a basis for their moral teaching; others, and we must all admit them a very large and constantly increasing number, either unable to accept the beliefs of current religion without question, or becoming, through increasing scientific inquiry, sceptical of what they once accepted as the foundation of all truth, nevertheless still accept, and are unwilling to be parted from, many of the conclusions to which they have been led by the religious conceptions they have discarded. They still believe that this or that is right or wrong even after the authority (to them) for rightness or wrongfulness has been destroyed. They confidently believe, for instance, murder and theft to be wrong though they do not concede any special authority to the ten commandments. They retain the superstructure even after the foundations have been destroyed. The result becomes of course a castle in the air to which they cling in desperation.

To any one in this predicament, no comfort is so likely to appeal as that offered by Intuitive Ethics. It seems so easy and satisfactory to be able to urge that there is implanted in each

[1] *The Ethical Movement in England, 1902.* By Mark H. Judge, Editor of the *Ethical Review.* London · 4 Kingdon Road, N.W.

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of us a conscience which is a competent judge of the rightness or otherwise of all acts and thoughts. Nor does this hypothesis seem to suffer materially from the fact that different consciences dictate different conclusions. It seems to satisfy each one that his own conscience suffices for his needs, and he does not think it necessary to seek or claim conformity among all consciences in order to prove the correctness of the hypothesis of Intuitive Ethics. But to an unprejudiced spectator who reasons about the matter, it is at once evident that the follower of Intuitive Ethics has no rational advantage over the believer in a basis of a theological character, and his code of morals likewise is based upon an assumption unsupported by evidence, while in its results it at best works out no nearer agreement as to what is right or what is wrong.

To the mind of the writer the error appears to lie in first accepting certain views on right and wrong in practice, and then seeking to justify them by some religious or quasi-scientific hypothesis or theory.

One who is earnestly seeking after truth and recognises with Locke that the real test of his honesty of purpose is "the not entertaining any proposition with greater assurance than the proofs it is built upon will warrant," is bound to find a rational basis upon which he may build conceptions and form beliefs as to the nature of right and wrong. He who performs the operation the other way round and seeks only for a working hypothesis which will fit in with his preconceived beliefs does but deceive himself, and he is little better off than is he who boldly assumes a foundation of which he is ignorant or else goes altogether without one and proceeds to work out his existence in accordance with whatever prejudices he happens to have acquired.

Those who are disappointed at the slow rate of progress which modern Ethics have made in the public mind must honestly ask themselves to which party they belong. Are they content to "skip" the preliminary inquiry stage and start with certain preconceived hypotheses? If so, can they wonder that the reason of the thinking public is not appealed to? Or are they prepared to seek truth through laborious spade work among foundations for belief before they allow themselves the luxury of conclusions? None who have tried this method can be surprised at the meagreness of the results which Ethics have to show. The world at large is perforce far too busy seeking the satisfaction of the physical needs of existence to spare enough time and energy for rapid progress in the formation of strictly rational conceptions of life.

The order of things above described—foundation first, conclusions afterwards, knowledge before successful practice—can be and ought to be followed in the processes of the mind; but in the actions of daily life it cannot be. We must act daily and often. We cannot

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refrain from action until we have first formed rational conceptions of our motives of action. But we are in no need of drawing definite conclusions regarding motives and moral sanctions without first acquiring knowledge.

Let us now put to this test the "Union of Ethical Societies." To which class of teaching does theirs belong? Listen to Dr. Stanton Coit in his *Dynamics of Democracy*:

"There is a pedantic conceit among many would-be democratic reformers, that they and others must sit and think for thirty years more to discover remedies for the people's woes. They imagine that they must discover fresh solutions, of their own make, for all the time-honoured problems. But the rank and file, the actual leaders of the various efforts at social reform, know already what needs doing. . . . A new democratic party, to begin with, needs only to take over the expressed grievances of the masses and the various remedies (*sic*) which their own tried leaders from within have demanded, and the party's programme will have gained its body and outline. . . . The doctrine of not committing ourselves until we are experts and authorities, or unless others who are experts and specialists approve, is madness in thinkers; and it is fatal to those causes which need the leadership of the best equipped brains."

We shall not have much difficulty in deciding to which of the two schools Dr. Coit belongs. His well known enthusiastic desire for improvement of the condition of the masses makes him impatient of the ground-work and willing to accept the means already to hand which their authors assure us will prove to be remedies for social diseases.

And the Union of Ethical Societies, if we may take Dr. Coit as their spokesman, errs in good company. Mr. Benjamin Kidd in *Prefaratory Essay* to (new) volume xxix. of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* speaks of the outcome of Herbert Spencer's Ethics as applied to the question of the function of government. He quotes Mr. Spencer on the differences between social and individual organisms as follows:

"Perhaps the most important distinction is, that while in the body of an animal only a special tissue is endowed with feeling, in a society all the members are endowed with feeling. . . . While in individual bodies the welfare of all other parts is rightly subservient to the welfare of the nervous system, whose pleasurable or painful activities make up the good or evil of life; in bodies politic the same thing does not hold, or holds to but a very slight extent.

"It is well that the lives of all parts of an animal should be merged in the life of the whole; because the whole has a corporate consciousness capable of happiness or misery. But it is not so with society; since its living units do not and cannot lose individual consciousness, and since the community as a whole has no corporate consciousness. And this is an everlasting reason why the welfare of citizens cannot rightly be sacrificed to some supposed benefit of the State; but why, on the other hand, the State is to be maintained solely for the benefit of citizens. The corporate life here must be subservient to the lives of the parts, instead of the lives of the parts being subservient to the corporate life."

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Then apparently because the above quoted statement of the case does not accord with Mr. Kidd's social and political beliefs he concludes in the same article that society "must be organic in *some* different and wider sense than he" (Spencer) "imagined" (*sic*).

If this spirit is to be the rule and our conclusions are to guide the reasoning by which we support them, I fear that the progress of Ethics as a social and political factor in public and private life will be slow. To the credit of Ethical students be it said, however, that there remains a section of whom Mr. Mark Judge is representative who have stood out manfully against this tendency, which they look upon as the prostitution of a science.

As it was not, however, my object at the outset to set forth the teachings of Ethics or of any particular school of Ethics, but rather, taking for granted that the reader is acquainted with these, to draw a comparison between the schools above spoken of and see how each desires to put its teachings into practice in political life, I do not think I could take a more suitable dividing line than the difference of opinion just quoted as between Herbert Spencer and his critic.

To the follower of Herbert Spencer it appears that, not satisfied with the conclusions which follow from his reasoning, the school of thought represented by the Union of Ethical Societies prefers to follow up preconceived ideas of right and wrong and leave each member to settle the groundwork of his hypothesis with his own conscience. Further, the line of action of their applied Ethics seems, to judge by their organ *Ethics, an Organ of the Ethical Movement*, till recently edited by Dr. Stanton Coit, to be—altruism made compulsory—if one may use such a phrase. Summed up, the object of political action is to be the benefit of society as a whole irrespective of the good of the individuals which compose it, or if and where this threatens to conflict with the immediate benefit of that class of society loosely known as the "masses," then the benefit of the "masses" is to be the goal of all political action. This end, moreover, is not to be reached by means which can be called altruistic, but by the forcable compulsion of the remaining individuals in society. It therefore loses whatever merit it might have gained through the exercise of altruistic motives by some individuals whilst retaining all the evil consequences which may result to those who benefit by the actions of others whether voluntary or compulsory. Let me illustrate. Dr. Coit says in *Dynamics of Democracy:*

"Imagine a people a hundred million strong each conscious of his own responsibility, each contributing his genius, self-control, and provident pity to the nation as a whole, through a form of government happily devised for just such contribution. . . . *From each according to his strength, to each according to his need.* . . . Everybody to-day would define Socialism as *State* ownership or the *nationalisation* of land *and* capital. . . . Private enterprise in religious organisation, except in unceasing protest, is a sin against the only redeeming power. . . . Democracy in religion means the

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moral idealism of the nation subjected to incessant debate and the corrections arising therefrom and continually reorganised by State government; just as in industry it means the control of land and capital by the living community. It means the religion of the whole people for the whole by the whole. . . . The democratisation of religion will mean, as regards the sects, that they shall be endowed and established by the State, on condition that they drop theological tests for both ministers and members. To drop these tests would mean to discard all outside authority and set up inward and rational conviction, which is the final court of democratic appeal. . . . But this change would really amount to the disestablishment of the present Church, and the fresh establishment of a non-theological, democratic, and ethical communion. In such a communion, instead of the head office being, like that of the present Primate, for life, it would consist simply in membership in the Cabinet Committee of the House of Commons, and the incumbent would, with the rest of the Ministry, go out of office. . . . The whole people has never yet thought or said or planned what music, architecture and drama, what games, holidays, and festivals will satisfy *its* play impulse. . . . When it does, when we have our municipal theatres, concerts, operas, dances, festivals, gymnasia, and games to meet the needs of mind and body, a higher sanity, a sweeter instinct of body and of soul will have banished drunkenness and license. . . . If you democratise religion, art, and æsthetic recreation you have set free in men the energy and the desires which are sure to democratise industry. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine how any spiritual lever, except democratic religion, education, and recreation, can raise men to an intelligence and character equal to the task of democratising industry."

The possibility of any real benefit to society resulting from our acting on this principle in politics will be seen to depend upon a very high standard of moral duty towards one's fellows being observed by individuals.

If, as under Socialism, as here portrayed, the community is to be the gainer by the efforts of the individual, that individual must evidently be of a very high order of character before he will put forth as great energy and as conscientious work for the benefit of others as he would do if he stood to benefit by his exertions himself. My readers can judge whether the average man of the present day, in any class of society, comes up to the required standard. But if man did come up to such a standard of private character as the Socialist position requires, one may reasonably ask why political compulsion should be required to force him to part with any of the produce of his life's work for the benefit of his fellows (assuming that it is right and expedient that he should do so). In short either his moral character does *not* come up to the standard of unselfishness required, in which case it is hardly necessary to point out that State compulsion will not raise it, or else his character *does* come up to the required standard, in which case social compulsion is not only not required but if exercised would deprive him of those sympathetic pleasures which he derives from actions to which his unselfish character prompts him, while the rest of the community who might receive the benefit of his voluntary unselfish-

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ness would be deprived of the good influence which their gratitude for his voluntary acts should have over them, but which influence, when these acts are performed under compulsion, is inoperative. In either case the result is a loss to the side of compulsion.

We may here, I think, point with advantage to a fact which probably both schools of Ethics recognise, namely, that the ultimate social state we all desire can only be compatible with a greatly improved standard of human character. The difference between the two views on this point is that the school of the Union of Ethical Societies conceives political institutions of the socialistic type (whose success must depend upon that very improvement in character) as themselves capable of having the necessary improving effect, while the school which follows the teachings of Herbert Spencer believes in improving individual character by means of political institutions which leave the success of each unit dependent upon its own exertions.

To illustrate this difference in terms of current reform programmes, the socialist type of reformer advocates so-called "free" old age pensions as a "right" of the worker, "free" libraries, playgrounds, &c., State workshops, out of work pay or State-guaranteed employment at "minimum wages," &c., &c. In short, benefits in excess of the actual results of individual effort in most cases.

The Individualist urges that nearly all thoughtful people have long realised that indiscriminate private charity (*i.e.*, benefits in excess of the result of efforts) generally tends only to perpetuate the very evils (poverty and idleness) which it seeks to remove, and he argues that there is no reason why State charity (if anything given to some which is forcibly taken from others can be called charity) is likely to have any better result. He therefore opposes all "free" gifts to any class who have not earned them, out of the pockets of others who have.

And it is here that many an honest Individualist stumbles. The logical consequences of his line of argument force him to a conclusion which he was probably brought up to shun as he would the devil.

He professes to follow reason in search of truth. Reason leads him to Individualism—the freedom of each limited only by the equal liberty of all. Individualism involves to each the consequences of his own actions, but in things not the consequences of human action, equality of opportunity. And, heresy of heresies (to some), this involves the equal right of each individual to land—the surface of the globe upon which mankind is thrown. (I suppose I shall be told that Herbert Spencer has repudiated this conclusion. He may have done so, but to the best of my knowledge he has not attempted to show up the flaw in his own line of reasoning by which he first so conclusively proved it to all the world.)

The Individualist who repudiates this logical conclusion of his own faith is in a very difficult position. He opposes the whole socialist

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programme of so-called reform. Does he consider the existing state of society the best possible? Hardly, when over 20 per cent. of our population may be described as living in chronic poverty, unable even to maintain themselves and their families in a state of physical efficiency, much less with any margin for the exercise of self-culture or intelligent citizenship.

Then what has he to propose? Nothing whatever. At any rate nothing of first-rate importance calculated to make any appreciable difference to the submerged fifth.

Truly his lot is unenviable and we cannot be surprised if he fails to carry conviction in his opposition to those who promise so much.

The logical Individualist, on the other hand, points to the alternative method to socialism with the utmost confidence.

He asks how you can expect individuals to prosper and develop those characteristics of initiative, self-reliance, self-respect, and self-restraint upon which the success of democracy and even the progress of the human race depend, if they are to be provided for to a large extent without regard to their merits or effort. Following Spencer he urges, on the contrary, that these characteristics are directly resultant from action on the principle of payment in all things by results, in proportion to merit and effort. It so happens that this ethical principle coincides with a well recognised principle in business. Ask any employer of labour what is the best method of turning out capable, self-respecting workmen, and he will tell you "Payment by results." To the good workman high wages, to the bad workman low wages, to the honest man with intelligent initiative promotion, to the dishonest one and the skulker dismissal.

But again the true Individualist asks, how can you expect to cultivate these vitally necessary characteristics in men when you deprive them of all access to the gift of nature, the surface of the earth, unless and until it shall please the so-called "owners" of the earth to accept from them in payment for permission to live and labour, the cream of their produce, leaving them in many cases too little to support life in decency, still less in comfort.

He recognises that the "equal freedom" which is of the essence of his belief is a farce in any society where individuals cannot even show an equal claim upon nature for their own support, except through the poor-house, because land is already monopolised, and there is therefore no place available for them on earth except through the charity or self-interest of those in possession.

Likewise he recognises, if he is also a bit of an economist, that the collectively earned increment upon (unearned) land is due not alone to the efforts, if any, of the land-owner, be he capitalist or worker or both, but to the pressure of population upon monopolised land in the first instance, and to the standard of excellence achieved by that population in the sciences and arts of production in the

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second instance; and that therefore his principle of payment by results coincides with his principle of equal freedom in dictating equal individual ownership of the gifts of nature and of that share of the joint product of society's industry which the land-owner absorbs. In short, your true Individualist is of necessity a land nationalist.

May we not claim here to have discovered common ground? For is not the Socialist also a land nationalist? Though the grounds upon which he bases the conclusion differ fundamentally from those of the Individualist, is it too much to hope that the former may yet overlook that fact, as we believe him to have overlooked many others in arriving at his present position, and co-operate with the Individualist in first putting all members of society upon an equal footing as regards the opportunities which the globe and the forces of nature afford for the exercise of human faculties.

FRANKLIN THOMASSON.

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LAWYERS AND SHAKESPEARE.[1]

CLOSELY following on Judge Webb's *Mystery of William Shakespeare* comes the posthumous work of another lawyer, almost as well known to fame by the name of Sir James Plaisted Wilde as by his later title of Lord Penzance. I do not know if this latest contributor to the Shakespearean discussion will be dismissed by Mr. Sidney Lee and his school, *more suo*, as "fanatic and fool." "Madhouse chatter," "epidemic disease," "unworthy of serious attention from any but professed students of intellectual aberration," "morbid psychology"—these are some of the agreeable epithets bestowed by Mr. Lee upon those who venture to disagree with him upon a matter of literary controversy (see the *Times* of December 20, 1901), and we must suppose that he has some qualifications which entitle him to employ invective in default of argument. "But, why so warm, Sir Fretful?" I had fondly hoped that these amenities were, by common consent, reserved for religious controversy only. But, however that may be, it is certain that Lord Penzance, during a long life, had a great reputation both as a lawyer and as a judge. Mr. Inderwick, himself a King's Counsel and a distinguished lawyer, thus speaks of him in the memoir prefixed to the work before me:

> "He showed a remarkable grasp of legal principles, and was endowed by nature with a remarkable facility for marshalling facts and for a clear expression of his views. . . . I declare that I know of few, if any, persons so eminently qualified as Lord Penzance to take a calm judicial view of a question surrounded by many difficulties, accentuated necessarily by lapse of time and by deficiency of accurate and complete information. The learned judge's array of his facts in this summing-up addressed to the universe, the clearness of his deductions, and the simple yet attractive method in which he has formulated his views, will, I am satisfied, well repay perusal. An unimpassioned *resumé* of the case against Shakespeare thus given to the world may lead to a further and more thorough consideration of the subject by persons not actuated by any motive other than that of arriving at the truth."

Wise words, which some of our latter-day Pundits of literature would, I think, do well to lay to heart.

[1] *The Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy.* A Judicial Summing-up by the Right Hon. Sir James Plaisted Wilde, Baron Penzance. Edited by M. H. Kinnear, with a Biographical Note by F. A. Inderwick, K.C. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. *The Shakespeare-Bacon Controversy.* A Report of the Trial of an Issue in Westminster Hall, June 20, 1627. By William Willis, Treasurer of the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

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Lord Penzance adopted the form of a summing-up for convenience, as he tells us; but he is at no pains to conceal the fact that his work is an argument in favour of the "plaintiffs" in the case, viz., of those who contend that the *Plays* and *Poems* which were for the most part published under the name of "William Shakespeare," were not in truth written by the Stratford player to whom they have been generally credited. To undertake anything like an examination of the arguments by which the late learned judge supports this contention is impossible within the limits of this article, and I can do little more than cordially recommend the work to every one who is prepared to study the question at issue with an unprejudiced mind; for, amid much doubt, one thing at least is certain, namely, that without long, patient, and impartial study no opinion worth having can be arrived at upon the matters in dispute.

In view of the writer's great reputation as a lawyer one naturally turns to see what is his opinion on the much debated question of "Shakespeare's" knowledge of law. Here we find that Lord Penzance is altogether in agreement with Lord Campbell. "I allude," he writes, "to his [Shakespeare's] perfect familiarity with not only the principles, axioms, and maxims, but the technicalities of English law; and knowledge so perfect and intimate that he was never incorrect, and never at fault." And, again, "without the regular training of a lawyer he could not think and express himself after the fashion in which the writer of Shakespeare's plays uniformly does." We now, therefore, have Lord Campbell, Lord Penzance, Judge Webb, and Mr. Castle, K.C., not to mention Judge Holmes, and Senator Davis (to whom might be added that ardent Shakspeariolater Richard Grant White) in full agreement upon this matter of "Shakespeare's" legal attainments. But if this view be accepted—if "to acquire a perfect familiarity with legal principles, and an accurate and ready use of the technical terms and phrases not only of the conveyancer's office, but of the pleader's chambers and the courts at Westminster, nothing short of employment in some career involving constant contact with legal questions and general legal work would be requisite"—then the question of authorship seems to be decided against the Stratford player, for it is certain that *he* could not have had this training. Mr. Castle, in order to escape from the difficulty, has put forward the hypothesis that, though the player was the general author of the Shakespearean dramas, Bacon must have written the legal passages, but I do not think that this ingenious theory has found many supporters.

This, however, is only one, and by no means the most important, of the innumerable points at issue between the plaintiffs and the defendants in this great case. Perhaps the most interesting part of the subject is the appearance of the first Folio in 1623, seven years after the death of Shakespeare at Stratford, and the vexed question

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of the interpretation of the various and inconsistent Jonsonian utterances on Shakspere, Bacon, and the works of "Shake-speare." Here Lord Penzance's summing up will be found full of interest, and his arguments should be compared with Judge Webb's able chapters on the same matter.

I have noticed two mistakes in this excellent work. Lord Penzance quotes Fuller as saying "Many were the wit-combats that I *beheld* betwixt him [Shakespeare] and Ben Jonson, which two I *beheld*," &c. &c.; whereas what Fuller wrote was this: "Many were the wit-combats betwixt him and Ben Jonson, which two I *behold* like a Spanish great gallion and an English man-of-war," &c. Fuller was only eight years old when Shakespeare died, and, therefore, he beheld these doughty combatants "in his mind's eye" only. His is not contemporaneous testimony, as some have been led to think.

The second mistake is one which has been made by many before, and is even repeated in Mr. Israel Gollancz's edition of *Troilus and Cressida* published as one of the "Temple Shakespeare" series. It consists in assuming a coincidence of error on the part of both Shakespeare and Bacon in saying, as each did (if indeed they were two persons), that Aristotle thought young men "unfit to hear *moral philosophy*." This is supposed to be a mistake, because Aristotle used the words τῆς πολιτικῆς, which is usually translated "Politics;" but this gives an entirely wrong conception of Aristotle's meaning, and, as every student of the Nicomachean Ethics is aware, "moral philosophy" is a correct and scholarly rendering; in fact, the coincidence here is not one of error, but rather one of accurate classical knowledge, and it is none the less remarkable on that account.

Lord Penzance's "summing up" favours the Baconian hypothesis, but, as he points out, that is "a subordinate and subsidiary question," the real and substantial question being did the Stratford player write the *Poems* and *Plays*, or was "William Shake-speare" but a *nom de plume?* And here I would make two observations. First that, as is well known, some eighteen plays were published under the name of Shakespeare which nobody contends were written by the player; so that *somebody* must have freely used the name as a *pseudonym* without objection or interference. And, secondly, that nobody supposes that Bacon was the author of these plays, in the same sense as Scott, for instance, was the author of the *Waverley Novels*. Without doubt Shakespeare, whoever he was, worked up old material, and borrowed freely from other writers, so that there is much in these dramas, even the best of them, that is not in truth "Shakespearean." But his was the magician's wand which could by its marvellous power commute the commonest metal into priceless gold.

I now turn to the work of another lawyer upon the same subject

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of controversy. I think not a few of those who remember Mr. William Willis at the Bar as an able, upright, and strenuous advocate, will somewhat regret that he should have applied his *perfervidum ingenium*, and, as I think, wasted so much of his time in writing the imaginary report of an imaginary trial which he has lately given to the world. For what, in the name of common sense, is the use of calling up spirits as witnesses "from the vasty deep," merely to put into their mouths what you want them to say, while, at the same time, denying to the imaginary counsel on the other side all use of effective cross-examination? I must say that this strikes me as about the most futile method of putting forward a case that can possibly be conceived. Mr. Willis, for instance, calls Edward Blount, who, with W. Jaggard, was one of the publishers of the first Folio, to say, amongst other things, that he has "seen Shakespeare [meaning the player] in conversation with the Earl of Pembroke and the Earl of Montgomery." Why, then, while he was about it, did he not make the witness produce a bundle of correspondence between "Shakespeare" and these two noble earls, or the Earl of Southampton, or Essex, or any other of the great men of his time with whom it is assumed that he was so intimate? Such "evidence" (save the mark!) would have been just as useful—and just as childish. Blount is made to say that, when Heminge and Condell brought him the manuscripts, "I saw I had in my hands a treasure," but nevertheless did not preserve these priceless papers, which the two players professed to have "received from him" [Shakespeare] "absolute in their numbers as he conceived them." "I did not see any reason for keeping them," complacently observes this supposed witness! Heminge and Condell are made to swear that they undertook their editorial work without any remuneration at all, and without any thought of such a thing, just as "the authors of the four gospels, the finest biographies in the world, received nothing for them"! This analogy is mightily provocative of a reply; but, as Mr. Willis has probably never turned his attention to the "higher criticism," it may be sufficient to say *nil agit exemplum litem quod lite resolvit;* merely adding that William Shakspere who lent money and brought actions to recover the most trifling sums, was certainly not a man to let slip any chance of remuneration, and why his executors and residuary legatees should have done so is a thing that has never been explained.

Ben Jonson is called in this mock trial to swear that he had nothing whatever to do with the writing of the Players' Preface to the Folio, though Malone long ago claimed to have established, "beyond a doubt," that "every word of the first half of this address to the reader, which is signed with the names of John Hemings and Henry Condell, was written by Ben Jonson." Malone's reasoning appears to me to be absolutely conclusive on this matter;

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but, of course, it is not brought up in the so-called cross-examination! It might, according to the common saying of the Courts, "have knocked the witness into a cocked-hat!" (See Malone's edition of Shakespeare, vol. ii., p. 663, ed. 1821.) Jaggard is called by Mr. Willis to say that "I never heard a doubt cast on Shakespeare being the author of the plays and poems printed and published in his lifetime." Yet Jaggard was himself the piratical printer who published another man's work as Shakespeare's in the *Passionate Pilgrim!* Again, of course, nothing is asked in cross-examination about this! Heminge is made to say that the Folio is the final, best and perfected text. "The same with *Hamlet;* there are important portions in the folio, not in the quartos." Not a word about that magnificent "soliloquy on reason and resolution," "the one especial speech, if any such especial speech there be, in which" (according to Mr. Swinburne) "the personal genius of Shakespeare soars up to the very highest of its height, and strikes down to the very deepest of its depth," and which, nevertheless, is only to be found in the quartos! Mr. Willis would really seem to have imperfectly studied his brief here! Leonard Digges is called, and reads his lines, printed in the first Folio, but the cross-examining counsel is not allowed to confront him with his verses prefixed to the 1640 edition, and apparently intended for the Folio—verses so grotesque and absurd that either the writer had no knowledge of the author and the work that he professed to be eulogising, or, what is much more probable, was writing in a vein of magnificent irony. To praise Shakespeare on the ground that nature only helped him, and that through his whole book he "does not borrow one phrase from Greeks, or Latins imitate, nor once from vulgar languages translate, nor plagiari-like from others glean," is to praise him for just those qualities which he least possessed; as if one should praise Swift for his sweetness of temper, and the gentleness and delicacy of his language! Mr. Willis makes the player sign his name "Shakspeare" or "Shakespeare," whereas I believe it is indisputable that both the deeds and the will show "Shakspere"; and as to "Shakespeare" we have the authority of the redoubtable Mr. Spedding (were it required) that this form at any rate he never used in any known instance.

When Bacon's name is mentioned, as that of the possible author, the whole Court is convulsed with laughter, and the judge has to retire for some minutes. Now this certainly is not argument, neither is it at all calculated to convert opponents. We can only conclude, therefore, that Mr. Willis aspires merely to preach to the already converted. He tells us that when he was reading his paper in the Inner Temple Hall some of his hearers supposed he was reading the report of a trial which had actually taken place, and asked for an inspection of the MS. they thought he had discovered!

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Of a truth there must be many simple, ingenuous youths—many Slenders—in the Temple nowadays! The case too appears to have been tried by Mr. Justice Shallow. But it would be unprofitable to spend further time over such puerilities. *Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis.*

G. G. GREENWOOD.

PS.—Doctor Knott, in his interesting article on "The Scientific Item in the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy" (WESTMINSTER REVIEW, September 1902), has fallen into a curious error of quotation. He cites the following lines as lines which Bacon "*could not* have written" (they are part of the belly's answer to the members in the well-known parable):

> "'True is it, my incorporate friends,' quoth he,
> 'That I receive the general food at first,
> Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
> Because I am the storehouse, and the shop
> Of the whole body; but if you do remember,
> I send it through the *veins* of your blood,
> Even to the court, the heart—to the seat of the brain;
> And through the cranks and offices of man,
> The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins
> From me receive that natural competency
> Whereby they live.'"

Now if the reader will turn to *Coriolanus*, Act I., sc. 1, he will find that the word "*veins*," which I have put into italics, is a misquotation for "rivers." What "Shakespeare" says is that the belly receives the "food" as the storehouse of the whole body, but sends it through the rivers of the blood to the various parts, among which are mentioned not only "the strongest nerves," but the "small inferior veins," which by obscure processes ("the cranks and offices of man") receive from the belly "that natural competency whereby they live." This is merely an amplification of the words of North's Plutarch: "It is true I first receive all meats that nourish man's body; but afterwards I send it again to the nourishment of other parts of the same." Yet on this passage Dr. Knott would found the contention that the writer (player Shakespeare, to wit) had "an approximate conception of the circulation of the blood," and that, therefore, the passage could not possibly have been written by Bacon, who was in entire ignorance of that scientific truth!

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SOME FURTHER EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ADVOCATES OF JUSTICE FOR WOMEN.

In previous articles, published in this Review, it has been made apparent that the principle of justice to women, stimulated by Chivalry, and helped by Boccaccio and other writers, took root in Europe in the fourteenth century. Chivalry, despite its garment of mock homage, had exalted woman, with the very natural result that women were rising to deserve homage. To give an example. In little more than one hundred years, during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, history has recorded for us no less than six royal ladies of the name of Margaret, whose lives were superior to those of ordinary royal ladies. Margaret of Denmark, "the Semiramis of the North," united by force of arms, Sweden to Norway, and ruled in person Scandinavia and Denmark. Two Margarets of Austria, one of legitimate and the other of illegitimate birth, were within thirty years of each other appointed, by Emperors of Germany, Governors of the Netherlands. Margaret of Anjou, wife of our Henry VI., fought no less than twelve pitched battles to uphold the throne of her husband. Margaret of Valois extended her protection to persecuted Protestants, and our own Margaret Beaufort, mother of Henry VII., founded Christ's College, Cambridge, projected that of St. John, which was founded two years after her death, and otherwise assisted the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. It was also the age which produced that exquisite symbol of inspired womanhood, Joan of Arc, and that type of combined valour and common sense, Isabella of Castile.

But now we have to skip centuries, and take our record to the latter half of the eighteenth century, when both literature and morals were at a very low ebb. It was only natural that the cause of womanhood should then suffer from the general decadence. The good feeling of De Foe, Steele, and Fielding towards the sex had been largely discounted by the ribald spleen and spite of Pope and Swift. Of Steele let it be gratefully remembered, in the words of Austin Dobson, "He wrote of women and children as, in his day, no other writer had hitherto dared to do." But, despite the low level of the age, even at this period the cause of womanhood was not altogether forgotten. Among churchmen, Canon Seward, of Lichfield, and the Rev.

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John Duncombe advocated their claims in verse, which in that age was considered poetry. Pamphlets also continued to be published in advocacy of the cause of women, and if the writers did not show the keen philosophy of Mary Astell, or the brilliant thrusts of "Sophia," they are scarcely less deserving of our gratitude, for they at least honoured womanhood and kept above the low level of the bulk of the literature of their day. It was an age which was preparing to accept Hayley as a great Poet. The woman's question had to wait for the stimulus of the French Revolution to restore to it the genius and earnestness of previous writers.

It is therefore intended that this article should be a brief summary of the position which the Women's Rights question held in the eighteenth century up to the time when Mary Wollstonecraft published her "Vindication of the Rights of Woman." As such it will include details of the advocacy of such minor women writers as were, knowingly or unknowingly to themselves, the disciples of Mary Astell and "Sophia."

It was not given to the altruistic soul of Mary Astell to witness much fruit from her labours; but to the last sympathetic women of high birth stood by her, and their friendship lightened the physical burdens which assailed her in her old age—burdens, however, which never weakened her mind or spirit. The seed sown by her did not seem to germinate till death had stilled her hands for ever; then Phœnix-like from her ashes, there appeared her young and vigorous successor, "Sophia, a person of quality."[1] Besides "Sophia," there were other women; some, like Peter of old, denying their discipleship. All, however, were not fainthearted. Among the earliest and most outspoken was Lady Anne Irwin, sister to the Earl of Carlisle, and the girlhood companion of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. The Reverend John Duncombe in his *Feminaid* extols the pluck of Lady Anne in refusing to accept Pope's estimate of her sex, as given in his *Essay on the Characters of Women*.

> "By generous views one peeress more demands
> A grateful tribute from all female hands,
> Who to shield them from the worst of foes,
> In their just cause dar'd Pope himself oppose."

Horace Walpole, in his *Royal and Noble Authors*, describes Lady Anne's poem as "opening with an animated vindication of her own sex and a forcible retort on ours." He happily preserves for us part of the poem:

[1] From further records, and the internal evidence of the two pamphlets published by "Sophia," as also the answer to the earlier of the two by "A Gentleman," the writer feels emboldened to say, that in these pamphlets we have another, and in all probability a final, passage of arms between those noted literary combatants, Pope and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. It is not the purport of this article to argue such a point, or to establish the identity of "Sophia," but the writer is convinced that "Sophia" was either Lady Mary Wortley Montagu or some woman largely inspired by her.

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"By custom doom'd to folly, sloth, and ease,
No wonder Pope such female triflers sees;
But, would the satirist confess the truth,
Nothing so like as male and female youth.
Nothing so like as man and woman old,
Their joys, their loves, their hates, if truly told.
Though different acts seem different sexes' growth,
'Tis the same principle impels them both.

. . . .

A female mind like a rude fallow lies.
No seed is sown, but weeds spontaneous rise;
In education all the difference lies.
Women if taught would be as learned and wise
As haughty man, inspired by arts and rules.
Where God makes one, Nature makes many fools."

In place of "Nature" the word "custom" would seem more appropriate. But God and nature were less synonymous terms in the past than in the present century.

Amid the trashy verbose dealing with women, with which the magazines of the day were too frequently padded, we here and there find that some earnest woman had seized an opportunity to advantage her sex. Such was Mary Astell's article in the *Tatler*, 1709, which Swift could not resist the chance of descanting on with disgusting ribaldry. Women might well hesitate to break silence if by speaking they laid their cherished ideas and their characters open to such lewd travesty, for the amusement of the depraved and the debauched.

In 1732 Mrs. Catherine Cockburn (who thirty years before had received the thanks of Locke for defending his writings against Dr. Holdsworth) wrote a poetical appeal to Queen Caroline, which reads ludicrously enough to us by the light of history. Mrs. Cockburn evidently little realised how every nerve of "Royal Caroline" was, in the interests of the nation and herself, strained to conceal her own superior talents for government from the recognition of her irritable, testy, and bumptious little husband.

"Learning denied us, we at random tread
Unbeaten paths, that late to knowledge lead.
By secret steps break through the obstructed way,
Nor dare acquirements gained by stealth display.
If some adventurous genius should arise,
Who on exalted themes her talents tries,
She fears to give the work, though praised, a name;
And flies not more from infamy than fame.
Would Royal Caroline our wrongs redress?" &c.

Mary Hays tells us in her *Female Biography*, published in 1803, that in 1733 Harriet Eusebia Harcourt founded a Retreat for Ladies in one of the Western Isles of Scotland. Thus two years after Mary Astell's death we find that one of her proposals had taken shape. Harriet Eusebia Harcourt was an extremely tall, but

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very graceful and beautiful woman. She was a good linguist and musician, excelled in painting, and had travelled much with her father. The Home which she founded was practically a Sisterhood. After her death each lady for the term of one year held the office of Lady Superior. They were under no vow of celibacy, nor obliged to continue members longer than they pleased, but on leaving were required to forfeit the £100 they had to pay on entrance. Their lives would seem to have been largely devoted to studying music and painting, and good literature. The foundress died in 1745, in the 39th year of her age, and left the greater part of her fortune to the Home.

In 1737 a second edition appeared of a book entitled *The Lady's Law:* a Treatise on Femes Covertes. By a Lady. In 1738 Lady Mary Wortley Montagu wrote the article included among her works and alluded to in a previous paper. In 1739 "Sophia's" first pamphlet appeared, and in 1740 her reply to *Man superior to Woman.* The *Champion*, edited by H. Fielding (cousin to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu), 1739–40, refers to "A paper war which hath lately broken out between the sexes. The storm hath long been brooding in these northern parts, and hath at length broken into open rupture." This is taken from a bantering article which talks of "papers" being published, among them *Man superior to Woman*, and later on the same journal draws "Sophia's" attention to a pamphlet, *Woman unmasked*, "which we humbly recommend to the animadversion of 'Sophia,' the championess of her sex, who will no doubt advise the author to sacrifice to the graces as well as to the muses, and perhaps choose her motto from the celebrated line, 'For want of decency is want of sense.'" "'Tis something of a task," continues the *Champion*, "to quote from this unpolished invective, but the ladies ought to know both the strength and the weakness of the adversary, and the extracts here inserted are equally specimens of both." Then follow the extracts, which are not worth quotation, being mere banter, as "On women as the toys of men; Temptations to sin; Ministers of pleasure," &c., &c. By this time "Sophia" had doubtless written her second pamphlet, and does not seem again to have broken silence.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1740 also has a bantering correspondence, initiated by a letter from Matthew Mendall to Caleb D'Anvers. Men "having made such a hash of Government," he proposes that for seven years "no man shall hold or enjoy any place, pension, honour or grant, or gratuity whatever from the Crown, but the same shall be holden and enjoyed by females only." This proposed septennial administration by women is taken up by "Margery Welldone" thus: "I think you have carried the point a little too far by excluding *all males* from the enjoyment of office, dignity, or employment, for as they have long enjoyed the public

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administration of the Government to themselves (a few women only excepted), I am apprehensive that they will be loth to part with it, and that if they give us power for seven years it will be very difficult to get it out of our hands again." She therefore suggests that all power "both Legislative, Executive, Ecclesiastical, and Civil, may be divided among both sexes, and that they may be equally capable of sitting in Parliament. . . . Is it not too absurd that women should be capable of inheriting the Crown and yet not entrusted with the representation of a *little Borough?* Is this consistent with the rights of a people, which certainly includes men and women? It is certainly a restraint on the *Freedom of Election* that whatever regard a Corporation may have for a man of quality's family, if he happens to have no sons or brothers they cannot testify their esteem for him by choosing his daughters or sisters." "Margery Welldone" would seem to have been the first to point out that representative government was not representative, unless it included women as well as men.

In 1742 Seward, afterwards Canon of Lichfield, is reported to have sent from Florence a poem to a young lady in England. It was entitled "The Female Right to Literature." We must remember that the denial of education was then the most crying grievance of women. It is not far fetched to suggest that this poem was inspired by the English circle whom we know to have gathered round Lady Pomfret in that city in 1740. Horace Walpole tells us (being himself at that time in Florence with Gray, the Poet, visiting Horace Mann), "Lady Pomfret has a charming conversation once a week. She has taken a Palace and a vast garden which is vastly commode. You know her daughters. Lady Sophia is still, nay she must be the beauty she was. Lady Charlotte (eventually governess to the Royal children) is much improved, and the cleverest girl in the world; speaks the purest Tuscan like any Florentine." The beauty, self-possession, and noble bearing of Lady Sophia Fermor are a frequent theme with Horace till, all too soon, the grave claimed her. To this family Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, then beginning her long exile, was a visitor in 1740. She endorsed Walpole's estimation of Sophia, and averred that she would shine in any station of life. Seward's poem was published anonymously by Dodsley in 1748. Quotations from it were used in the 1751 edition of "Sophia's" pamphlet *Beauty's Triumph*, and such lines as appeared in a previous article of this series are now omitted, but we give the following:

"Self prais'd and grasping at despotic power,
Man looks on slavery as the female dower.
To Nature's boon ascribes what force has given,
And usurpation deem'd the gift of Heaven.

. . . . .

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The fair distressed no milder treatment saw,
This was indeed the *unalterable* law.
In future times whatever masters came,
Tyrants were changed, but tyranny the same.
At length to accumulate the female woes
The grand impostor, Mahomet, arose.
Swol'n with prophetic lies, he laid his plan
On the firm basis of the pride of man.

. . . . .

But say, Britannia, do thy sons who claim
A birthright liberty; *dispense the same*
In equal scales? Why then does custom bind
In chains of ignorance the female mind?
Why is to them the bright etherial ray
Of science veil'd? Why does the pedant say
'Shield me, propitious powers, nor clog my life
With that supreme of plagues, a learned wife'?

. . . . .

Be this her only science, this her doom,
Fix'd on the toilette, spinet, and loom.

. . . .

. . Was Athenia's soul
Formed for this only? . .

. . . . .

Proud Athenia, let thy growing mind
Take every knowledge in of every kind.
Still on perfection fix thy steady eye;
Be ever rising, rise thou ne'er so high."

Such was Seward's *Female Right to Literature*, dating from Florence soon after the departure of the Pomfret family. From the Hertford and Pomfret correspondence, published in 1802, we gather how great was the admiration which both these titled ladies felt for learned women. Lady Pomfret showed her intellectual bent by an attempt at the translation of Froissart, and by the gift of the Pomfret marbles to the University of Oxford. She was, however, ever the butt of Horace Walpole's cynicism, with the saving grace that he places her among his *Royal and Noble Authors*, giving part of a poem written by her as "creditable at least to her maternal feelings and mental reflections." In Walpole's Memoirs Lady Mary Wortley Montagu holds no place, nor in Ballard's, which is doubtless due to the fact that during her life she decried the publication of her works. Otherwise she must have been well known to both as the author of verses, &c. It was left to the nineteenth century to award her that fame for her epistolary correspondence which Mary Astell prophesied and coveted for her.

In 1752 George Ballard published his *Memoirs of British Ladies*. It was his delight to honour literary women. He argues long and ably to prove that Dame Dorothy Packington was the author of *The Whole Duty of Man* and *The Ladies' Calling*.

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"It has been very surprising to me," says Ballard, "to hear the many shifts and evasions which have been made use of on this occasion by several gentlemen to deprive this lady and the fair sex of the honour of these exalted performances. Her learned friends, who were concerned in those books, were too well acquainted with men and manners not to understand what kind of estimate the generality of mankind would put upon the production of a woman's pen."

He quotes from the preface of *The Ladies' Calling* to show that Dame Dorothy held no mean opinion of the minds and characters of women. Nor was Ballard alone zealous for the honour of the dead. He rescued from the direst poverty the Saxon antiquarian scholar, Elizabeth Elstob, and secured sympathy for her which eventually procured her an annuity of £20. This sum was further augmented by the gift of a like amount from Queen Caroline. At the death of the Queen, Elizabeth became governess to the Duchess of Portland's children, and she died at an advanced age in the Duchess's household. It is pleasing to track the chain of sympathy which evidently bound many of the cultivated women of this period together, living as all of them were more or less compelled to do, as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu said, "in masquerade." To the Duchess of Portland Lady Mary bequeathed "a white brilliant ring with the enamelled motto 'Henrietta Maria.'" From the Duchess's mother (Lady Oxford) Lady Mary had received a substantial legacy. To revert to Ballard. We hold the key to his sympathy for women. Being in a humble position in life he had attained learning with difficulty, and could therefore realise the deprivations of which women were complaining. But men took him by the hand. "By the recommendation of the President of Magdalen College, Oxford, he was appointed one of the eight clerks to his college, which furnished him with chambers and commons, and thus being a Grennial (whatever that may have been), he was afterwards elected, by the procurement of the President, one of the beadles of the university." So much to the memory of George Ballard, who stands out amongst eighteenth century men as an admirer of literary women.

Two years after Ballard's work had appeared, the Rev. John Duncombe, M.A., Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, published his *Feminaid*. It is a proof of the spirit which was abroad that men were moved to collect and publish the names of the learned women of the past. The *Feminaid* opens in the typical style of eighteenth century verse:

"Shall lordly man, the theme of every lay,
Usurp the Muse's tributary bay?
In kingly state on Pindus' summit sit,
Tyrant of sense, and arbiter of wit?
By Salic law the female right deny,
And view their genius with unfriendly eye?

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Justice forbid!—And every Muse inspire
To sing the glories of a sister-choir;
Rise, rise, bold swain, and to the listening grove
Resound the praises of the sex you love;
Tell how adorn'd with every charm they shine,
In mind and person equally divine,
Till man no more to female merit blind,
Admire the person, but adore the mind."

Then follows a poem of some three hundred and fifty lines in praise of ladies, some of whom were contemporaries. To Mrs. Catherine Phillips, under the name of "Orinda," he pays a just tribute:

"In Charles's days amidst a train
Of shameless bards, licentious and profane,
The chaste Orinda rose."

Duncombe's advocacy was tinged with limitations and prudence; the domestic attributes of women must be maintained:

"And with her pen, that time alone employ
Which others waste in visits, cards, and noise."

In conclusion:

"When from a neighhouring hawthorn, in whose shade
Concealed she lay, uprose the Aonian maid.
Pleas'd had she listened, and with smiles she cry'd
Cease, friendly swain, be this thy praise and pride,
That thou of all the numerous tuneful throng
First in our cause hast framed the generons song;
And ye, our sister-choir, proceed to tread
The flow'ry paths of fame by science led.
. . . . . .
Employ by turns the needle and the pen,
And in their fav'rite studies rival men.
. . . . . .
And save from folly thousands yet unborn."

The Rev. John Duncombe rather unctuously anoints himself woman's first advocate, and ignores the previous claims of his contemporaries, Seward and Ballard.

It was, however, reserved for the year 1758 to furnish the most direct evidence that the claims of women were not to be allowed to drop. In that year was published, *Female Rights Vindicated, or the Equality of the Sexes Morally and Physically Proved.* By a Lady. Printed for G. Burnet, at Bishop Burnet's Head. Without Temple Bar. Few of the arguments in this pamphlet are new, for indeed "Sophia" had left but few unhandled. From the dedication we take: "Upon you ladies it depends to recover your usurped rights and possessions, to regain your just and natural authority. In order to succeed you must strenuously support the doctrine of this piece and the rectitude of its maxims." From the preface: "A

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serious address to reason, a thorough disquisition of the source and progress of that empire the men have assumed over us, and the causes of our present state of subjection." A brief summary is given from the Bible and ancient history of women who deserved fame for their courage, learning, and chastity. "It is as ancient as it is universal that the sage and the ignoramus are so strongly prepossessed by the notion that the women are inferior to the men in capacity as well as merit, and that they should remain in that state of dependence." The article proceeds to show how men gradually acquired power, and contends "that women in general are as fit for the offices of state as those who commonly fill them." "All women are not born with equal capacities any more than the men, but balance the account and it will at least not poise against us." The author points out how often learning but little benefited men, and yet how, shorn of opportunity, girls often compared favourably with them.

"One would think that the ladies had just come from the University and the young gentlemen just broke loose from their tapestry. . . . Women have a natural aptitude for medicine and for securing the best interests of the sick. . . . In domestic concerns their superiority is most marked. . . . What pains do the women take to live peaceably with their husbands. . . . The inconstancy of the male sex is as notorious as the fidelity of the women is remarkable."

She points out how laws made by men

"put the women under the dominion of their husbands, as children under that of a father . . . but, with all submission to the gentlemen of the robe . . . that those who formed or compiled our laws, being men, favoured their own sex, as the women would perhaps have done with regard to theirs, had they supplied their place. . . . They attributed to nature a distinction only due to custom. . . . Referring to philosophy, it is a moot point whether philosophers are a whit more disinterested in this respect than any others. They are too busy in discovering new worlds, infinite space, vacuums, the materiality and infinite divisibility of the rays of the sun, to cast a thought towards such trifling animal beings as women. . . . Women are formed with souls, brains, and senses like men, they have no natural inability. Both sexes are alike struck in the same manner by external objects; that being so, there is no past knowledge, present, or future which women should not be equally able to appropriate and share with men. . . . The right to obtain the same knowledge is founded in the strictest justice, for there is not one of us who may not have the same occasion for it as another."

The writer goes on to show that women as Queens have well governed, and that the sex "have naturally an advantageous dispositions for acquiring the sciences. They have generally a happier and longer physiognomy. They have a forehead high and large, which is the most certain mark of a vivacious and sprightly disposition." Whereas

"the men have always been so unhappy as to mingle their passions with all the works of nature. There are few ideas to which they have not

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added the sentiments of love or hatred, and those which relate to the distinctions of the sexes are so connected with materiality, and so jumbled with notions of imperfections, meanness, and other such trifles, that there is no treating of it in an elegant and polite manner. . . . When a man is ridiculed for pusillanimity he is called effeminate. When a woman is praised for her courage, strength, or intellectual capacity, she is compared to a man. These expressions, so favourable to the men, fail not to contribute in a great measure to the high opinion that is entertained of them."

However, strength of body cannot decide the point. "Women excel in an inclination for Virtue and an estrangement for Vice." After giving the opinions of Socrates, Diogenes, Cato and others, our Defender concludes:

"Here, then, are some of the thoughts of the greatest upon the fair sex and those whom the learned look upon as oracles, and what is diverting and ridiculous at the same time is, that men of the most grave turn seriously repeat what these famous ancients said frequently in raillery. So true is it that prejudice and preoccupation give rise to the greatest errors among the highest, most reasonable and judicious of men."

Such is a brief condensation of the arguments used by the writer of the anonymous pamphlet of 1758; arguments of necessity similar to those used by her predecessors and therefore chiefly remarkable as forming the third of the four great appeals which, at intervals of about a generation, marked the eighteenth century; the fourth being Mary Wollstonecraft's *Vindication of the Rights of Women*, published in 1792. An almost verbatim reprint of the 1758 pamphlet was issued from a South Shields press in 1833 without the slightest intimation that it had appeared seventy-five years before.

In 1774 a poem entitled *The Female Advocate* by Miss Scott was published by Joseph Johnson, 72, St. Paul's Churchyard. (Joseph Johnson was a friend of Mary Wollstonecraft, and the publisher of her writings.) Miss Scott dedicated her poem to an anonymous lady who had enjoyed reading Duncombe's *Feminaid* with her. The preface says:

"Being too well acquainted with the illiberal sentiments of men in general in regard to our sex, and prompted by the most fervent zeal for their privileges. . . . Much has been said, even by writers of distinguished reputation, of the distinction of sexes in souls, of the studies, and even of the virtues, proper for women. If they have allowed us to study the imitative arts, have they not prohibited us from cultivating the sciences? Do they not regard the woman who suffers her faculties to rust in a state of listless ignorance with a more favourable eye than her who engages in a dispassionate search after truth? and is not an implicit acquiescence in the dictates of their understanding esteemed by them as the sole criterion of good sense in a woman? I believe I am expressing myself with warmth, but I cannot help it, for when I feel or write on this subject, I feel an indignation which I cannot, and which, indeed, I do not care to suppress. . . . But I flatter myself a time may come when men will be as much ashamed to avow their narrow prejudices in regard to the abilities of our sex, as they are now found to glory in them. . . . If I should be thought to

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have spoken with severity of men in general, I flatter myself I have not suffered one line to escape me that can give pain to those of a more liberal turn of mind. For such my heart feels all the esteem due to their exalted worth." Dated, Milborne Port, May 10, 1774.

Miss Scott gives a long list of illustrious women omitted by Duncombe, including Mrs. Macaulay, the historian, and Anna Williams, the impecunious blind poetess whom Dr. Johnson befriended. Anna Williams claimed to have discovered the electric spark from the human body when she was assisting Mr. Stephen Grey, F.R.S., in his experiments.

Miss Scott's praises of women are followed by a warm eulogy on Duncombe and Seward.

"Whose Attic lays
Demand the warmest share of grateful praise.
Fearless of censure, boldly thou stood forth
An able advocate for female worth."

And he [1]

"Who dar'd against a world decide,
And stem the rage of custom's rabid tide;
Who kindly bade Athenia's growing mind
Take every knowledge in of every kind."

Concluding with:

"Ye generous pleaders of the female cause,
Ye friends to Nature (her's are reason's laws),
For you the Muse shall raise her drooping wing
And paeans echo from each trembling string," &c.

Among the published epistolary correspondence, actual or fictitious, which took place concerning eighteenth century women, none deal so much with women as De Crui letters (Mrs. Walker). The preface says they were written in her nursery surrounded by her children. "The author has ever lamented her sex being condemned to ignorance, or prevented from exercising their noblest mental faculties!" The letters contain apt illustrations of varied courage and ability from the days of the inspired women of the Goths to those of Queen Elizabeth. "After the decline of chivalry in Europe," says Mr. Thomas (quoted in the De Crui letters), "women began to assume a new character. Soon after we see them preach, unravel controversies, support opinions, fill the chair of philosophy or of law, harangue in Latin before the Pope, read Hebrew, and write Greek." "Permit me only to add in continuation of this subject a few ladies of the present century; Signora Bassi of Bologna, and Signora Agrese, who held the Professorship of Mathematics in Bologna University." Much space is given to reflections on Marriage. In praise of chastity there is a fine quotation from some unknown writer. "What makes the difference between a chaste woman and a frail one? Between a brave man or a coward?

[1] Seward.

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One has struggled, the other not!" Many references are given to the position and power of women among the ancients. Plutarch is quoted, "If any Carthaginian finds himself injured by a Gaul the affair must be decided by the Supreme Court of Gallic women." It is to be observed that the Gauls under the government of the women had taken Rome and kept Italy in constant terror, and under that of the priests they were themselves subdued by the Romans." "The Scandinavian tribes were accompanied at their assemblies by venerable hoary headed Prophetesses, dressed in long linen vestments of a splendid white. The Goths also believed some divine and prophetic quality to be inherent in women. They regularly consulted them on the business of the state, and women were suffered to conduct the great events they predicted." Among modern Princesses our own Elizabeth and Margaret of Anjou are cited. Other examples like the Empress Irene are given, to show that many not born to greatness had proved themselves equal to the high station which awaited them.

The author of these letters and Mrs. Catherine Macaulay, the historian, are the only contemporary women instanced by Mary Wollstonecraft. The present writer is not aware that Mrs. Macaulay contributed any help to the woman question beyond that indirect assistance which every woman of ability gives who proves herself the possessor of talents. Mrs. Macaulay had no need to ask for herself a place in literature. She made one. In the published Catalogue of Tracts which belonged to her, there are however none included which specially deal with the claims of women.

Before concluding this brief summary of the chief claims made for women in the eighteenth century, it is well to remember that the scholastic height attained by many high born ladies in the sixteenth century was not sustained in the seventeenth. Towards the end of the latter, however, Dame Dorothy Packington, the Duchess of Newcastle, and Lady Chudleigh entered the field of literature. The *Defence of the Ladies* by the latter was provoked by a furious sermon given against women by a Nonconformist minister. Besides these literary women there was a group of female playwriters, who were fairly successful, pandering like their male brothers to the licentious taste of the age. We must honour the women of the eighteenth century who recognised and resented the miseries which had resulted to their sex from the general decadence in morals. Hogarth's works were a faithful picture of the times, and a recent writer[1] attributes the lack of appreciation which the painter experienced from his contemporaries to the circumstances that "he attacked the vices of the man instead of the woman, and to the vices of the man society was and is notoriously indulgent." Horace Walpole tells us of some constables who, in a virtuous fit, thrust into a cell, akin to the Black

[1] Mr. Austin Dobson.

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Hole of Calcutta, several immoral and some poor hard-working women. Thus immured, some perished ere the morning from suffocation; the poor wretches offering the few pence they had as bribes for liberty. Whereas "Jack Spence and other young bloods" also arrested during the virtuous fit, "having more than eighteen pence," obtained their liberty.

"It must not be forgotten," says the author of Lord Harvey's Memoirs, "that both in conversation and correspondence language was often very coarse, the best bred men and the most elegant women talked and wrote in a style long since banished from good society." If the women advocates of the time plainly wrote and spoke bitterly, who can wonder? They had to witness much undeserved suffering among patient and virtuous women. Both Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Mary Wollstonecraft were overshadowed by the unhappiness of dear female relatives; and nothing is more charming in the characters of both, especially in that of Mary Wollstonecraft, than the support, steady, sweet, and tender, which they gave to their unhappy sisters. They were strong and they bore the burdens of the weak. The records of the time tell their own tale, not the least significant feature of which is that the Men of Quality (as they were called) suffered from gout. The women of like estate died from cancer.

A recent writer,[1] tells us "The treatment of women in modern times in England has been a disgrace to humanity. 'Petty Treason' sentenced the wife to be burned for the murder of her husband, but no such punishment was inflicted on a husband for a similar crime. This unequal law was not abolished till 1770; the Act having been enforced six years earlier." The public whipping of women continued until 1817—private whipping, 1820. This represents the status of women in the eighteenth century. Whereas in higher circles the King's mistresses acted as Court attendants on the Queen, and a grateful monarch accorded the rank of an Earl's daughter to the illegitimate offspring of a Prime Minister. Only too many of the poets and writers who should have led society to higher things, were twanging their harps on the cruel charms of women, or magnifying the follies and frailties of the sex for the "amusement of the coffee-houses" where men met. We are grateful that from the tangled pestilential thicket of decayed morals, where the encroachments of custom had penned women, some sounded again and again a clarion call for justice and freedom, and regarded with contempt the mock homage which then, very much as to-day, passed current for it.

HARRIETT MCILQUHAM.

[1] Mr. Cleveland, *Women under the English Law.*

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THE ETHICS OF FOOTBALL.

EACH succeeding winter of late years has witnessed some farther extension of the game of football; some trespass upon preserves hitherto immune. This pastime has had a phenomenal progress, and may fairly lay claim to share with cricket the title of a national sport. Each year it tightens its hold upon certain sections of the community, and becomes more and more in evidence. Whether this be a cause for satisfaction or for regret is a controverted point, and is long likely to remain so. Up to the present, the arguments on either side have been about evenly balanced; but the equilibrium is becoming unstable, and may probably be disturbed at no distant time. We are not prepared to bless the game altogether, nor would we curse it altogether: but we do recognise the growing importance of this subject. We believe that there have been certain tendencies and developments that are to be deplored rather than otherwise. As a pastime materially influencing the national character—especially since it is becoming so universal—it has a threefold significance: (*a*) physical, (*b*) moral, (*c*) political.

It is not our intention to subject the anatomy of the game to an exhaustive analysis. Our point of view is that of a general observer, rather than that of a critic of details. We wish, so far as possible, to refrain from dogmatising. We shall merely frame some possible premises, as it were, leaving our readers to draw their own conclusions. We would ask them to watch the game during the coming winter for themselves. Mark its signs and movements: nationally, as reported in the press; locally, as seen by personal observation! Notice well to what extent, and how often, it is played! Take stock of whom the players are! Note the size, calibre, and conversation of the spectacular crowds! Laymen must not found their opinions of the game wholly upon the reports of its devotees; therefore we would urge an impartial and dispassionate investigation by the outside public. Let them take the bearings of the game for themselves and discover its course.

Anything that will strengthen the physique of a nation is worthy of strong support; providing one desirable end is not obtained by the sacrifice of another equally so. Mr. Arnold White emphatically

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declares that our nation is physically degenerating. There is too much reason to believe that he is correct. The yearly reports of our hospitals are by no means encouraging upon this point. They reveal to us the wretched physique of our poor in the large towns and cities. The greater proportion of the prolific offspring found in our slums is undersized, underformed, undeveloped, degenerate and diseased. In our very midst there is growing up a race of pigmies: not only dwarfed but also without stamina. Mr. Arnold White is right in saying that "the Empire will not be maintained by a nation of outpatients." This, then, is one of the legacies of modern industrialism. In so far as football tends to counteract these effects it is heartily welcome and deserving of every encouragement. The physical utility of the game—minus risks—cannot be denied, and, moreover, it is one which appeals to the instincts of the working classes. Its intrinsic nature is such that it has a greater fascination for the uncultured than for the cultured. For instance: although students and gentlemen do play football, it requires a stretch of the imagination to picture a working man playing tennis.

Football is growing apace amongst the mass of our working classes; they are taking, every year, more and more interest in the game. But, unfortunately, we fear this interest is not of such a kind as we could wish. The recent tendency has been to substitute a passive interest for an active participation in the game. It is not thus that football will redeem our national physique. Public enthusiasm for football, under these conditions, is no criterion of, or guarantee for, physical improvement. Evidently the game has begun to develop upon the wrong line. We want our factory hands to play football for themselves, and not to help form a crowd of thousands idly watching others play.

The efficacy of a sport is destroyed when it degenerates into a mere spectacular performance. When it has reached this stage it stands in danger of becoming a national curse. The onlookers suffer in a twofold sense: they derive none of the physical benefits of the game; and whilst idly watching it their minds are alienated from pursuits that might profit them more. Somehow the masses seem incapable of moderation; they quickly carry their enthusiasm and interest to inordinate and absurd lengths. To watch a football match becomes a regular practice rather than an occasional recreation. It becomes a mental and physical waste of time. Many men and boys become so engrossed in watching the progress of the game that they cease finally to interest themselves in things literary, social, or political. Psychologically they are incapable of following out two ideas at once.

One must not expect much mental exercise from working men; thus it is easy to forgive them their chronic passivity towards the

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world generally. But spectacular football is spreading to the better educated classes—to young business men and clerks, from whom one does expect some acquaintance with literature and politics, but for which one so often and increasingly looks in vain.

The increase of spectacular sport, though relatively regrettable, is not altogether an absolute evil, especially so far as it concerns factory employees. To be played properly, and to accommodate a large number of spectators, the game has to take place upon an open space of considerable size, which, more often than not, is situated remote from the congested centre of a large town. It is something gained to have drawn the working classes from their habitual environment, which, at the best, is never too congenial. Even as mere spectators they would probably secure the benefit of exercise *en route;* of better air, and of a change of scene whilst there. One could wish that they were all engaged in the game themselves, but even these advantages are not to be despised. Better to be an idle spectator under these conditions than remain idle in the slums, perhaps frequenting the public-houses. We admit that there are many drawbacks to a football crowd; that much drinking and betting are often indulged in, either on the field or else on the way; but, under the circumstances, and judging from a physical standpoint, the merits outweigh the demerits. These advantages, however, are likely to become disadvantages when applied to a different class of persons. Young professional and business men usually reside away from the vitiated air and the squalid surroundings of the slums; they are credited with sufficient sense to look after their own physical and mental requirements; and, moreover, we are not afraid of them spending their half-holidays loitering in and around public-houses. Thus when this class of men become *habitués* at football matches they run the risk of being thrown into less desirable company, both seeing and hearing things best unseen and not heard. Besides, there are open to them many other opportunities for spending their time better—opportunities which are denied the less fortunate factory hands. These latter remarks naturally require modification when applied to private matches.

We feel obliged to deplore the rapid and extensive growth of professional sport. More than anything else it is this which has produced the spectacular crowds; helped to destroy the personal element in the game; and, by so doing, corrupted the public conception of sportsmanship. However, this is also a disputed point, and, to a great extent, must remain a question of private opinion. Some urge, in extenuation, that professionalism has exalted popular games to an art or a science, and has thus supplied a standard for attainment. This is true, but it is not a scientific game or a high standard of proficiency that we need so much as universal physical exercise. The purchase of the former at the expense of the latter is

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a bad bargain from a national point of view. Professionalism, as exemplified in cricket and football, has relegated to itself too much public interest, alienating it from things of more importance and greater value. As proof of this one only needs to take full cognisance of the scraps of conversation to be overheard in the streets, railway carriages, omnibuses, tramways, and elsewhere during the height of the two seasons. With the working men, business men, other men and boys, the one all-absorbing topic is the score; what so-and-so has done; the result of the match, *et cetera*. The cricket and football columns receive attention quite disproportionate with their importance, when compared with that bestowed upon the foreign and political news.

It is from the moral rather than from the physical standpoint that the gravest charge is to be brought against modern football. There is every reason to believe that matches are becoming more and more subjects for pecuniary speculation: perhaps not yet in an organised sense, but privately between individual men. So soon as gambling makes its *entrée* all idea of beneficial sport has to be thrown to the winds. The game becomes a nuisance; a mere handle for vice; a curse to the individuals concerned, and a menace to the community at large. We have already admitted that spectacular interest in the game, although inferior to active participation, is not without its benefits. Our first hope was that football might prove itself a national sport in the true sense of the word: a universal physical recreation. This ideal had to be abandoned for the lesser one of spectacular sport; but now, unfortunately, this latter one has to be still further modified by the admission of a gambling element. From being a player oneself to become an idle spectator with a gaming interest in the match is a far cry, and goes a long way to destroy the sentimental theories about the physical benefits of football as a national pastime. During the football season the Birmingham newsboys scour the town with "special editions," calling out, "Aston Villa half-time." This is a fact significant of much, and speaks volumes in itself without requiring emphasis from us. Half-time editions are a new departure; and indicate, not so much genuine keenness for sport, as anxiety for the issue of the match. This is an ominous sign. We started with a personal physical interest in the game and have now arrived at a pecuniary one.

Paradoxical as it may sound, there is a political side to the football question, and it is this aspect which most nearly concerns us.

Even under the most advantageous circumstances it is a very meagre and superficial attention which the generality of mankind gives to the political situation of the country. Hence anything

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which tends to further diminish this attention is a menace to the nation. This alienation of the public from politics is one which affects the two great political parties in an unequal ratio. The Liberals suffer far more than the Conservatives. The Tory party is another illustration of the saying that extremes meet.

It comprises men of great learning and also those of considerable ignorance. This latter fact is the crux of the political significance of football. Those who are too lazy or too ignorant to come to their own political conclusions, so far as they vote at all, usually vote Tory. Political indifferentists are far more apt to help to conserve, than to reform the existing order of things. We believe we are right in saying that there are more mere automatons to be found amongst the Conservatives than amongst the Liberals. The first essential of Liberalism is that men should begin to think about political questions. For this reason, so far as football causes men to neglect politics, it is likely to increase the Tory vote at the expense of the Liberal one. This may appear to be a rash statement, yet it is one which has its foundation upon a fundamental characteristic of human nature. As a concrete proof of the above assertions we remind our readers that, contrary to expectations, each extension of the franchise, in recent years, has ultimately benefited the Conservatives more than the Liberals. The reason for this being the chronic disinclination of the working-classes to give sufficient serious attention to politics; not properly understanding their own interests, and, moreover, being indifferent towards them they passively vote Tory.

The following passage from John Stuart Mill's *Representative Government* is not altogether irrelevant to the subject under discussion:

> "Representative institutions are of little value and may be a mere instrument of tyranny or intrigue, when the generality of electors are not sufficiently interested in their own government to give their vote, or if they vote at all, do not bestow their suffrages on public grounds, but sell them for money, or vote at the beck of some one who has control over them, or whom for private reasons they desire to propitiate."

Can it, or can it not, be said that football, under its present conditions, tends to lessen electors' interest in their own government? If the answer to this question be in the affirmative, then, according to the above quotation, the charge against football from a political point of view becomes very serious indeed.

The causes of political apathy are generally too complex to be precisely defined by *à posteriori* means. To what extent amongst our working men football has, or has not, supplanted politics can never be known for certain. Nevertheless, we can safely say that the phases and proportions which the game has recently assumed are

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conducive to the increase rather than the decrease of this unfortunate torpor.

We will not labour our point further. Having drawn our readers' attention to a subject of more real than apparent importance we will leave them to pursue the theme for themselves: to gather the ethics of football from the logic of facts.

ROBERT J. STURDEE.

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"IN OUR MIDST."

"IN OUR MIDST,"[1] is a frank and full confession, by a man, of the wrongs inflicted through long ages by the dominant male upon the mother-half of the race; and is a powerful exposition of the degradation of all humanity consequent upon this "abasement of womanhood." The picture is that of England and the English in the year 1902, but the moral is of almost world-wide application. The exposure of the evils which disgrace our existing English "civilisation" has, of course, been made by many previous writers, though by none with more power and vigour than by Mr. Stead; but no previous writer has so clearly shown that all these wrongs are the inevitable outgrowth from that "tap-root" of injustice, the degradation of woman. Mr. Stead proves the truth of this assertion by multifold illustrations. The fanciful setting given to the narrative somewhat relieves the darkness of the picture, and the lesson of the whole is to point to the only true and vital remedy—the full equality in civil, social and political right of both halves of humanity.

A matriarchal State, Xanthia, of partially Greek origin, is supposed by the author to have survived in the heart of Africa down to the present time, protected against the outside world by its position, and by its practice of offering in sacrifice to the "Divine Mother" any stranger who enters within its boundaries. An English medical missionary, Francis Tressider, escapes this doom, because his medical skill enables him to save the life of the young and beautiful Dione, Queen of the Xanthians. Tressider, during the ten years he lives amongst them, induces them, by his accounts of England and the English, to modify some of their institutions, and especially to abolish the practice of human sacrifice.[2]

But Tressider is dissatisfied with their slowness to Anglicise and Christianise themselves, attributes this slowness to the dominance of women, and forthwith attacks the matriarchate itself—thus again imperilling his life. Finally Dione resolves to send her chief coun-

[1] "In Our Midst." *The Review of Reviews Annual for 1903* (pp. 122, 1s.).

[2] A matriarchal system of government by no means involves of necessity the practice of human sacrifice. For a most interesting account of a matriarchal rule actually existing in our own times, see "Primitive Motherhood," by Frank H. Cushing, pp. 21–47 of *The Work and Words of the National Congress of Mothers*, published by Messrs. Appleton & Co., New York, 1897.

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sellor, Callicrates, to England, to ascertain whether the glowing picture sketched by Tressider of the ideal life of England and the English, consequent upon man's supremacy, is a true picture or not, and in particular, whether the subjection of woman has really led, as Tressider asserts, to her highest exaltation. If the picture be a true one Tressider is to live, if false to die.

The exact scope of the investigations of Callicrates is best shown by the instructions contained in the letter, drawn up and signed by the Queen, and sealed with her signet:

"To My Faithful and Well-Beloved Servant Callicrates,—Proceed with all haste to England. Traverse the whole country; journey to and fro among the people of that land; and as soon as possible send reports by trusty messengers to my royal palace. See with your own eyes, hear with your own ears, and write with your own hand, the simple truth, what manner of people are the English, who, we are told, have escaped the evils which retard the progress of our land. It has been stated in the hearing of all our people that because they worship not the Divine Mother, but a Man God, and have dethroned Woman from her ancient position of pre-eminence in Church and State, they are quick to adopt all reforms, to remove all abuses, and to root out all evils from their midst. Inquire from their wise women, consult, if need be, their wise men, whether in their land it has been found that to abase woman is to exalt her, and report to me if the Dominance of Man produces more peace, more purity, more happiness than in our own land, where Women rule.

"Report to me as to the state of religion in a land where men bow no more the knee to the Divine Mother; report as to the condition of those who labour for their daily bread, of the old men, the women, and the children. Report to me how they are governed, and how they live in their great cities. Let your letters be the living picture of England and its people. Then, verily, shall we know whether the words of our Teacher are true words, or whether he has spoken with a lying tongue for the deceiving of our people.

"Dione."

The fifteen letters from Callicrates to Dione form the chief part of the narrative, and the contrast between the actual condition of the English, and Tressider's ideal of that condition, is painful writing to Callicrates, who does not wish the missionary's death; and painful reading to those English men and women who wish to respect as well as to love their country, but who know that the truth has here been told.

Callicrates arrives in England just in time to attend and to give a pathetic account of the funeral of Mr. Kensit, done to death by brutal violence, in defiance of the pretended right of free speech, and regarded by his friends as a martyr, and by Callicrates as a human sacrifice.

"They called him a martyr, and on inquiring what they meant by that term, I learned that in England for centuries men and women had been put to death in the name of the God whom they worship. Such persons are known as martyrs by their friends, and as heretics or blasphemers by their enemies. Those around me told me that such sacrifices had been

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much more prevalent in England in past times. On making further inquiries I learned that English Christians have long been divided into two great parties. Sometimes one party was uppermost, sometimes the other. Both prayed to the same God; both worshipped the same Christ; both used the same sacred book, but because of their differences on some questions of detail they hated one another for the love of God, and in past times they had burned one another to death in the name of their common Redeemer, and they even go so far as to raise monuments to the men whom their fathers burned alive.

"Such things are now forbidden by law, but the only effect of this interdict seems to be that occasionally the slaying of a victim passes from the hands of the judicial authorities to those of the mob. It was so in the present instance."

The inquiries of Callicrates into the practical working of our institutions, our puppet monarchy, our sham democracy, our incoherent and irrational political institutions, all working against instead of for progress in justice, lead him to say: "The thought has occurred to me that the Divine Mother, angered by the exclusion of the mothers of England from all share in the government of the land, has placed a worm in the brain of the dominant male, so that while he monopolises all power, he is paralysed in its exercise."

When Callicrates asks about the rule of "The Prince of Peace," he learns that a great war, lasting nearly three years, has just been concluded, and witnesses the home-coming of some of our fighting men. Further inquiries lead him to report:

"England was now spending more money every year upon her man-slaying machines on land and sea than any other nation in the world. From every man, woman, and child of the English there is levied, to pay for war and preparations for war, the sum of 70*s*. every year, which is thrice as much as is paid for all the other services of the Government. Of every pound spent by the English through their Government, 15*s*. goes for war—past, present, or to come—while only 5*s*. remains for the services of peace."

As to the religion of the English he reports:

"The people who go to church on Sunday call themselves religious. They are a very small section of the nation, not more than one in seven of the whole. The majority of this minority are women. But no woman is allowed to minister in the churches. Nowhere is the dogma of the Divine Right of Man to monopolise all positions of trust and of power more rigorously enforced. In some of their churches it is even forbidden to the minister to be married to a woman. More than a thousand years years ago a Council of the Church decreed that women should neither approach the altar nor arrange anything upon it. It was even ordered that women should only touch the consecrated emblems of salvation with covered hands. Woman was the incarnation of original sin."

In describing his visits to Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, Callicrates tells his Queen:

"Verily the English are a strange people. I fell a-musing, but was roused from my reverie by hearing the priest say, 'Thou shalt not kill.' Now where I was sitting, beside me there was a great monument in marble

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in honour of a dead warrior who had killed many men, and soldiers in their uniform, fresh from killing in the late war, sat near me. But all the same they sang, 'Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep Thy law.' And I confess I hoped he *would* have mercy upon them, but He had evidently not inclined their hearts to keep His law.

"How can these things be? If women were rulers, as they are in Xanthia, the English would say, like Tressider, that it was due to the illogical female mind. But here Woman is subject in all things to the rule of Man. Not only do they not allow women to officiate in the Temple during life, but they deny them honour after death. The Abbey at Westminster, and the greater Temple called St. Paul's, are full of monuments to those whom they deem worthy of honour. Excepting a very few of their Queens and one or two others, all these memorials to departed greatness are monuments of men—soldiers, sailors, statesmen, poets, travellers, historians, musicians—all men. Few English women are held worthy of a niche in the great Temple. English women seem either to be unworthy of honour or, being worthy, are denied the recognition of their worth.

"'Were not these men of mothers born?' said I to my friend. 'Or how is it that none raised a statue to her at whose breast he was nursed?'

"'Really,' said my friend, 'you are too absurd. You will presently be wanting to put up statues to the cows.'"

Specially instructive are the letters on art, music, and the drama, and the culture of temperance in England; but they should be read as a whole for the due appreciation of their keen satire. In showing "Wherein the English most excel" (the art of labelling) Callicrates tells his Queen:

"But the most curious Label of all is that by which they call their Law Courts, Courts of Justice. Justice, as we understand it in Xanthia, is just, impartial, incapable of being influenced by fear or favour, independent of class prejudice, absolutely colour-blind as to the differences between rich or poor, man or woman. In England I have not found any conception of justice in the Xanthian sense. In the Law Courts the Few Who Have are everywhere favoured; the Many Who Have Not may get law, but they do not get justice. Even for Law they must pay, and if they have not the wherewithal to pay their chance is but small. In England they have not even a code of law by reading which the citizens can know what the law is which they must obey. To find out what the law is costs money—always money. It is not paid to the judges, but to the sophists who, if they are well paid, will plead before the judges, but who if not paid will not open their mouths. The poor man who cannot pay is helpless. The rich rogue who can pay has everything in his favour."

He adds:

"At first I was confounded. But after a time, when I had meditated upon the matter, I saw that it could not be otherwise. For the foundation upon which the whole fabric of English society, English law, English institutions is built up is injustice—Injustice between Man and Woman; and from that poisonous tap-root nothing but injustice can spring."

In the pathetic letter, describing "The Homeless English," the Xanthian envoy says:

"Of the English one in five is always underfed, and one in ten is always overfed. Year by year the Government pinches more and more the

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stomach of the poor in order to extend the Empire, which is the pride of the rich. To secure as much food by honest labour as he would get if he thieved and went to gaol is impossible to millions. The outworn veteran of industry cannot hope in his old age for the pension that is freely given to the warrior. The richest state in the world, which can afford 250 millions to crush 70,000 burghers, cannot spare 25 millions to pension her millions of aged toilers."

But the most impressive and the saddest of the letters is beyond question the one on "The Abasement of Womanhood." If for the value of this one chapter only every woman should read the book; as indeed should every man who loves his mother, his sister, or his daughter, or who respects his wife. The book as a whole, and this portion of it most emphatically, is the truest and severest indictment of English law, social custom, and religion, in their dealings with the mother-half of the race, ever published since the issue in 1869 of Mr. John Stuart Mill's *Subjection of Women*, and is written with a force and fervour beyond even those of that famous book.

The *Subjection of Women* did not initiate the active woman movement in England, as uninformed male writers have not infrequently assured us it did, by furnishing women with a programme. The active agitation for justice to women was in full progress before its publication. The present writer speaks from direct personal knowledge when she affirms that the efforts for the higher education of women, for the amending of the law as to the property of married women, and for the restoration of the parliamentary franchise to women, were in full activity before its appearance. The municipal franchise had just (June 1869) been restored to them in England—in Scotland it does not appear to have ever been withdrawn. The book, *Woman's Work and Woman's Culture*, a collective series of essays, which was passing through the press at the time of the publication of the *Subjection of Women*, deals with all these questions from the standpoint of the practical workers, both men and women. It may fairly be questioned whether there has ever been a time during the last two hundred years in which the voices of women, and of some men, have not been raised in condemnation of the suppression and oppression of womanhood. But the publication of Mr. Mill's book gave an immense impetus to these various efforts, by calling the attention of men in general to their own guilty complicity in these wrongs, and by encouraging the reforming men and women to more earnest and hopeful effort. Some few victories were won, especially in the field of women's education. But the early enthusiastic workers have for the most part passed into the silence. The women of to-day, who inherit the fruit of their labours, forget, if they have ever known, what it cost to bring that fruit to ripeness. They seem to think it came to them haphazard, or as the free gift of the generosity of our male rulers and legis-

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lators, instead of having cost, as it did cost, prolonged and painful effort on the part of many women, and of the few men who regarded justice as nobler than privilege.

And so the women of to-day seem in the main not in the least to realise the danger of their position, and to expect to win without effort all else that is yet needed to perfect justice between the sexes; and to hold themselves free from any necessity of safeguarding the liberties painfully won for them by more courageous and more earnest workers. The fitting Nemesis is following upon their apathy. The recent conduct of Parliament with regard to women's claim to sit upon the London Borough Councils—the successors of the vestries, upon which women had the right to sit as duly elected persons—and with regard to their position in matters educational, ought to convince even the most apathetic that "the price of Liberty is eternal vigilance." Possibly, if they will not arouse themselves, the next step may be the extinction of the elective Boards of Guardians, of which nearly 1000 women are members, and the transference of their work to nominated Committes of the County and Borough Councils. The danger is imminent, and the source of the danger is plainly to be seen by any one who will look. Two years ago, in October 1900, the present writer pointed it out, not in these pages; and now ventures to quote her own words as an exact statement of the case:

"The apotheosis of mere brute force, implied in a *sex-basis* of civic rights, has reached an advanced stage of development through the rapid extension of the franchise to *male electors only*. In a former letter I stated that, while I had been working for women's suffrage, I had seen the purely male electorate grow from about three quarters of a million to nearly seven millions. Now it is a commonplace of political science that the wider the basis of representation the greater the danger and injustice to the unrepresented. Most of all is this the case when *sex* is made the line of cleavage, and the interests, convictions, and emotions of the mother-half of the race remain unrepresented. A worse evil befalls the privileged male half of the race in its consequent sex-worship, which, in this connection, means the deification of mere and sheer brute force, unalleviated by the gentler human emotions. This involves steady moral degradation, and this degradation has, in my belief, been going on more and more rapidly with each successive increase of the purely male electorate, the effect being most marked in that lowest type of man whose only schoolmaster of morals is the law. In 1884, when, on June 12, an amendment to the Representation of the People Bill was moved which would have effected the enfranchisement of women, the House of Commons, at the instigation of Mr. Gladstone, rejected the amendment by a vote of two to one in a House of nearly four hundred. The very next day another amendment was considered which would have denied the franchise to a *male* felon for twelve months after the completion of his sentence—and rejected. Twelve months of additional electoral incapacity was held by the wisdom of the House too severe a penalty for the basest male felon; but life-long electoral incapacity was not regarded as too severe a punishment for the crime of being born a woman."

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To women and to men the writer now appeals—not to suffer the labour of past workers to be wasted by present neglect. The need of self-sacrificing energy was never greater than now. This "apotheosis of mere brute force" has degraded and is degrading our national sense of human and social justice; and already the cry is loud for the further exaltation of this brute force by the extension of manhood suffrage, without any recognition of the pre-eminent claims of the mother-half of the race. If, from the selfishness of supposed personal or party advantage, women acquiesce in, or actively promote this, the penalty will fall on both halves of humanity; on women in their further enslavement, on men in their further moral degradation. If, on the other hand, they rise to the height of their duty, and claim equality for both sexes in social, civic, and political rights, they will greatly speed the coming of the time when, sex-worship being destroyed, as it will be by the enfranchisement of women and the consequences of that enfranchisement, we may begin confidently to hope for that education towards justice of which we stand so sadly in need. With the change of mental attitude towards women that education will begin, and will be confirmed and carried on to larger issues by the social and civic co-operation, on equal terms, of free women with free men.

Mr. Stead's book is, therefore, most timely. To the women who sit in pleasant places it appeals by the suffering of their hapless sisters. To the women who suffer, it gives light as to the causes of that suffering, and encouragement to resist and overthrow, in the interests of humanity, the injustice from which it springs. To the privileged male, it is a call to duty, to the surrender of sex-privilege, and towards that higher justice which shall recognise no base advantage of masculinity, but the larger human rights of each and all. Let men act up to the spirit of the lines given on p. 106 of *In Our Midst:*

> "By this we hold: No man is wholly great,
> Or wise, or just, or good,
> Who will not dare his all, to reinstate
> Earth's trampled womanhood."

But let women remember that for men to do this implies at least the capacity for sympathetic justice, that highest and noblest faculty, the existence of which is in itself the prophecy and the pledge of the glorious Humanity that yet shall be.

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MR. LANG AND "THE MYSTERY OF MARY STUART."

MR. ANDREW LANG, writing on the Casket Letters and Mary Stuart, to employ the language of Keats, has "loaded every rift of his subject with ore." He brings to his task the learning and cold rigid justice of a Hallam, the brilliant portraiture and romance of the Wizard of the North. Critics say that not only the prose, but even the poetry of Milton—as when he uses the line—"no fear lest dinner cool"—may flounder in the mire. It will not do, therefore, to criticise Mr. Lang when he points out that Mary is "sorely bested," or quotes "Mary, Mary, quite contrary." The last lines are strictly appropriate, if not to the Queen, at least to the conflicting testimony on the subject of the Casket Letters with which Mr. Lang struggles manfully, though one may fancy he too "is bested" at times. After all, commentators are wont to get angry over the harmless realism of Euripides in the Ion. But then Euripides is human, as Mrs. Browning says, and *mentem mortalia tangunt.*

The theme Mr. Lang has chosen is, indeed, worthy of a great writer. The wearer of an almost triple crown, the Dowager of France, the Queen Regnant of Scotland, the heiress presumptive to the throne of Britain and progenetrix of a line of kings, herself one of the most gifted individuals that ever wore a crown, Mary Stuart stands at the bar of history arraigned on the charge of having written the Casket Letters inciting her Lord High Admiral and Commander-in-Chief, the Earl of Bothwell, to murder her King-Consort Henry Stewarde, Earl of Darnley, great grandson of Hen. VII. But exalted as the *dramatis personæ* may be, the case, as Mr. Lang views it, "is really a police case." The trail of *la haute politique*, while it renders the issue almost unfathomable at times, ought not, in strict justice, be allowed to divert it. The five chief protagonists of the drama are Mary and Darnley, the Earl of Moray, Maitland of Lethington, and Bothwell. The golden rules of Hale justify the inquiry historically. Mr. Lang shows that, whatever may have been the immediate cause of death, Darnley was found murdered in the garden of Kirk o' Field House, just beside the wall of Edinburgh, where the University buildings now stand, on February 10, 1567. It is necessary to collect a few dates

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to explain what follows. Riccio was murdered April 2, 1566. James VI. and I. was born June 19, 1566. In October, Bothwell, Lethington, Balfour, Huntly, and Argyll signed a "murder-band," or bond, promising to assist one another in putting Darnley to death. At the baptism of her infant son, the relations between Mary and Darnley were very strained, and at the end of December, 1566, Darnley went to his father's house at Glasgow, where he fell very ill. Mary, about this date, was travelling. She visited Stirling, Drummond Castle, Calendar House, and Holyrood. On January 20, 1567, she set out from Edinburgh to fetch Darnley from Glasgow. According to the authorities relied on by Mr. Lang, Mary arrived at Glasgow on January 21. It was there the first Casket Letters are alleged to have been written by her. She returned with Darnley to Edinburgh and lodged him in Kirk o' Field House, where he met his death on February 10. On April 19, 1567, the lords signed Ainslie's band, binding themselves to defend Bothwell and advance his marriage with the Queen. On April 24 Bothwell seized Mary and carried her off with Huntly and Lethington, at a disputed place not far from Edinburgh. In May Bothwell and Mary were at Dunbar, and on the 15th they were married by Protestant rites by the Bishop of Orkney. The Scots lords then appealed to Elizabeth against Mary.

On June 15, 1567, Mary and Bothwell were routed by the lords at Carberry. Bothwell flew to Denmark, and Mary became a prisoner. She was imprisoned at Loch Leven Castle, the ancestral seat of her hereditary enemies, the Douglases, on June 16. The Earl of Morton's retainers discovered the Casket Letters at Edinburgh on June 21. On July 25 the Lords insisted on Mary's abdication and the appointment of a Regent. Mary escaped from Loch Leven in May, 1568, but was detained by Elizabeth at Bolton. In October, 1568, Elizabeth opened a Commission at York to try Mary. The Commission adjourned to Westminster on November 25, and on December 14 they came to the somewhat impotent conclusion, "'as the case did now stand," that Mary was "unpurged of all these horrible crimes."

Although the evidence is very conflicting about Darnley's death, there is no doubt that he was murdered in the garden of Kirk o' Field House. On January 3, 1568, four of the meaner agents in the crime were "put to the knowledge of an assize," and executed; "their legs and arms were carried about the country by boys in baskets." One of these men, Tala, is said to have denounced for complicity on the scaffold Bothwell, Huntly, Argyll, Lethington, Balfour, other noblemen, and even the Queen. But in the account given to Cecil, the great Elizabethan "Secretary Cecil," it was not stated that any confession incriminated Mary. Nearly twenty years afterwards a more prominent personage, Archibald Douglas, a here-

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ditary enemy of the Lennox Stewarts, of whom Darnley was the representative, was placed on his trial for the murder of Darnley and acquitted. But this trial appears to have been collusive. The murder of Darnley was explicitly admitted in the account furnished of his death to foreign Courts by Mary and her Council. In modern times it is usual to regard regicide as the crime of the outcasts of society. But Darnley's murder seems from the first to have been connected with prominent personages. The distracted state of Scotland renders this extrinsically possible; and Mr. Lang paints the more prominent, as well as the minor, agents in Darnley's murder in colours that render the Catilinarian conspirators respectable. Mr. Lang admits that Mary's task of quietening the country was perhaps impossible, the external and internal difficulties were equally great. It can be demonstrated, he says, that almost every lord, from Moray downwards, was united in "a signed band" against Darnley. Randolph, the English Ambassador at Holyrood, informed Elizabeth, in 1570, that there was a universal rumour that Bothwell, Lethington, Huntly, and Argyll "subscribed upon a bond promising to concur and assist one another in the late King's death." In this letter Randolph seems to protest against Moray, Mary's natural brother, being accused of having set his hand to any document authorising the murder of Darnley. But there is overwhelming evidence that Bothwell took an active part in the perpetration of the crime. Birrel, the discreet author of the *Diurnal of Occurrents*, Sir James Melville, George Buchanan, Archibald Douglas, and the dying confession of a criminal executed for Darnley's murder, are all at one as to Bothwell's actual part and presence at the commission of the crime. Paris and Powrie, Bothwell's servants, were both executed for complicity in the King's murder. At a later date, Buchanan declared that the King was murdered by six or eight bravoes employed by Archbishop Hamilton. But Mr. Lang says that, while Buchanan was probably honest, "the facts were ministered to him," by the lords and the Lennox party. Bothwell was declared to be "judicially innocent" of Darnley's murder by the lords and ecclesiastics who subscribed Ainslie's band in April, 1567. The phrase "judicially innocent" recalls the verdict, "not legally guilty upon my honour," which was said to have been delivered by a certain duke at the trial of the Earl of Cardigan in the last century. But in June, 1567, the Scottish lords, influenced by the Casket Letters, pronounced Bothwell to be guilty of the forcible abduction of Mary. Later, the Scots Privy Council gave the lie to this averment by letting Bothwell go free and entrapping Mary. Before Carberry, it must be remembered, Bothwell "ruled all," and was the most powerful man in Scotland. After Darnley's murder, February 10, 1567, Mr. Lang declares that the nobles were in just fear of being handled like Darnley. Killigrew, the emissary

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of Elizabeth, dined at Moray's house in Edinburgh in March 1567, with Bothwell, Lethington, Huntly, and Argyll. All these, Mr. Lang considers, were concerned in the crime with the exception of Moray. Elizabeth openly declared that Mary dared not proceed against Bothwell on account of "the strength and influence of the latter." Bothwell was a staunch Protestant, and twice married Catholic wives by Protestant rites. But Mr. Lang points out that in that age religion meant acquiescence in theological party cries. Bothwell, when he crushed Moray's revolt in October, 1565, won for Mary what she was said by Knollys to most prize—victory. In addition, he had always been loyal to Mary, and before her to her mother, Mary of Guise, when Queen Regent. Bothwell, in fact, was Mary's favourite soldier, whom she was wont "to shake out of her pocket" at her opponents.

These circumstances lead up to the inquiry whether in January—February 1567 Mary wrote the Casket Letters and Sonnets urging Bothwell to murder Darnley, and betraying her illicit affection for the former. The most incriminating letter was written by Mary, *ex hypothesi*, when she was at Glasgow, January 21, 1567. Mr. Lang states that this letter, numbered II. in the Casket Series, but the first in historical order, "distinctly means murder." The curious expression occurs in it that "no stroke but coming from your hand could make me but to have pitie of him." The writer confesses that she is afraid with horror, and is compelled by her correspondent almost to play the part of traitor. The correspondent is asked if he cannot find "some invention more secret by physic," and is warned that Darnley has great suspicions. The correspondent is told to burn the letter, for it is too dangerous, and, in conclusion, is told to remember "the ludgeing in Edinburgh." There are altogether eight letters and some French sonnets. The Earl of Morton informed the English Commissioners at Westminster in 1568 that he discovered, through his retainers, the fatal casket when at Edinburgh in June 1567. The casket was found by one Dalgleish in Potter's Row, close to the garden where Darnley was murdered. These circumstances can hardly conduce to a belief in the authenticity of the letters. It would seem to transcend the fatuity of the criminal that Bothwell should have concealed letters evidencing his own complicity in a public spot close to the theatre of his crime. The casket with the letters and sonnets remained in the possession of the Earl of Morton till 1581. After the latter's execution in that year, the casket passed into the possession of the Earl of Gowrie, who was executed for treason in 1584. Gowrie refused to give up the casket to Elizabeth's agents, and since 1584 the casket, with the original alleged autograph letters, has disappeared. Mr. Lang denies that the Hamilton casket is the original casket, on convincing reasons. But—*il a pris*

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la mouche et est sorti—since in any case it is not contended that the Hamilton casket contains the letters or sonnets. The mystery of the Casket Letters is, therefore, more unfathomable than that of the *Letters of Junius*, to which it has been compared. In the last case we have originals in the letters sent by the writer Junius to his publisher. The originals of the Casket Letters are entirely lost, though we may have the originals of the Sonnets. It is beyond dispute, Mr. Lang considers, that the Casket Letters must have been originally written in French. This is proved by the literal translation of French idioms occurring in the copies we possess. The alleged autograph texts have been copied into Scots, English, Latin, and retranslated into French by the Huguenots. Of the two most important letters, only Scots and English copies are extant. In the process of translation grave blunders are traceable. Mr. Lang says that, "though dozens of blunders occur in the English versions, they now and then keep closer to the originals than the Scots versions." The sonnets may be the originals. They are, of course, in French. In spite of Chatterton's forgeries and those of Ossian by Macpherson, Mr. Lang considers that "nothing is less likely than that a forger would think of such a task as forging verses by Mary." He adds that none of her enemies could have produced the verses if he wished to. Mr. Lang elsewhere says that if the letters and sonnets were forged, Maitland of Lethington must have inspired the forgery. But it is clear Lethington could have forged verses. Mr. Lang endows him with classical culture, notes that he was the son of a poet, and that he was universally considered "the flower of the wits of Scotland." After this it is difficult to subscribe to Mr. Lang's statement that "we do not know any one among her (Mary's) enemies who could have produced the verses even if he had the will." It may be recalled that the best judges, Brantôme and Ronsard, declared that the Casket Sonnets were too rude and unpolished to have emanated from the Queen.

The evidence of Paris, a valet lent by Bothwell to Mary, who acted the part of "the conveyancing gentleman" in the letters of Junius, is probably the most weighty evidence against Mary. It is said to have convinced an eminent judge of the eighteenth century of Mary's guilt. Mr. Lang admits that the evidence of Paris is "fatal if true." But he points out that it exhibits absurd contradictions. It may be remembered, however, that it was made by a terror-struck and tortured man. Paris gave evidence on August 10, 1569, that he carried a letter to Bothwell from Mary at Glasgow in January, 1567. This is material evidence, because two of the Casket Letters purport to be written from Mary at Glasgow at that date. But Mr. Lang points out that the statement of Paris can only be brought into harmony with Bothwell's movements if Paris committed an error of two days in assigning the date of Mary's entry into Glasgow. Mr. Lang

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quotes contemporary but absolutely independent evidence to show that the dates of Mary's movement from Edinburgh to Glasgow are such as to render it perfectly possible that Mary received a letter from Bothwell before the latter's departure for Liddesdale on January 24, 1567. Mr. Lang says that this is the only valuable part of Paris' evidence. It is submitted that Mr. Lang proves convincingly that, on his scheme of dates, Paris may have carried a Casket Letter. It is interesting to note that the most minute critic of the Junius question declared that all attempts to bring Francis' movements into harmony with the dates of the letters to the publisher entirely failed. This need not now be said of the movements of Mary and the Casket Letters, between whom there is the closest correspondence. The outlines of Paris' further depositions are that in a recess between two doors at Kirk o' Field House, early in February, 1567, Bothwell unfolded to him the details of the conspiracy, and instructed Paris to procure the key of Mary's room, in which he proposed to lay the mine for blowing up the house. The depositions of Paris were made and attested before three witnesses, August 10, 1569. Six days later Paris was executed at St. Andrews; Mr. Lang suggests, merely on the strength of his own depositions, since it does not appear there was any trial. The witnesses were accredited and even distinguished persons, employed by the Regent Moray. Robertson and Hume implicitly believe Paris' confession. Mr. Lang complains that there are variances between two statements Paris made about his procuring the key of Mary's room. Besides the fact that Paris was examined under torture, it is to be remembered that the evidence was given two and a half years after the event. Mr. Lang considers it absurd that Paris should make Bothwell avow that he had spent a whole day in searching Kirk o' Field House, and then proceed to ask Paris if he knew a recess where he could impart to him his momentous confidence. But a priest's hole or secret chamber is not always a spot that can be discovered by a perfunctory search. Again, a menial is more likely *connaître les êtres* than a lordly visitor. Independent evidence attributed to Paris the possession of a key or keys, and thus confirms his deposition substantially. Mr. Lang admits that Paris' statement as to the material particular of the introduction of the powder agrees with the dying confessions of Powrie and others executed for Darnley's murder. Though Paris' confession was made only five days before he was executed, Mr. Lang argues that it was not a dying confession. A dying declaration, though hearsay evidence, is receivable in court provided that it is made in contemplation of death, that the party is in danger of dying without hope of recovery, and that death ensues. Such a declaration may, however, clearly be made more than five days before death ensues. Paris' confession must have been made in contemplation of death, since it was

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generally believed that after his return from Denmark he would be executed for his share in Darnley's death. Then we read that Queen Elizabeth asked the Regent Moray to spare his life till his evidence was taken before the Commission. Paris may be fairly presumed to realise his own peril as well as Elizabeth. But if so, it would appear that his depositions were substantially a dying confession. The Bishop of Ross attributed to Paris a statement on the scaffold to the effect that Mary was innocent of any complicity in Darnley's death. Mr. Lang would accept this as a dying statement, but then he is disinclined to believe Lesley. Another ground that Mr. Lang assumes for objecting to Paris' depositions is, that it represents Bothwell as acquiescing in an attempt of Mary to procure the murder of Darnley at the hands of her brother. Mr. Lang argues that as, according to Paris, Bothwell had already determined to murder Darnley at a later date, he would not have lightly submitted to having his sinister task anticipated by Lord Robert Stewart. Paris' statement about Lord Robert Stewart's abortive design is strictly consistent with some of the minor Casket Letters. The question seems to arise whether Bothwell valued the means more than the end? Only a most infatuated lover, when urged by his mistress to murder a rival, would refuse to avail himself of the aid a third party. But then Bothwell was not an infatuated lover. We are told that, after his marriage with Mary, he informed his former wife that he regarded her as still his wife, and Mary as his mistress.

The conduct of Mary after Darnley's death has exposed her to merited suspicion. Mary and her Council threw the blame on the extreme Protestants, of whom Moray was the leader. The Council represented that the crime was really aimed against the Queen and her infant son. It is curious that Mary should have thrown the blame on the extreme Protestants, because Bothwell was, as Mr. Lang elsewhere notes, a staunch Protestant. Again, if Mary had been the object of the attempt, she might have exhibited some concern for her own safety. But she does not do this. Elizabeth, at this date, believed that Mary was under the duress of the lords. Bothwell "ruled all." Whatever may have been the truth of her position Mary made no attempt to avenge Darnley. She placed Darnley's corpse in a grave beside that of Riccio. Mary thus strangely confirmed the rumour that she had uttered the prediction, after Riccio's murder, that "ere a twelvemonth was over a fatter than he should lie beside him." She loaded Bothwell with presents, and this was probably the cause of the rumour that arose of her intention to marry him. Then Bothwell's acquittal and the Ainslie band precipitated matters. It is to be noted that Ainslie's band was not signed by Moray, Lethington, or any of the Hamiltons. The history of Scotland now becomes a series of dissolving scenes. Bothwell carries off Mary from some place near Edinburgh and

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marries her on May 15. The lords go back from their declaration in Ainslie's band, and appeal to Elizabeth against Mary. Bothwell is defeated at Carberry Hill in June, and Mary is sent to Loch Leven Castle. Five days after this last event the Casket Letters are discovered by Morton's retainers at Potter's Row, Edinburgh. Mr. Lang significantly comments: "No sooner was evidence wanted than it was found." This seems a strange inversion of *post hoc, ergo propter hoc.*

Mr. Lang notes that the lords did not make public use of the Casket Letters at first. It may be at once added that public use never was made of the letters, even at the so-called Judicial Commission at York, or Westminster, in 1568. It seems almost incredible that not only the Scots lords, but even Elizabeth herself, could have perpetrated on such a signal occasion the culminating injustice that startled all Europe at the recent court-martial on Captain Dreyfus. Mary was accused on the strength of letters disclosed to Elizabeth's Commissioners, but which were obstinately withheld from her own Commissioners. And while the Casket Letters, like the famous *bordereau*, were never exhibited, either in originals or copies to the accused or her counsel, in either case the prosecution assured the world that the *pièce de conviction* existed. At Hampton Court, the last inquiry, Elizabeth's Commissioners only heard the Earl of Morton relate the finding of the Casket Letters when the Commissioners of Mary had withdrawn. They had withdrawn, possibly voluntarily, but assuredly on no frivolous pretext, but as a protest against the preposterous injustice of proceeding against Mary in her absence. Elizabeth perpetrated a more signal injustice in refusing to allow Mary herself to see copies, much less originals, of the letters, though repeatedly requested to show the letters to Mary by the French ambassador and her own Commissioners. Elizabeth persisted in withholding the letters from Mary, even when it involved violating her royal word that she would exhibit them to her. In this respect of withholding evidence, the Commissioners of Elizabeth actually transcended the injustice perpetrated by the illomened Dreyfus courts-martial. It is not in this question of handwriting that the aptest parallel is to be sought, as Mr. Lang seems to think, between the Commissions of Elizabeth on Mary Stuart, and "the *procés jugé, mais non plaidé*" of 1894. The question of handwriting has only a secondary interest in the investigation of the Casket Letters, because the original letters are not extant. Mr. Lang considers that it is grotesque to suppose that Mary wrote, much less kept, copies of her letters to Bothwell if she wrote them. If the Casket Letters were forged, either in whole or in part, it is equally absurd to suppose that the forger copied the letters for judicial inspection. This would only enhance the risk of his own detection, since comparison would reveal the similarity

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between the graphology of the purported original and the copy. The establishment of such similarity would be fatal to the hypothesis that the forger desired to induce—that the originals were written by Mary. It is conclusively to be inferred that the copies were neither written by Mary or the forger. It cannot be of the slightest importance who wrote the copies we possess in that event. It is curious to note that Maitland of Lethington, like Junius, wrote in a very upright hand. This is a fact of independent importance. Lethington is said, on October 16, 1568, to have convinced Norfolk at York that Mary did not write the letters. Mr. Lang argues that Lethington must have persuaded Norfolk the letters were not authentic by the ease with which he himself could imitate her handwriting. It is certainly remarkable that Lethington, who is suspected of an historical forgery, should have written in an upright hand like Junius, who, according to Chabot, certainly wrote in a feigned hand. Nothing is easier, Chabot observed, than to alter the accustomed slope of handwriting. The examples of Mary's hand exhibited in the plates in Mr. Lang's book show that Mary's hand sloped. At times the slope is very perceptible.

Mr. Lang rightly considers that the fact our copies of the Casket Letters are not signed "proves little or nothing." But he seems to think that Mary's defenders gain by the averment, which was not denied, that the originals were not signed. At the Common Law, a person is bound by what he has written, whether signed by him or not. It is surely an exceptional thing for an incriminating letter to be signed. Many of the Casket Letters, if not all, were certainly incriminating. Mr. Lang declares, and every one who reads the letter must agree with him, that Letter II. "means murder." Junius did not sign many letters he wrote to Woodfall, though he only employed a pseudonym.

Though Mr. Lang does not notice the parallel between the Commissions of Elizabeth on the Casket Inquiry and the Dreyfus court-martial, so far as the non-production of material evidence in open court is concerned, nothing can exceed the aptness of Mr. Lang's comment on Elizabeth's refusal to exhibit to Mary the evidence on which she accused her: "How can an accused person answer if not allowed to see the documents in the case?" Elizabeth, in this respect, acted as her father had done. When Cromwell, Henry VIII.'s Vicar-General, asked the judges whether an act of attainder could be passed against a person in his absence, the judges replied that acts of attainder ought to be only passed after proper judicial process, hearing counsel and witnesses. It is notorious that Cromwell was not allowed the benefit of this opinion in his own case. But according to the opinion of her father's judges, it is as clear that Elizabeth infringed the fundamental principles of criminal justice as they were understood in her own day, as that the courts-martial of

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1894 and 1898 copied her methods. The evidence of Paris, and Mary's own conduct after the murder of Darnley, constitute circumstantial, if not direct, evidence of her guilt. But Mr. Lang characterises as "disgraceful" the conduct of Elizabeth in sequestering Mary at Bolton, four or five day's journey from her representatives at Westminster.

Maitland of Lethington played a very important part in the inquiry at York in October 1568. Mr. Lang's introduction of this character may be compared in skill and dramatic force to the unveiling of the informers of 1798 by Mr. W. J. FitzPatrick in *Secret Service Under Pitt*. Horace declared that poisons cannot overturn the standards of human conduct. Lethington was a prominent figure of political life in Mary's reign, while Magan and Turner were only briefless barristers; but tortuous intrigue and chicane characterise the careers of all alike. Maitland of Lethington occupies the same position with reference to the Casket Letters as Lord Temple occupies in regard to the *Letters of Junius*. In both cases the motive of disappointed ambition is found. In both cases, while neither are regarded as having been the immediate instrument, the conjecture arises that they may have inspired the writer and supplied him with information. Both men lived in an age when party ties were disregarded, though, of course, in other respects it is not necessary to compare the reign of George III. with that of Queen Mary.

Lethington's public action is even more against him than Lord Temple's, though the latter declared that "he loved faction." But Lethington may be designated as *desultorem bellorum civilium* with at least as much aptness as the term was applied to a Messala before him or a Wharton or Lovat in later times. He began by deserting Mary of Guise for the lords. He joined Mary on her arrival in Scotland. Then he is found hinting to Cecil that it was necessary to murder Riccio. Lethington was deep in every scheme against Darnley, and certainly subscribed the murder band by which it was agreed to murder him. Lethington was with Mary when she was carried off by Bothwell to Dunbar. He probably composed the instructions by which Mary sought to excuse to the French Court her action in marrying Bothwell in May 1567. His conduct was then more than usually mysterious. But he seems to have fallen in the background of the Court. This seems obvious, because he did not oppose Bothwell's marriage. But that event meant ruin to Lethington's favourite project of securing the succession of the infant James to the united crowns of England and Scotland. Lethington nearly lost his life when he fell into Bothwell's hands. He owed his life to Mary, who saved him from the fury of Bothwell. Lethington, on June 7, showed his gratitude by joining the lords, and finally dealt a deadly blow at Mary's

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cause by procuring the surrender of Edinburgh Castle to the lords. Yet at Carberry Hill we find Lethington assuring Mary that he is "not of the lords' party." Mr. Lang supposes that the tortuous action of Lethington is to be explained on the assumption that Mary, after Carberry, possessed documentary evidence conclusively proving that Lethington was deeply involved in Darnley's murder. Bothwell may, in fact, have given Mary the murder band itself on parting with her after Carberry. Therefore, Mary could have denounced Lethington to the lords as "the chief undertaker" of the murder of Darnley. It is, therefore, argued that Lethington worked secretly for Mary—this he clearly did at York, and was a traitor to the lords. When Mary was at Loch Leven, the English envoy, on the one hand, believed Lethington to be Mary's friend, while the English ambassador at Holyrood, on the other, accuses him of advising that Mary should be strangled. At this date Elizabeth seems to have believed the representations of the envoy Throckmorton. At the York conference Lethington convinced Norfolk, in October 1568, that the Casket Letters were forged, because of the ease with which Mary's hand could be imitated. Mr. Lang considers that while Lethington did not confess to Norfolk that he forged the letters, he must have influenced Norfolk by the argument that he could copy Mary's hand with facility. Lethington did not appear at Westminster or Hampton Court. He is said to have whispered to Moray that he had shamed himself for ever—a confession that was as tardy as it was true. Mr. Lang says of Lethington that almost to the last he was true to one idea—the political union of England and Scotland. Carlyle's hero of one idea, Lafayette, was a "compact, honour, worthy man." But the one idea in Lethington's case affords a classical illustration of *l'idée fixe*. In 1569, as a charge of complicity in Darnley's murder was hanging over his head, Lethington, in spite of the strong remonstances of the English ambassador, goes over to Mary's side, and dies in her service. He is found holding Edinburgh Castle for the Queen, the very stronghold he had betrayed into the hands of her enemies two years before. This is what Junius would call "traversing every sign of the political zodiac." Mr. Lang's hypothesis that the eccentricity of Lethington's action is to be explained on the assumption that Mary possessed irrefragable proof of his complicity in Darnley's murder, seems not more ingenious than obvious.

But Mr. Lang adds—"Whoever held the pen of the forger Lethington must have directed the scheme." This is exactly the part ascribed to Lord Temple in regard to the *Letters of Junius* by Sir W. R. Anson in his autobiography of the Duke of Grafton. There is another curious correspondence. Mr. Lang says that the actual forger of the Casket Letters must have been "some unheard of underling." Mr. C. W. Dilke, the most minute

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critic of the Junius question, in the introduction of the *Essays of a Critic*, contends that the writer Junius must have been a member of the middle-class, a newspaper writer. One circumstance that points to Lethington's guilt is that both Randolph and Cecil impute to him the having imflicted some mysterious injury on Mary. Randolph after having set out at length an exhaustive catalogue of Lethington's misdeeds towards Mary, in a letter to Cecil, ends with "something more than we might say, were it not to grieve you too much herein." This was written in 1569 when *vendanges sont faites*. Mr. Lang argues that the allusion is topically inexplicable unless Randolph is suggesting that Lethington forged the Casket Letters. In 1571, Cecil darkly hints to Kirkcaldy that of Lethington he has heard "such things as he dare not believe." Mr. Lang shows that in this case there is insuperable difficulty in explaining the reference except on the hypothesis that it alludes to the forgery of the Casket Letters. On the day that the retainers of Morton found the Casket Letters, Lethington despatched a letter to Cecil informing him of the discovery. But at this date, June 1567, Elizabeth told the Spanish ambassador she did not believe the Casket Letters were genuine, and explicitly pronounced the opinion that Lethington had behaved badly in the matter." But as the result of the Westminster Commission Elizabeth later clearly believed in their authenticity. The fact that Lethington advised the lords to strangle Mary in Loch Leven Castle is a fact of such an astounding character that it seems to explain any censure that could be incurred by Lethington in his relations to the Queen. It is clear this incitement to murder the Queen is even more criminal than false accusation and forgery. There can be no question of Lethington's guilt and ingratitude to Mary. So much is clear, whether or not he forged the Casket Letters. Perhaps the most conclusive evidence against him on this charge is the knowledge that may reasonably be imputed to him of the letter Mary wrote in May 1567 excusing her marriage with Bothwell to the French Court. The Casket Letters were not "found" till June, and it is argued that if Lethington forged Letter VI. he must have copied these instructions. But this letter contains a mention of Lethington, in a way that a man would hardly refer to himself. It does not prove Mary guilty. Why, then, should Lethington have forged it? There is no trace whatever of the "underling" who is supposed to have forged the letters on Lethington's instructions. Yet underlings, such as the valet Paris, who acted a part in Darnley's murder, were executed. If Bothwell abandoned his underlings, why should not Lethington have deserted his? Again, it does not seem very clear why Lethington should have feared Mary so much in October 1568, that, being *ex hypothesi* the forger, he turned round and denounced his own handiwork to Norfolk at the very hour

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it had completely succeeded. But, of course, it may be said that Lethington's action is to be explained on the ground that he feared Mary more when desperate than when successful. Why did Mary delay producing the conclusive evidence she is supposed to have had by Mr. Lang? Mary apparently endured a year's imprisonment at Loch Leven, and allowed the English Commissioners to arrive at the conclusion that she was guilty, without resorting to the hold she had over Lethington.

Mr. Lang shows that parts, even of the most incriminating letters, must be genuine and compromise the Queen. The charge against Lethington is reduced to his having forged other portions. But why should he have taken the trouble to do this, if Mary is compromised by what she must have written herself? Such a crime would have been a work of supererogation.

N. W. SIBLEY.

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RED CROSS IN EUROPE.

UNDER the banner of the Red Cross marches a greater army than ever mustered any other flag that floats. Stars and Stripes, Union Jack, banners of France, Germany, and Russia, all of them yield, in glory and sovereignty, to the banner that bears the message of love, healing, and peace.

For more than thirty years that Red Cross flag has been flying on the battlefields of Europe, and kings, queens, and people of every rank have paid homage to its colours.

More glorious than battle's victory, more honouring than worldly conquest, are the triumphs of the Red Cross. Britain's Empress, the Presidents of France and the United States, the Emperors of Germany, Austria, and Russia, and the kings and princes of every nation in Europe, hold that flag as sacred and inviolate as their religion; and they would sooner trample their national flag in the dust than do aught that would cast dishonour on the Red Cross flag of Geneva.

Men and nations for five thousand years have been warring against each other, and deluging the earth with their blood, before the pioneers of Red Cross brought about that Red Cross Conference which met at Geneva on the morning of October 26, 1863. At that Conference fourteen Governments were represented; and the result of their deliberations was the Convention of Geneva, which has been adopted by all the nations of the world, except China, Mexico, and Brazil.

Travel where we may in almost every part of the globe we shall behold the sign or flag of the Red Cross of Geneva—on the steppes of Russia, in far Siberia, among the mosques and minarets of Turkey, in the cities of Persia, on the flag-staffs of the Argentine Republic, on the mountains of San Salvador, in the passes of Roumania, high up amid the snow-clad heights of Chili, by the fiords of Norway and dykes of Holland, in the Alps of Switzerland, on the shores of Italy, in the vine-clad valleys of France, in the castles and cottages of Germany, on the banks of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa, Hudson, and Mississippi, from the Golden Horn of the Bosphorus to the Golden Gates of San Francisco, in Asia, Africa, and every corner of Britain's Empire—go where we will, from sea to sea and continent to continent and we shall still see that Red

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Cross flag of Geneva, proclaiming to the world its glorious message of peace and good-will.

Nineteen years in the past century—nineteen years of the world's most advanced civilisation and Christianity—witnessed twenty-one wars waged by nations nominally Christian: Austria, England, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, and Spain. "Nineteen centuries of Christianity," observes one who has studied the record, "the purest and most ennobling system of religion this world has yet seen, ending with nineteen years of continuous human bloodshed, butchery, cruelty, misery. It is a shameful history, with only one gleam of heavenly light in it—the Red Cross. Can England set no better example of practical religion?" To which we add, have England, France, Germany, and every other nation that has waged the terrible wars of these nineteen years, begun yet to learn the highest and noblest lesson of the Red Cross—the prevention of war and the maintenance of peace, goodwill, and harmony among the nations? We believe they have, all recent wars to the contrary, for only the recording angel can tell what Red Cross and the Peace Societies of Europe have done to prevent battle and bloodshed in the last thirty years. We know that Red Cross has wrought marvels in the amelioration of war's awful miseries, in the healing of its wounded and sick, and in providing for the widows and orphans of the slain. "If," wrote Dr. Wasserfuhr eighty years ago, "ministers of European Governments could only once see a battlefield covered with human bodies, where suffering groans without being heard or pitied, where the wounded are a prey to hunger and thirst, where pain tears the soul and anguish presses the heart, they would at once do what they have so long neglected." And that is precisely what they have since done by the acceptance of the Red Cross of Geneva; but it is no less true to-day than when these words of Dr. Wasserfuhr were uttered, that if Governments and people far from the seat of war "once saw a battlefield covered with human bodies," and heard the groans of the dying, they would be far less eager for war and more appreciative of the settlement of international feuds by arbitration—by that policy of peace whose benign influences radiate from Geneva and the Hague. To-day, in the armouries of America, and in the drill-halls of Europe, young men may be seen going through Red Cross drill, and bearing upon their uniforms the sign and badge of the Red Cross; and yet this great and beneficent movement is, comparatively speaking, but a creation of yesterday. Its birthday was August 22, 1864, the date of the Geneva Convention. The outcome of that Convention was a treaty for "the amelioration of the condition of the wounded in armies in the field." In the year 1868, other articles were added, making the treaty applicable to the navy as well as to the army.

In about five years' time, after the close of the Crimean War, the

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armies of France and Austria were locked in the embrace of war, and the horrors and blunders of Sebastopol and Inkerman were being re-enacted. One Henri Dunant, a Swiss physician, beheld the dreadful carnage of the last battle in that conflict—that of Solferino —which took place on June 24, 1859; and the loss of life caused through insufficient care of the sick and wounded, and inadequate provision for their wants, was such that he determined to give an account of his experiences to the world. About 82,000 men were wounded and killed in this war, and thousands died whose lives might have been saved by proper care and prompt medical attention. Henri Dunant's story of the war, and especially of the horrors witnessed at Solferino, sent a shudder through the heart of Europe. The book was translated into many languages; and the author gained his point—the exposure of the awful disasters caused by lack of medical supplies, comforts, and nurses. The result of his efforts was a meeting of the Geneva Society of Public Utility to consider Mr. Dunant's appeal and ascertain "whether means might not be found to form, during the time of peace and tranquillity, relief societies whose aim should be to help the wounded in time of war by means of volunteers, zealous, devoted, and well qualified for such work." Mr. Dunant was appointed secretary of the special committee appointed to look into the question; and Mr. Gustave Moynier, president. The International Conference, to which allusion has been made, was the outcome of this meeting, and, as a result, the Geneva Convention of August 22, 1864. "We shall not rest," said President Moynier at that Conference, "until we have found means to lessen for our fellow-creatures the privations, the sufferings, and the evils of all kinds, which are the inevitable consequences of armed contest." His prediction was fulfilled to the letter, for in every war that has taken place since the signing of the Geneva Convention the banner of Red Cross has been unfurled, and its followers have rendered an inestimable service to the cause of humanity.

It may be proper, just here, to give word for word the Articles of the International Red Cross Treaty, which may be truly regarded as the most sublime and far reaching compact to which civilised nations ever set their seal and signature:

"THE INTERNATIONAL RED CROSS TREATY.

"Convention of Geneva, for the amelioration of the condition of the wounded in armies in the field. August 22, 1864:

"The sovereigns of the following countries, to wit: Baden, Belgium, Denmark, Holland, Spain, Portugal, France, Prussia, Saxony, Wurtemberg, and the Federal Council of Switzerland, animated by a common desire of mitigating, as far as in their power, the evils inseparable from war, of suppressing needless severities and of ameliorating the conditions of soldiers wounded on the fields of battle, having concluded to determine a

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treaty for this purpose, these plenipotentiaries, after the due interchange of their powers, found to be in good and proper form, have agreed upon the following articles, to wit:

"ARTICLE 1.—Ambulances (field hospitals) and military hospitals shall be acknowledged to be neutral, and as such shall be protected and respected by belligerents, so long as any sick or wounded may be therein. Such neutrality shall cease if the ambulances or hospitals should be held by a military force.

"ART. 2.—Persons employed in hospitals and ambulances, comprising the staff for superintendence, medical service, administration, transport of wounded, as well as chaplains, shall participate in the benefit of neutrality whilst so employed, and so long as there remain any to bring in or to succour.

"ART. 3.—The persons designated in the preceding article may, even after occupation by the enemy, continue to fulfil their duties in the hospital or ambulance which they may have, or may withdraw in order to regain the corps to which they belong. Under such circumstances, when the persons shall cease from their functions, they shall be delivered by the occupying army to the outposts of the enemy. They shall have specially the right of sending a representative to the headquarters of their respective armies.

"ART. 4.—As the equipment of military hospitals remains subject to the laws of war, persons attached to such hospitals cannot, on withdrawing, carry away any articles but such as are their private property. Under the same circumstances, an ambulance shall, on the contrary, retain its equipment.

"ART. 5.—Inhabitants of the country who may bring help to the wounded shall be respected and shall remain free. The generals of the belligerent Powers shall make it their care to inform the inhabitants of the appeal addressed to their humanity, and of the neutrality which will be the consequence of it. Any wounded man entertained and taken care of in a house shall be considered as a protection thereto. Any inhabitant who shall have entertained wounded men in his house shall be exempted from the quartering of troops, as well as from a part of the contributions of war which may be imposed.

"ART. 6.—Wounded or sick soldiers shall be entertained and taken care of, to whatever nation they may belong. Commanders-in-chief shall have the power to deliver immediately to the outposts of the enemy soldiers who have been wounded in an engagement, when circumstances permit this to be done, and with the consent of both parties. Those who are recognised after they are healed as incapable of serving, shall be sent back to their country. The others may also be sent back on the condition of not again bearing arms during the continuance of the war. Evacuations, together with the persons under whose directions they take place, shall be protected by an absolute neutrality.

"ART. 7.—A distinctive and uniform flag shall be adopted for hospitals, ambulances, and evacuations. It must on every occasion be accompanied by the national flag. An arm badge (brassard) shall also be allowed for individuals neutralised, but the delivery thereof shall be left to military authority. The flag and arm badge shall bear a red cross on a white ground.

"ART. 8.—The details of execution of the present Convention shall be regulated by the commanders-in-chief of belligerent armies, according to the instructions of their respective Governments, and in conformity with the general principles laid down in this Convention.

"ART. 9.—The high contracting Powers have agreed to communicate the present Convention to those Governments which have not found it con-

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venient to send plenipotentiaries to the International Convention at Geneva, with an invitation to accede thereto; the protocol is, for that purpose, left open.

"ART. 10.—The present Convention shall be ratified, and the ratification shall be exchanged at Berne, in four months, or sooner, if possible.

"In witness whereof the respective plenipotentiaries have signed the same, and have affixed thereto the seal of their arms.

"Done at Geneva the 23rd day of August, 1864."

Under the Red Cross banner "no preference is shown; no suffering goes unnoticed; not a man can fall and be uncared for. Multitudes of lives are saved. The dying are comforted. The dead are identified and tenderly buried, and desolate homes and shadowed hearts are solaced by letters from the closing scenes. The little red and white flag, fluttering in the smoke of battle, in defeat and in victory, is a beacon of hope, a veritable talisman of inspiration—a precious jewel in the diadem of modern humanitarianism."

Marvellous indeed have been the results achieved in Europe by the Red Cross during the thirty years of its existence. There has not been a war in all that time where its benignant influence has not been felt—where it has not saved its hundreds or its thousands of lives, and comforted, cheered, and blessed its tens of thousands.

Since the signing of that Geneva Treaty there has scarcely been a battle (and there have been many wars since then) where the Red Cross has not fulfilled its message of love and mercy, of peace and goodwill. In every conflict that has shaken the foundations of Europe in thirty years, the beautiful Red Cross flag of Geneva has been upreared, and inspired deeds of the greatest daring and courage. During that period immense sums of money were contributed by European nations for the benefit of the sick and wounded in battle. Scarcely one of them withheld its abundant supplies of money and provisions.

At the formation of the British Red Cross Society (the National Society for aid to sick and wounded in war) a sum of nearly £300,000 was subscribed by the British public. During the Franco-Prussian war they contributed over seven million francs and sent to the seat of war 12,000 boxes of supplies through the agents of the Red Cross.

In the war of 1866 five provinces in Austria raised 87,000 pounds sterling. The triumphs of Austrian Red Cross have been among the brightest in Europe. Austria in 1859 raised 367,000 florins in aid of wounded soldiers and their widows and orphans. In the Danish war of 1864 she again came nobly to the front. The Austro-Hungarian Empire can point to no service of its men and women more beautiful and beneficent than those rendered in aid of the wounded in battle.

When war broke out between Germany and France in 1870, the Prussian Red Cross Society had command of four million thalers

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(£580,000). At Berlin 250 ladies were constantly at work, receiving, assorting, packing, and discharging immense quantities of food, clothing, and other supplies for the sick and wounded; and not less than 110,000 wounded men were tended and nursed by the armies of Red Cross surgeons and volunteers.

In July 1870, at the outbreak of the war, 2000 German Red Cross soldiers were ready for duty, like a well drilled army. These soldiers were grouped around a central committee for each State. The central committee was located at Berlin. The first act of the central committee was to issue a circular to the troops, containing a brief statement of the significance of Red Cross. A total sum of three million pounds was collected for the relief of the sick and wounded in this war—contributed by European nations, including Germans, the world over, and Britain and her colonies.

Relief societies in Russia and Turkey followed the noble example set by Switzerland, France, Austria, and Germany—and far-off America was still true to the golden lessons taught by the Sanitary Commission in the American Civil War. Italy, not to be behind-hand, came out splendidly with men and means in all these wars. Squads of Italian nurses and assistants banded together, and under the guiding hand of the central committee of Milan, did work at home and on the field of battle which must ever brighten the annals of Italian philanthropy and liberality. Sailors and soldiers alike were aided by the relief societies.

Nor was France forgetful of her duty. In the Franco-German war the French Red Cross "by arrangement with the German authorities, undertook the great work of evacuating 10,000 wounded in Paris and 9000 wounded prisoners in Germany. The accounts showed a receipt of £420,000, besides the independent work of the provincial towns. About 110,000 wounded men were tended by the society."

To these facts Clara Barton, President of American Red Cross, thus adds her significant testimony:

"What the state of France must have been without the merciful help of the Red Cross Societies the imagination dare not picture. But, after all, it was Germany standing between the two armies which distinguished herself. Since the Conference of 1863 she had been acting on the rule of preparation, and now found herself in readiness for all emergencies. The Central Committee of Berlin was flooded with contributions from the provincial committees. In the eight provinces of Prussia 4,000,000 of thalers were collected, and the other States of Germany were not behind. So munificently did the people bestow their aid that large store-houses were provided in Berlin and in the provinces for its reception, and at the central depôt in Berlin two hundred paid persons, besides a large number of volunteers and nearly three hundred ladies and misses, were employed in classifying, parcelling, packing up, and despatching the goods. Special railroad trains carried material to the points of need. In one train were twenty-six cars laden with 1800 to 2000 cwt. of supplies.

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Never had private charity, however carefully directed, been able to accomplish such prodigies of benevolence."

Spain, the Netherlands, and other European countries fell into line, and were no less loyal to the banner under which the great army of Red Cross marched. As recently as the Spanish-American war, Spain was true to its Geneva colours, and while American and Spanish soldiers and sailors were slaughtering each other, the Red Cross of Spain and America were fighting no less heroically in the effort to heal the wounded, nurse the sick, and care for the dying of both countries. The gratitude of Spain to American Red Cross was deep and touching, and the diploma of gratitude from the Red Cross of Spain to Clara Barton was a noble and beautiful recognition of her great services. When that war was ended these words were uttered in praise of woman's work on the battlefield—and they are words that should never die:

"She asks no recognition. She seeks no praise; but on some sunny slope of one of our wooded parks I want to see a simple shaft uplifted in memory of the girl with a red cross on her arm. She went forth to war with no blare of trumpets or beat of drums; the first to go, the last to return: she carried neither sword nor musket, but only the gentle ministrations of a woman's hand and heart; not to make wounds, but to heal them. If you seek fitting words in which to embody her record, go and ask those whose fevered brows her cooling palms have pressed, whose bloody wounds her hands have staunched; but the lips that could best tell her noblest deeds lie cold and still, wrapped in the sleep that heeds no bugle-call. She carried balm and healing not only to broken and bleeding bodies, but to broken and bleeding hearts as well, and stood through long pestilential nights, like a ministering angel of heaven, beside the weary pillow of pain, and when all that human hands could do had been done, and the dying soldier murmured last words to mother, wife, or sweetheart, hers the ear that caught the last faint whisper, hers the fingers that penned the last letter home, hers the voice that read the thumb-worn page, 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. . . . Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death'—while, with his hand clasped in hers, his soul passed on through the 'valley' and the 'shadow' up to 'the sandals of God.' Yes, raise aloft her statue in the streaming sunlight. Let some great sculptor, catching aright the inspiration of his theme, outline that slender form—that woman's form, with melting heart and nerves of steel—against the soft blue of the summer sky, with her lint and bandages in one hand and her Bible in the other, the sign of the cross upon her sleeve, and the glory of the countenance of the 'Son of Man' reflected on her face, and underneath let these words be traced:

"'To the nurses of the Red Cross—those angels of the battlefield—who ministered to our soldiers and sailors, the thanks of a grateful nation; for "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."'"

In brief, it may be said that every nation in Europe has risen, in the last quarter of a century, to the dignity and demand of Red Cross with a promptitude, thoroughness, and generosity which have been marvellous, and augured much for the coming of that age, that better day, "when neither shall there be war any more."

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Never in the history of Red Cross has the movement attracted so much attention as in the present day. During the procession, in London, of the Imperial Volunteers returned from South Africa, the Red Cross corps received a large share of the honours and applause. To-day news comes from St. Petersburg that the Government there has imposed a tax upon railway tickets and licenses to travel abroad, for the benefit of Red Cross, which is likely to yield a yearly revenue of 225,000 dollars. The Czarina is credited with having originated this step. Germany again, ever in the forefront of the movement, has scored one of its brightest triumphs in the formation of a society for the training of Red Cross dogs. This society already numbers 700 members. It has for its president the German artist and author, Herr Bungartz, who has succeeded in training a number of dogs, of the Scotch collie breed, for ambulance work in the German army. These dogs, which carry a small saddle-bag strapped to the body, and marked with a red cross, are trained to locate wounded soldiers on the battle-field, to bring relief to them in the form of surgical bandages and refreshments, and to direct the ambulance bearers to them. "The wonderful instinct of the animals guides them directly to the spot where the wounded man is lying, whorever it may be, and the ambulance bearers, following up in the rear, are piloted to the spot by the dog." Herr Bungartz, who has devoted fifteen years of his life to the training of these dogs, has well earned the respect and admiration of the German army and the gratitude of his country.

From the foregoing facts it will be seen that Red Cross is an international compact, a solemn league and covenant under which nations at war with each other agree to take care of each other's wounded and suffering, and to protect the surgeons, nurses and other hospital and ambulance workers in attendance upon the wounded or sick; while nations which are entirely neutral may, under the provisions of the Red Cross treaty, render aid to the wounded of the belligerent nations in every possible way.

No law, no code of honour is more binding than that of Red Cross. The man who wantonly, in open field or elsewhere, deceives and harms the wearer of a Red Cross badge or the bearer of a Red Cross banner is a coward and traitor of the deepest die. The wretch who ignores or insults the message of that flag is worse than the imbruted savage.

Red Cross, as we have seen, signifies that though you may be my enemy I will love you; that although you may fight against me and my fellow-countrymen, I will give you the cup of cold water. You may destroy the peace and spill the best blood of my country, yet will I still befriend you and nurse you and bind your wounds. I will care for you night and day and be with you whether you live or die—I will stand by you where the battle is raging, where the bullets

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are flying and the shells are bursting—and rush through the smoke, the din and the horror to save you.

We may think of all that is most beautiful, sweet and generous on earth and yet can think of nothing better than Red Cross. There is nothing nobler on this side Heaven. We may think of the battles of thirty years over which the world still thrills and rings—think of all that is brave and glorious in these battles in the life of sailor, soldier, or patriot—and yet can recall nothing more beautiful and daring than the deeds of the lion-hearted men and women who have fought under the Red Cross flag, and illustrated the golden lesson of the Geneva Convention.

Florence Nightingale—that great woman among the uncrowned queens of England and the centuries—still marches under the banner; and the world still rings with the sweet music which she struck from the harps of Faith, Hope and Charity.[1] Her noblest companion in arms, Clara Barton, still leads the Red Cross hosts of the great American Republic, beloved alike by President and people —still bears the banner under which she has won triumphs never surpassed by the moral victories of men or women in any age. Queen Victoria, the Empress Augusta of Germany, the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Baden, the Princess Christian, Lady Roberts of Kandahar and Lady Wantage have all won a crown in the arena of Red Cross fairer by far and more lasting than the gleaming diadems of earthly thrones. That crown has been nobly won by Dr. Appia, General Dufour, Henri Dunant, Gustave Moynier and every member of the International Committee of the Red Cross of Geneva. That crown has been no less richly earned by the men and women who have made British and America Red Cross what it is to-day. Their last resting place may never be marked by stately monument or mausoleum; but the work of their hands, the good they have done, shall be as enduring as the everlasting hills.

To be a member of a Red Cross Society in the light of such facts and lives, is surely no meaningless honour. That Red Cross button or badge which a member wears is emblematic of a world-wide love and brotherhood that speak for the best that is in man or woman. The doctors and nurses in Red Cross trains, ships and hospitals that have healed and cheered a multitude of suffering ones; the revenues from patriotic song and music, the gifts from young and old, rich and poor—the concerts in aid of sick and wounded, of widow, wife and orphan, all tell of the wide outbursts of love and sympathy that have helped to dispel the gloom, the blackness and the bloodshed of the world's battlefields.

Does any one ask what is best in the manhood and womanhood of Germany, France, Austria, or Belgium—best in Switzerland and Spain—best in the citizenship of Britain or America, and there can

[1] "Faith, Hope and Charity"—the motto of Royal Red Cross (England).

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be but one answer—the deeds that are done and the gifts that are made in the name of Red Cross—which is still beseeching the nations to stop the butchery of war, and to listen to the cry of reason, humanity and righteousness. There has never been a treaty of peace, a holy or triple alliance more bountiful with blessing, more fruitful of good than the Geneva Convention. The world has not seen for centuries a brighter omen of the millennium to come than this imperishable league into which the civilised nations of the earth have entered. That league is surely a triumph of Messianic love—a true expression of that golden rule of doing unto others as we would have them do unto us.

Red Cross has been called the crusade of the nineteenth century, and the Red Cross banner which was raised by Tancred and Godfrey of Bouillon bore the same divine message as the banner of Geneva. The Red Cross of the Crusaders inspired the eternal strains of the "Jerusalem Delivered." The sight of it roused to highest courage and devotion the warriors who marched across the plains of Europe to fight the battle of the Holy City. With his clear vision centred upon that Red Cross banner, Torquato Tasso began thus to sing his immortal song:

> "I sing the pious arms and chief, who freed
> The Sepulchre of Christ from thrall profane;
> Much did he toil in thought, and much in deed;
> Much in the glorious enterprise sustain;
> And hell in vain opposed him; and in vain
> Afric and Asia to the rescue poured
> Their mingled tribes;—heaven recompensed his pain,
> And from all fruitless sallies of the sword
> True to the Red Cross flag his wandering friends restored."

Under the Red Cross banner of the Crusaders gathered the chivalry of France, the nobility and yeomanry of Britain, the proud legions of Germany, the gay grandees and cavaliers of Spain, and the gallant Swedes and Danes—the valiant Vikings of the North—all marched under the banner of Red Cross 800 years ago. How fitting, how seemly that their descendants should march under that Cross to-day, and fight in as noble, as sublime a battle! Around the walls of Jerusalem, and down in the trenches, fought side by side, eight centuries ago, Englishmen, Scotchmen and Irishmen, Highlander and Lowlander, Saxon and Celt (side by side, as they have been fighting to-day), and they rested not until they planted that blood-red banner of the Cross on the walls of Jerusalem.

> "The glorious ensign in a thousand wreaths
> And folds voluminous rejoicing twines;
> It seems the wind on it more sweetly breathes;
> It seems the sun on it more brightly shines;
> That each tossed javelin, each aimed shaft declines

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To strike the staff; the streets Hosannas sound;
Floods clap their hands, on mountains dance the pines;
Seems it that Sion, that her green hills crowned,
Stoop from the clouds their crests, and bend adoring round.

"Then raised the Christians all their long loud shout
Of victory, joyful, resonant, and high;
Their words the towers and temples lengthen out;
To the glad sound the mountains make reply:
At the same moment, joining in the cry,
Tancred each strong obstruction overthrew
Raised by Argantes; brought his engine nigh,
Cast out his bridge, and, without more ado,
Leap'd on the conquered wall, and raised his standard too."

But the Red Cross crusaders of the nineteenth century, whose mighty hosts began their world-conquering march at Geneva thirty-five years ago, fight in a nobler battle than that waged by the Crusaders of old, a bloodless battle of peace, brotherhood, and love —love for our enemies—that battle of which Dante sings:

"Heaven's kingdom suffereth violence—by love
And lively hope assailed—whose ardency
Hath power the Will of the Most High to move:
Not by the mode that man his fellow sways,
But because God is willing to be swayed
And rules but by the kindness he displays."

The Red Cross banner of to-day bears the message of heaven—of faith, hope, and charity—and the consolations of the Highest; and wherever it has been borne over the world's battlefields, wherever it has floated from the temples of peace, its message conveys the one burning, throbbing glad tiding of goodwill to all men, bidding them to love their enemies, to do good to them that despitefully use them, to return kindness for evil, to bear malice to none, and to practise that religion that is mindful of the widow and the fatherless. That is the true message of Red Cross to the world; and the nations that shall prove mightiest in the cause of peace, that shall be first and foremost, strongest and boldest to proclaim and fulfil the true meaning of Red Cross, shall be the nations to stand highest in the esteem of Christendom and the world —shall be the grandest in the sight of earth and heaven!

ARTHUR CHISHOLM.

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THE ELDEST SON OF CHARLES II.

It is not generally known that King Charles II. had a son born to him prior to the birth of the Duke of Monmouth. But it is, nevertheless, a fact that he had such a son, whose existence has not even been mentioned by our leading historians. This son's career was one of considerable interest and importance, and from a study of it we are enabled to solve several hitherto difficult questions connected with Charles's secret negotiations with the Papal Court, and with that king's tacit adherence to the doctrines of the Church of Rome. Convincing proof of this son's existence is forthcoming in an examination of the archives of the Public Library at Venice, and by reference to documents quoted in Father Boero's *Istoria della Conversione alla Chiesa Cattolica di Carlo II., Rè d'Inghilterra.* These papers tell us that the eldest son of Charles entered the world some two years before the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth, and that (embracing the Roman Catholic religion) he joined the Society of Jesus, and was secretly employed as a trusty agent between his father and the Holy See. Moreover, these papers also make it apparent that Charles II. was nominally a Roman Catholic during the greater part of his reign, and show that his reception into that Church on his death-bed was no mere sudden resolution, but was his official recognition of the creed in whose tenets he had secretly believed for twenty years. He had been simply debarred by his position from previously proclaiming to the world his real opinions on spiritual matters.

Upon this mysterious first-born child of the "Merry Monarch" was bestowed the same Christian name as that upon the Duke of Monmouth—James. The date of his birth reveals how early in life Charles had adopted dissolute habits, for when James was born Charles I. was alive, and the Prince of Wales (Charles II.) was still in his "teens." James owed his royal parentage to the circumstances of Charles visiting Jersey, his birth taking place in that island in the early part of the year 1647. His mother is described as a young lady belonging to a Scottish noble family. According to one account, she was a relative of the Earl of Mar; according to another (and more probable), a member of the ducal house of Lennox, in which case her son was a Stewart, and of royal descent, on both sides of his parentage. His mother's Christian name was Mary,

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and although it is futile to trace her subseqent history, we find Charles writing of her at a later date as "une jeune dame des plus qualifiées de nos royaumes, plutost par fragilité de nostre première jeunesse que par malice." At the time of the boy's birth Charles confesses that "nous n'avions guères plus de seize ou 17 ans."

When quite an infant, James Stuart seems to have been sent across to the Continent, apparently to Paris, where he was brought up in the Protestant religion, and called James de la Cloche du Bourg. This name of de la Cloche was one belonging to some well known gentry in Jersey, and it is likely that he may have been entrusted to the care of one of them. We then hear nothing more of him till the year 1665, when at his father's request he visited London, but his movements were enveloped in secrecy, and he does not seemed to have stayed there more than six weeks. But, before leaving, he obtained from Charles a paper acknowledging his birth, and received from the King a sum of money sufficient for his immediate wants. The document testifying to his birth is in French, is signed by the King, and is sealed with his private seal. I render a translation of this warrant in English as follows (the original is preserved in the archives of the Jesuits, at Rome):

"Charles by the Grace of God, King of England, France, Scotland, and Ireland.

"We confess and acknowledge as our natural son Monsieur James Stuart, who by our order and command has lived in France and other countries under an assumed name up to the year 1665, when we took him under our own care.

"After the same year, he being in London, we of our express will, and for proper reasons having commanded him still to live under another name, that of de la Cloche du Bourg de Jersey, and for important motives affecting the welfare of the realm, the which we have always promoted, we forbid him to speak of this until after our death. Then he shall be at liberty to present to Parliament this our declaration, which we now assign to him with entire goodwill and justice at his own request, written in his own language, to remove every excuse for his showing it to any other person to be interpreted.

"Given at Whitehall, September 27, 1665.

"(Sealed and signed) CHARLES."

This letter might be taken definitely as a clear proof of its recipient's royal parentage, but for one slightly suspicious item—the place of signature! In September, 1665, the plague was raging, and the King and Court had long left London. Charles may have been present, on a short visit, in the metropolis at the end of September, but we have no evidence as to his having been at Whitehall. He may, however, have permitted the insertion of "Whitehall," in order to give the document full official colouring.

In February 1667 Charles wrote to his son, then in Holland, promising to allow him an income of £500 per annum.

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On July 29 of the same year we hear of James being received into the Church of Rome at Hamburg.

At Hamburg James struck up a warm friendship with Christina, the famous ex-Queen of Sweden, who communicated to Charles the fact of his son's conversion. With Christina's approval, James determined to seek admission into the Society of Jesus, and proceeded accordingly to Rome, where he lodged in the Monastery of St. Andrea al Quirinale, arriving there on April 11, 1668. He was admitted as a novice, having brought with him a letter from Christina, couched in the following terms, translated from the Latin original:

"James Stuart, who is purposely passing under the incognito of 'de la Cloche du Bourg,' was born in the island of Jersey, and is the natural son of Charles II., King of England.

"His Britannic Majesty has privately acknowledged him as such to us.

"He was brought up a Calvinist, but was received into the Holy Roman Church at Hamburg, July 29, 1667.

"We have thought it well to confirm and attest this with our own hand, even though it be unusual for us to do so, in order that, under such exceptional circumstances, he may open his mind to his Confessor and seek advice for the salvation of his soul.

"(Signed) CHRISTINA ALEXANDRA."

In the Jesuit archives an entry relating to James and his effects runs thus:

"James de la Cloche, from the isle of Jersey, a possession of the King of England, aged 24, came to S. Andrea, April 11, 1668.

"He brought with him a hat; a mantlet and clerical dress of silk; a doublet and breeches of black material; a vest of yellow skin; a leather sword-belt of musk colour; a pair of white silk stockings; two shirts and a waistcoat; a pair of drawers and stockings of thread; three handkerchiefs and a white linen cap; two pairs of boots; three collars; three pairs of cuffs; a pair of gloves, a hair brush; a pair of riding boots; two pairs of thread buttons to fasten the collar."

The reception of his son into the Roman Church gave Charles much pleasure, and the Jesuits speedily perceived how they might, with the utmost advantage, employ the novice as a secret agent passing between England and Rome. The story of his reception was also notified to the Queens Henrietta Maria and Catherine of Braganza, both of whom had known for some time the fact of James's existence. On August 3–4, 1668, Charles himself wrote to his son and to Oliva, the General of the Jesuits, requesting James to come to England. In his letter to his son Charles even admits that James has a right to claim from him greater honours than those accorded to the Duke of Monmouth (clearly his junior), and holds out some hope of his succeeding to the throne as a Catholic King, in default of the Duke of York dying with issue.

Later in the month, Charles, who seems to have expected that his son would be ordained a priest before starting, writes again to

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hasten his departure. Early in October James left for England, travelling under the name of Henri de Rohan, passing for a French gentleman, and probably for a Huguenot. Arrived in London, having travelled by way of Leghorn, Brussels, and Calais, he was privately received by Charles with every expression of goodwill, although due precaution was taken to preserve the secret of his identity. His stay in England was, however, brief, for in November he was on his way back to Rome, carrying letters from the King to the General of the Jesuits for transmission to the Pope.

The history of James Stuart now undergoes a startling change. We are merely given to believe that he left the Jesuit Order and abandoned himself to a worldly career, marrying the daughter of an innkeeper. In March, 1669, he is reported to be living at Naples, and, though openly calling himself the King of England's son, is thrown into prison as a cheat and impostor. In August of the same year he is reported as dead. The pertinent question has now to be asked—Was the James Stuart living at Naples the son of Charles whose career we can follow down to November of the previous year, or was he as impudent an adventurer as Arthur Orton? If an impostor, then we are no better provided with details as to the subsequent career of the real James Stuart, for our information concerning him ceases altogether in November 1668, and it is quite possible, therefore, that this James Stuart of Naples was the King's son. At any rate, the evidence forthcoming in his favour is strong. He was possessed of jewels and other articles that belonged, or had belonged, to the real James. He could speak no other language but French. He knew as much about Charles's *liaison* at Jersey as we know now. He positively declared himself to be the King's son in his will. His claims were continued by his posthumous child. He died a devout Roman Catholic. Against this, however, we have arrayed the facts that the authorities at Naples did not believe in him, that Charles apparently wrote from England to disown him, that in only three months from the time when the royal James Stuart was employed as a Jesuit agent he had severed his connection with the society, and that Father Boero (himself a Jesuit) inclines to the idea that the royal James lived, from 1668 until the reign of James II., in England. But we must let the correspondence concerning James speak for itself.

On March 30, 1669, Kent, the British representative at Rome, writes to Sir J. Williamson that

"an extravagant person is staying at Naples, who falling in love with the host's daughter where he lay, married her, but being observed to live as well as to talk high of his great birth, the Vice-King having account of it, sent an officer to seize upon his goods and coffers . . . many jewels of value, some quantity of pistoles, and some papers or letters directed to

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him with the title of highness, for it seems he vaunted to be the King of England's son, born at Jersey, which circumstances invited the Vice-King's curiosity or suspicion of his quality to imprison him in St. Elmo . . . it seems he could not speak a word of English, nor give any account of the birth he pretended to.

"Since, the Vice-King hath removed him to the fortress at Gaeta, and shut his wife (with child) in a monastery. . . ."

On June 16 Kent again writes to Williamson:

"The gentleman who would have been his Majesty's bastard at Naples, upon receipt of his Majesty's letter to the Vice-King, was immediately taken out of the castle of Gaeta, brought to Naples, and cast into the grand prison called the Vicaria . . . the Vice-King intended to have caused him to be whipped about the city, but means was made by his wife's kindred (who was likewise taken out of the nunnery) to the Vice-Queen, who prevailed with Don Pedro to deliver him. . . ."

On August 31 Kent resumes: "That certain fellow, or what he was, who pretended to be his Majesty's natural son is dead."

On September 7:

"That certain person . . . left his lady, Teresa Corona, an ordinary person, seven months gone with child, he made his testament, and hath left it with his most Christian Majesty (whom he called cousin) executor.

"He had been absent from Naples some time, pretending to have made a journey into France to visit his mother, Doña Maria Stuart, of his Majesty's royal family; . . . his mother, Doña Maria, was, it seems, dead before he came to France. . . .

"By his will, he leaves to his child and Teresa 291 thousand ducats, which he called legacies. He was buried in the church of St. Francisco de Paolo (for he died of this religion); he left 400 francs for a lapide to have his name and quality engraved on it, for he called himself Don Jacopo Stuarto: and this is the end of that princely cheat or whatever he was."

This extraordinary will is a long document written in Italian, and in it the testator describes himself as "natural son to Charles II. . . . born of the lady Mary Stuart, of the family of the barons of S. Marzo." He signs himself "Signor D. Giacomo Stuard." Giacomo's posthumous child proved to be a boy, and christened James; he assumed princely rank, dying without legitimate issue, at Genoa, 1742.

If this "Don Jacopo Stuarto" was not identical with the royal James Stuart, born in Jersey, and employed as a Jesuit agent, then it is greatly to be regretted that no further records as to the King's son's later life have come down to us. Had he been alive, and present in England, at his father's death, he might have received, or have helped Huddleston formally to receive Charles II. into the Church of Rome. (Boero, however, conjectures that he was in London at the time of the King's death, but could not be found when sent for by the Duke of York to attend the dying King.) His presence would have been a severe blow to the sanguine ambitions of the "Protestant Duke," who based his slender claims

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to the throne mainly on the contention that he was Charles II.'s eldest son. This complete silence concerning his later career seems to support the theory that if he was not the "Don Jacopo" who died at Naples in 1669, he must in all probability have died very soon after that date. It is almost certain that he was not ordained a priest in the Society of Jesus. But, whatever became of him there is no reason to question that he was the undoubted son of Charles II., and born of a mother of more distinguished descent than any of the King's subsequent offspring. As to the Duke of Monmouth, indeed, if we are to believe the testimony of James II., John Evelyn, and other of his contemporaries, placed in a position to be well informed, he was not the son of Charles II. at all, but of Colonel Robert Sidney, whom he strongly resembled, and whose intimacy with Monmouth's mother, Lucy Walter, was notorious.

That Charles II. was secretly a Roman Catholic at heart throughout his reign is clear, for there can be but little doubt that he preferred his mother's faith to any form of Protestantism. His correspondence with Oliva, and with his son, James, shows how ever ready he really was, notwithstanding his careless and dissolute mode of living, to forward the interests of Roman Catholicism in England. Additional, and better known, evidence in support of this is—as every student of the history of the reign is well aware—to be found also in the provisions comprised in the Treaty of Dover, and in certain manuscripts written by Charles, after whose death they were published by James II., to the surprise and consternation of the Protestant world.

PHILIP SIDNEY.

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TO JULIA.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF STAGNELIUS.

Days now so quickly wending
Will soon in night be ending;
Eve o'er creation's sending
  Her troop of stars pale-dight;
And nature looks so eerie.
I sigh, who now am dreary;
For sleep in vain I'm weary,
  Stay here, my love, to-night.

For all around are sleeping;
The world is silence keeping;
And darkness yet is deep'ning
  As night goes on her way.
The Northern Lights now quiver,
And mists, as of a river,
From snowdrifts rise; I shiver
  If you refuse to stay.

Your flame through me is glowing;
My fate I dread, not knowing,
Lest dead men's wraiths be showing
  From vaults wherein they rest.
May rapture's torch be lighted!
Come, hear your love benighted;
And may she weak, affrighted,
  Find peace upon your breast!

William Frederick Harvey.

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CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

AN interesting contribution to American ethnology is contained in the *Eighteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology*,[1] in the form of an exhaustive record of Indian Land Cessions in the United States, by Mr. C. C. Royce. With the help of numerous maps the author traces the transfer of practically the whole of the land of the United States from its aboriginal inhabitants. An introduction by Mr. C. Thomas gives much valuable information on the relations between whites and Indians, and explains the principles which have guided the various governments in their dealings with the natives. The story of the native races in the United States is a sad one; treaty after treaty has been made with them and broken in nearly every case. Their treatment at present appears to be based on more humane principles; but if any conclusions can be drawn from the past it is to be feared that they will only be allowed to retain their reservations so long as the land is not required for their neighbours.

The Nineteenth Annual Report of the same institution contains a valuable monograph on the Myths of the Cherokee, by Mr. J. Mooney. It is always difficult to ascertain which of the myths current among natives are original and which are derived from contact with other races; but the author has exercised much discrimination, and appears to have obtained his information from the best sources available at the present time. Not the least interesting description is that of the Cherokee alphabet, which was invented by a native, and became a valuable agent of civilisation for his tribe. Many of the myths are common to other tribes, indeed there are some which appear to have spread over the whole North American continent. Among nomad races with no written records the folk lore is the only trace left of former intercourse, and it is of importance that what is left of it should be placed on record while there is yet time. We hope that Mr. Mooney will continue his good work, and do for other tribes what he has so successfully accomplished for the Cherokee.

[1] *Eighteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology.* Part II. Washington, 1899.

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A useful little introduction to the study of chemistry has been published by Mr. H. W. Hill,[1] who evidently has no sympathy with the mechanical methods of teaching natural science still in vogue in too many educational establishments. Many otherwise able teachers appear to think that chemistry can be taught in the same way as history or classics. Mr. Hill takes a different view. He instructs the student how to carry out an experiment, and then, from the observed results, questions have to be answered and conclusions drawn. This is the only way in which the beginner can be made to think, and the result is a permanent record upon the memory which cannot be obtained by mere book study.

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

We are indebted to Dr. W. A. Hammond, of Cornell University, for an admirable translation of two of Aristotle's works bearing directly upon his psychology, *De Anima* and *Parva Naturalia*,[2] which in fact are two parts of one work rather than two distinct treatises. The imperfections of the text of Aristotle makes the work of translation no easy one; Dr. Hammond has based his translation upon the text of Biehl, and has on the whole given a satisfactory and intelligible rendering. The ordinary student will be particularly grateful to Dr. Hammond for his luminous introduction, which is in fact nothing less than a summary and criticism of the doctrines of the treatise. The interest in Aristotle is due to the fact that he rests his psychology upon a biological basis, adopting a scientific rather than a speculative method; though of course it is not scientific in our severely restricted sense of the term. Aristotle was ready to accept as facts stories which we should now discard without hesitation. His claim to respect is well stated by Dr. Hammond in a sentence or two. We must remember Aristotle had no considerable body of critically sifted and scientifically accredited data to work with. "It is just this historical environment that shows us how great was the ordinarily sober judgment of Aristotle, and how unparalleled his acumen in seeing the scientific significance of facts." One only has to read this translation of *De Anima* and *Parva Naturalia* to realise the justice of Dr. Hammond's appreciation.

It is not unusual to call René Descartes the founder of modern

[1] *Preparatory Lessons in Chemistry.* By H. W. Hill. London: Allman & Son, Ltd.

[2] *Aristotle's Psychology: a Treatise on the Principle of Life—De Anima* and *Parva Naturalia.* Translated, with Introduction and Notes, by William Alexander Hammond, M.A., Ph.D. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. New York: the Macmillan Co. 1902.

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philosophy, as Professor Höffding does; but Mr. Norman Smith in *Studies of the Cartesian Philosophy*,[1] affirms that this is only to be taken as true with regard to Descartes' achievements in natural science, and that his metaphysical philosophy was essentially scholastic in its conception. These studies therefore do not present us with Descartes at his best, as they are confined to the metaphysics, nor do they even serve as an introduction to Descartes' more substantial work. Nevertheless, from a psychological point of view, Descartes' work, we are inclined to think, was of more value than Mr. Norman Smith appears willing to allow; even if his particular theories cannot in all respects now be accepted as entirely correct. Descartes no doubt attempted a compromise between philosophy and theology, between rationalism and mysticism, and therefore sometimes fell into inconsistencies, which after all no logic can avoid; for it does not seem possible to eradicate either the rational or mystical element from human nature. While we are not able to go all the way with Mr. Norman Smith in his criticism, we readily admit he acutely exposes some fallacies into which Descartes was led, and on the whole displays a fair and judicial temper in his analysis and estimate of the Cartesian philosophy.

Those who have had the pleasure of reading Dean Paget's introduction to the Fifth Book of Hooker's famous treatise[2] will be grateful to the editors of the "English Theological Library" for including the book itself in that interesting series. Hooker is probably read more for his style than he is for his defence of Church polity, at least he receives more praise for it, though his theology is as good as that of most Church theologians of our own day, and it is certainly more definite; and so it affords us a standard by which we can measure the ever-varying opinions of modern churchmen. Mr. Ronald Bayne's part in this volume deserves great praise, and will be found of the greatest assistance to the student. He contributes a short life of Hooker, full of interest, a review of the style and characteristics of Hooker, and two dissertations, one on "Disciplinarian Puritanism," and another on "Hooker's Doctrine of the Lord's Supper." The annotations are very full, and illuminate the text to the great advantage of the reader. Mr. Bayne remarks that "the *Ecclesiastical Polity* is the first prose classic in our language, and it remains still the most representative and original example of great and high-sounding English prose." In this connection Mr. Bayne institutes a very just parallel between Hooker and Shakespeare, which, in view of the current "Shakespeare problem," appears to us to be worth quoting: "His book is related

[1] *Studies in the Cartesian Philosophy.* By Norman Smith, M.A. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1902.

[2] *The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity.* The Fifth Book. By Richard Hooker. A New Edition, with Prologomena and Appendices, by Ronald Bayne, M.A. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1902.

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to the disciplinarian controversy as Shakespeare's plays are related to the Elizabethan drama. As the plays were produced primarily to satisfy the demands of the audiences at the playhouses, so Hooker's treatise answered the demand of the Elizabethan churchman and puritan for discussion of the religious question; and Shakespeare's plays are not a more extraordinary response to the apparent roughness of the pit than Hooker's *Polity* is to the fury and stupidity and tediousness of the religious controversialists." In fact, Shakespeare is no more difficult to explain than Hooker, or, rather, Hooker is as far above most of his contemporaries as Shakespeare.

It is nearly thirty years ago since the religious world was startled by the publication of the late Mr. George Smith's work, *The Chaldean Account of Genesis.* The discovery that the Biblical account of the Creation was not unique, or even original, had an effect upon theories of the inspiration of the Bible which has only increased with the lapse of time. The works of Sayce and Wallis Budge in England, of Oppert, Schrader, Jensen, Zimmern, and others on the Continent, have made us increasingly acquainted with the interest and value of this branch of archæology. But the most careful account yet given of the Assyrian Creation Tablets now lies before us in a volume just issued by Messrs. Luzac & Co.[1] No praise can be too high for the splendid style in which Mr. King's elaborate work is presented to the reader, the printing, engraving, and binding are alike worthy of a book of remarkable value and interest. The honour in the first instance belongs to Mr. W. L. King, who modestly describes himself as the editor. To him is due not only the credit of a preface and introduction extending to 120 pages, but also the actual finding of a considerable portion of the fragments which go to make up the Tablets amongst the treasures of the British Museum. In place of twenty-one Tablets previously known, Mr. King has at his service no less than forty-nine; thus twenty-eight are used and translated for the first time. This means a considerable extension of our knowledge of the Assyrian Creation story, which goes still further to support the theory of the foreign origin of the Hebrew one. The most important addition is a fragment of the Sixth Tablet, which contains a hitherto unknown reference to the creation of man, thus completing the parallel with the familiar Hebrew account. The heavens and the earth being fashioned, there was no being upon the earth to offer sacrifice to the gods. "When Marduk heard the word of the gods, his heart prompted him and he devised (a cunning plan). He opened his mouth to Ea (he spake), (that which) he had conceived in his heart

[1] *The Seven Tablets of Creation; or, The Babylonian and Assyrian Legends concerning the Creation of the World and of Mankind.* Edited by L. W. King, M.A., F.S.A. Vol. i. English Translations, &c. (Luzac's Semitic Text and Translation Series, Vol. xii.). London: Luzac & Co. 1902.

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he imparted (unto him): 'My blood will I take and bone will I (fashion), I will make man, that man may . . . I will create man, who shall inhabit (the earth), that the service of the gods may be established and that (their) shrines (may be built).'" Mr. King in his introduction gives a detailed account of the new material, as well as a description of the composition of the poem and its parallels with the Hebrew story. The Appendices give an account of other cognate legends, and, indeed, the book contains practically all that is at present known upon the subject. The volume is illustrated with six plates (from photographs) of the most important fragments, and beside the translation there is a transliteration of the text. We can only feebly express our appreciation of this notable book.

SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, AND JURISPRUDENCE.

HERR MICHAEL FLÜRSCHEIM is well known in this country as the author of *Rent, Interest, and Wages.* His latest contribution to the study of sociology is entitled *The Clue to the Economic Labyrinth.*[1] A disciple of Henry George, he differs from his master on many essential points. He is no believer in the single tax. In his view land taxation would not prevent land monopolisation, and would not put a stop to the abuses of landlordism. He goes to the root of the evil when he demands nationalisation of the land as the true solution of the land question. Herr Flürscheim next discusses at some length the economic nature of money and the national currency, advocating an inconvertible paper currency. This is followed by a criticism of free trade and the recommendation of an Imperial Zollverein, pointing out the benefits of reciprocity with our Colonies. He fails here, however, to show how the loss of our enormous foreign trade is to be made good by the comparatively small colonial trade. Next we have a disquisition on banking and the advocacy of national banks. In the consideration of interest the latter is shown to be the greatest obstacle to saving, and its abolition is demanded. In the discussion on capital and capitalism the real conflict is shown to be not between employer and employed or between wealth and poverty, but between monopoly and freedom. Exchange banks and co-operation are to be the means of finding employment for the great army of unemployed. In the chapter entitled "Democracy" we have a somewhat superficial description of various representative systems. Finally we have the author's conception of scientific socialism with a condemnation and exposure of the unscientific

[1] *Clue to the Economic Labyrinth.* By Michael Flürscheim. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd.

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socialist. Whilst leaving on one side the question of collective production as a controversial subject, Herr Flürscheim has no doubts as to the benefits of collective distribution. His arguments upon this question are particularly clear and convincing. Herr Flürscheim is not a socialist as that word is understood, nor is he an individualist; but he is desirous to extract the best from both schools of thought, and is not to be deterred because his scheme is not consistent with either set of principles. He is, if anything, an opportunist in economics. He considers, for instance, that although upon principle landowners ought not to be compensated for their lands, land nationalisation would be attained through compensation more easily, more speedily, and perhaps more cheaply. This book is distinctly stimulating, and a solid contribution to the discussion of questions the most vital to the nation.

Efficiency in Education[1] is the title of an address delivered at the first annual meeting of the Scottish Classical Association by Professor G. G. Ramsay on November 29, 1902. Professor Ramsay is one of those who is convinced that the study of the classics is the most potent instrument in education, not so much for the knowledge it bestows but for the mental training it confers. Unlike the majority of those of his way of thinking, however, Professor Ramsay recognises that there are multitudes capable of higher education to whom a classical education is not appropriate. Secondly, he sees that whilst the highest literary and classical education appeals to only one side of human culture, science appeals to a certain order of minds which derive from its study a true mental training. Thirdly, he points out how classical teachers have been too prone to leave out the human element in their teaching, dwelling on the dry and dreary technicalities, instead of presenting classical peoples in their relation to human evolution as a whole. And, lastly, whilst admitting the high educational value which may be obtained from the study of science and modern languages, Professor Ramsay insists that the method is of greater value than the matter. With Professor Ramsay's main proposition we are unable to agree, nor do we think that the evidence upon which it is based is sufficiently convincing. It is no doubt perfectly true that a thorough classical education may teach some minds *to think*, but it is by no means proved that those who have received a sound classical education are mentally better equipped than those who have been otherwise trained. Science apart there is probably no subject of greater educational value than the study of jurisprudence. It demands the same patient work and scientific exactness as the classics, and at the same time it is far more interesting in the immense field of human activity which it

[1] *Efficiency in Education.* Inaugural Address delivered at the First Annual Meeting of the Scottish Classical Association, November 29, 1902, by the President, G. G. Ramsay, M.A., LL.D., Litt.D., Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow. Glasgow: Maclehose & Sons. 1902.

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opens up. Professor Ramsay's remedy, however, is worthy of careful consideration. Believing in method rather than matter, he advocates secondary schools adhering to one main subject or another, and deprecates the present attempt to supply in our school several main subjects. Training in a science school should be mainly scientific and mathematical, literary subjects being quite subordinate. Similarly, training in a classical school should be essentially through language, history, and literature, with just sufficient science and mathematics for the average man. With these two types he is convinced that "efficiency" in education will be obtained.

Some Aspects of the Jewish Question,[1] by a Quarterly Reviewer, is a reprint with some alterations and additions from an article on "Zionism and Anti-Semitism," which appeared in the April number of the *Quarterly Review* last year. This is an attempt to take an impartial survey of the Jewish question in Europe, and, we hasten to add, a very successful attempt. Hitherto the problem has been viewed from too many standpoints. Instead of one problem, there appear to be some half-a-dozen. We have, for instance, the Christian proselytisers; the philosophic Radicals, who are prepared to tolerate the religion, provided it does not interfere with the absorption in the nation; the Tories, who seek to exclude under the name of an anti-alien movement; and those Jews who refuse to be absorbed, and maintain their national unity. Of the remedies suggested, Zionism, or the nationalisation of the Jews, is especially prominent to-day. This scheme based on prophecies is, says the writer, foredoomed to failure. The remedy of exclusion is equally impossible. In this island of constant passenger traffic and many ports such a law would be so expensive and so cumbersome as to defeat its own ends. And, as the writer shrewdly adds, would fail to check that small deposit of aliens by which our civic life is ultimately enriched. The Tory, with his sublime indifference to the teaching of history, forgets, if he ever knew, how almost every industry in this country owes its origin to the despised alien. The appendix contains some useful vital statistics and a bibliography. A further feature is a map showing the approximate distribution of the Jewish population.

The New Zealand Official Year-Book, 1902,[2] maintains its high standard of excellence. It is becoming year by year an increasingly well-equipped arsenal of exceedingly effective weapons in the hands of progressive politicians. The lessons afforded by the sociological experiments in New Zealand have received considerable attention in this country, and such a periodical as the present is well calculated

[1] *Some Aspects of the Jewish Question.* By a Quarterly Reviewer. With a Map. London: John Murray. 1902.

[2] *The New Zealand Official Year-Book, 1902.* Prepared under Instructions from the Right Hon. R. J. Seddon, P.C., Premier. By E. J. Von Badelszen, Registrar-General. Wellington, N.Z.: John Mackay. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode. 1902.

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to excite still further public curiosity. Unfortunately the English public is singularly slow in taking advantage of the lessons to be derived from a comparative study of foreign institutions, an apathy due to ignorance and national bias. When such lessons are derived from British Colonies, from our own flesh and blood, the plea of race differences cannot be made; but, none the less, differences of situation or climate are urged by men whom we credit in other matters with some small amount of common sense. Such a frame of mind is as extraordinary as it is lamentable. Of the matters upon which we can learn much from New Zealand are the land system, land tax and progressive income tax, local option and prohibition in the sale of alcoholic liquors, and rating of unimproved lands. The statistics dealing with all these questions are deserving of the closest attention of all progressives.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

The Alpujarra: Notes of a Tour in Andalusian Highlands,[1] by Mr. R. M. Thomas, contains a pleasant chatty description of a district quite unknown to the general public and the average tourist. It is consequently unspoiled by the common herd, and whilst the accommodation has recently improved to the extent of being fairly passable, the prices are still extremely moderate. Locomotion is to a limited extent made by coach, but more generally by mules. Indeed, in the mountains the latter is the only method of progression, since nothing but the sure-footed mule could ever hope to survive the narrow tracks creeping along the edge of overhanging rocks. One consideration will, we fear, prevent the average Briton from making closer acquaintance with the Alpujarra than he will get from this book. With really good meals, drinkable wine and spacious bedrooms, there is the insect population to be reckoned with. Every one is not like Mr. Thomas flea-proof, and the latter assures us that Keating and other vermin deterrents are absolutely of no avail against the nightly company of fleas and their less lively, but equally attentive, cousins. But after all this is a common experience in the highlands of almost any country, and will not deter the hardy traveller. The following is a sample of the cost of travelling: a night's lodging in a *posada*, with food and wine for nine men and six quadrupeds, was a trifle under half-a-crown! And even this was a third more than the sum demanded by the landlady. The book contains some interesting photographs.

[1] *The Alpujarra: Notes of a Tour in Andalusian Hiyhlands.* By R. M. Thomas. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. Carmarthen: W. Spurrell & Son.

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Sir Charles Warren's latest work, *On the Veldt in the Seventies*,[1] is in some respects rather a belated production, dealing largely with questions which have passed into oblivion. Although, for instance, the land settlement of Griqualand West is of great historical interest, and many important lessons are to be derived from its study, yet the particular details of the method by which Capt. Warren, as he then was, arrived at his settlement are of no interest whatever to the general reader, for whom we suppose the book was written. Of much greater value are extracts from the diary of Sir Charles Warren's father, who was in South Africa in the twenties of the nineteenth century, and who explored and hunted much of the ground covered by Sir Charles. The bulk of Sir Charles's own contribution consists of material contained in letters to his family, and of extracts from his own diary. Of the former we cannot agree with those friends who advised him to retain much that was originally intended for his children. "Childish anecdotes and scraps of natural history" are, in our opinion, quite out of place in a serious work. Of the latter, extracts from diaries require a very rare gift of selection, which Sir Charles unfortunately does not possess. The real interest in the book lies in its personal note. We have, for instance, accounts of Cecil Rhodes, written when he was an undergraduate at Oxford, and reading for his degree in South Africa. These accounts owe their value to the fact that they were written before any one had any suspicion of the great part Rhodes was to play in South African affairs. Upon the whole Sir Charles has not added much to his literary reputation by this book. The illustrations taken from his sketches are, however, highly to be commended.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

WITH infinite research, Mr. Sydney George Fisher has compiled *The True History of the American Revolution*.[2] The great underlying conditions which brought it about were the presence of the French in Canada, and the extremely liberal governments, semi-independence, and disregard of laws and regulations which England, in the early days, was compelled to allow her American colonies. France encouraged the spirit of independence in the latter, but at the same time checked its extreme development. "There is no question that the Revolution was followed by a great deal of bad government,

[1] *On the Veldt in the Seventies.* By Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Warren, G.C.M.G., K.C.B. London: Isbister & Co., Ltd. 1902.

[2] *The True History of the American Revolution.* By Sydney George Fisher. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1902.

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political corruption, sectional strife, coarseness of manners, hostility to the arts and refinements of life, assassination, lynch law and other things which horrified Englishmen and afforded the stock material for the ridicule of such writers as Dickens and Mrs. Montagu." Had America remained under Great Britain, the Civil War of 1861 would have been avoided, for slavery was abolished in 1833, and slave-owners were compensated. The year 1774 was a reign of terror for the loyalists. "Men were ridden and tossed on fence-rails; were gagged and bound for days at a time, pelted with stones, fastened in rooms where there was a fire with the chimney stopped on top. . . . their houses and ships were burnt, they were compelled to pay the guards who watched them in their houses, and when carted about for the mob to stare at and abuse they were compelled to pay something at every town. . . . Cobblers and mechanics became captains and colonels, or got important positions in State governments. . . . They destroyed Philadelphia College, confiscated its property, and created a general belief in the omnipotence of ignorance and the pusillanimity of education." This impartial work is bound to shake a great many people out of long-cherished beliefs.

BELLES LETTRES.

The New Israelite; or, Rabbi Shalom on the Shores of the Black Sea,[1] by Jaakoff Prelooker, is a rambling story, the main interest of which lies in the conversion of a learned but simple-minded Rabbi to the New Israelites, whose headquarters have been at Odessa for upwards of twenty years. This sect is a revolt from Rabbinical Judaism to a vague, rationalistic theism, which finds in all forms of religion one common feature, "a burning desire to find God, to please Him, to connect this passing life of ours with the life everlasting, to suppress the animal instinct in man, and to bring out the divine elements of his nature." The reason of some such a revolt is easily conceivable if we may credit the following statement: "The children of strictly orthodox Jews, after passing the whole day of twelve hours studying the Scriptures and the Talmud in the miserable *cheders* or schools, without any relaxation whatever, are often incited to continue voluntarily the same wearisome study the live-long night, in the close atmosphere of the Synagogue." The most curious thing about this curious book is its "dedication" to the representatives of all forms of religious belief, including the Pope of Rome, the General of the

[1] *The New Israelite; or, Rabbi Shalom on the Shores of the Black Sea.* By Jaakoff Prelooker. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co. 1903.

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Salvation Army, the Dalai Lama and Hossus of the Buddhists, the Dustoors of Zoroastrianism, &c.

Even in the lifetime of Goethe, *Die Wahlverwandschaften*[1] ("the Elective Affinities") received a larger measure of blame than of praise. Moralists saw in it a deliberate attack on the sanctity of marriage, and the proclamation of the preponderance of fatality in human affairs. But Goethe asserts that he never wrote for a popular audience, but only for the select few; *sie* [*meine Sachen*] *sind nicht für die Masse geschrieben, sondern nur für einzelne Menschen, die etwas Aehnliches wollen und suchen und die ähnlichen Richtungen begriffen sind.* Professor Schoen makes the ethical value of this debatable work the subject of an exhaustive Latin thesis entitled, *Quid boni periculosive habeat Goethianus liber qui Affinitates Electivæ inscribitur.*

London University Guide and University Correspondence College Calendar, 1902–3,[2] is an almost indispensable guide to those seeking to matriculate or graduate at the London University. Both University Correspondence College and University Tutorial College amply justify their existence. The most conspicuous of the many brilliant successes lately gained by the first-named institution is that of Dr. Edith Temple Orme, the first lady to attain the LL.D. at any university in Great Britain.

An English Grammar on Historical Principles,[3] by Mr. J. Lees, is comprehensive enough to meet the requirements of candidates preparing for such different examinations as the University Local, London Matriculation and Intermediate Arts, the Civil Service, &c. As Mr. Lees rightly considers that a knowledge of Modern English is impossible without some acquaintance with Old and Middle English, he has made his book a stepping-stone to the study of the older language. It is provided with a good collection of examination papers and periodical tests.

The tenth volume of *The Prose Works of Jonathan Swift, D.D.*,[4] edited by Mr. Temple Scott, deals with *The History of the Four Last Years of the Queen*—reprinted from the edition given to the world in 1758 "by an anonymous editor from a copy surreptitiously taken by an anonymous friend" (to use Mr. Churton Collins' summary)—and what may best be described as Swiftiana, *e.g.*, the dean's annotations on the works of Macky, Clarendon, and Burnet. The authenticity of the *History*, so long debated, is still unproven; but Mr. Temple

[1] *Quid boni periculosive habeat Goethianus liber qui Affinitates Electivae inscribitur Facultati litterarum in Universitate Parisiensi Thesim proponebat Henricus Schoen germanicis litteris in Universitate Aquensi-Massiliensi præpositus.* Lutetiæ Parisiorum apud Fischbacker. 1901.

[2] *London University Guide and University Correspondence Calendar, 1902–3.* London: University Correspondence College.

[3] *An English Grammar on Historical Principles.* By J. Lees, B.A. London: Allman & Son. 1902.

[4] *The Prose Works of Jonathan Swift, D.D.* Edited by Temple Scott. Vol. x. "Historical Writings." London: George Bell & Sons. 1902.

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Scott, after weighing both the positive and negative arguments, concludes that it is practically the work referred to in Swift's *Correspondence*.

La Dentelle et la Broderie sur Tulle,[1] by Pierre Verhaegen, is a learned and profusely illustrated work on lace-making in Belgium, and, in a lesser degree, elsewhere. From a painting of Memlinc preserved in the Louvre, it is probable that this industry can be traced in Flanders as far back as the end of the fifteenth century. It most likely originated in Italy; anyhow, Venice soon became the centre of production. In the first half of the sixteenth century, the *Proveditori alle Pompe* exacted a fine of two hundred ducats from all who wore in the town *punti in aere* or *in aria*. The word "lace," which probably comes from the Latin *lacinia*, through the Norman-French *lacez*, first appears in the Coronation expenses of Richard III. in 1485. *Dentelle*, however, may be traced to an inventory of Margaret of Valois in 1545. In France, only the nobility were allowed to wear it. At the Reformation lace and embroideries were diverted from ecclesiastical purposes and cut up for chair covers and counterpanes in the houses of the preachers. The French Revolution ruined the lace trade in France for twelve years. The Fall of Napoleon, the Franco-Prussian War, and, finally, the 60 per cent. *ad valorem* duty exacted by America, have each in turn prejudicially affected this industry, which, in Flanders, up to the reign of Charles V., remained a jealously guarded secret in convents. Lace-making is now chiefly pursued in the agricultural centres of Belgium.

ART.

Mr. J. K. Huysmans belonged to the first brood of Zola's disciples. He soon ran peeping away, and has made for himself a very personal career without being overshadowed by the Master. He now republishes a volume of art criticisms—*L'Art Moderne*—on paintings exhibited at the Salon and Independent Expositions of Paris in 1879 and the early eighties.[2] They are curious and enlightening reading, for many of the artists survive in fame, while others, incisively analysed or enthusiastically praised, are already forgotten. Apart from the detail of these criticisms, which time has not always confirmed, the ideas—luminous, well defined, highly personal—of the author have a permanent value apart from the mere art history of Impressionism and other movements of the last years.

[1] *La Dentelle et la Broderie sur Tulle.* Vol. i. et ii. Par Pierre Verhaegen. Bruxelles: J. Lebègue et Cie. 1902.

[2] *L'Art Moderne.* Par J. K. Huysmans. Paris: P. V. Stock.

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The editor of Messrs. Cassell's *Magazine af Art* has published in a large paper-bound volume a complete review, illustrated with handsome photographic reproductions, of *British Sculpture and Sculptors of To-day.*[1] The text, unlike much art writing, is thoroughly clear and interesting. It is prefaced by the story of the renascence of sculpture among us. "The reformation came from without, brought here mainly by a Frenchman (Dalou) and by two Englishmen (Alfred Gilbert and Onslow Ford) who had studied abroad." The works of fifty-six sculptors are illustrated and there is a complete index.

The latest number of "Bell's Miniature Series of Painters" which we have received deals with *Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema, R.A.*, an "actuality" among the Great Masters.[2] The little volume of seventy-five pages, with eight full-page illustrations, contains the life of the artist; the work of Alma Tadema; the art of Alma Tadema; a description of the illustrations; list of the painter's principal pictures, with owners' names; and a list of the principal portraits painted by Alma Tadema. The work has been well done by Miss Helen Zimmern, and is astonishingly complete for so small a book. An omission in the list concerns the owner of *Sappho*, which was sold for £6000 many years ago to the celebrated Walters Collection of Baltimore in America.

A large, well-bound, and well-printed five-shilling volume is devoted by Robert Clermont Witt, B.A., to a fascinating, little treated, and very much needed instruction, *How to Look at Pictures.*[3] He considers the personal point of view, considerations of date, the influence of race and country, schools of painting, the artist, the subject, historical painting, the portrait, landscape, genre, drawing, colour, light and shade, composition, treatment, methods and materials; and there is a complete index of proper names and pictures. Perhaps the only serious criticism of the volume would concern the "chunky" paragraphs—an English defect.

[1] *British Sculpture and Sculptors of To-day.* By M. H. Spielmann. London: Cassell & Co., Ltd.

[2] *Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema, R.A.* By Helen Zimmern ("Miniature Series of Painters"). London: George Bell & Sons.

[3] *How to Look at Pictures.* By Robert Clermont Witt, B.A. London: George Bell & Sons.

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THE

WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

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FRENCH REPUBLICAN LEADERS AND EUROPEAN PEACE.

I.

THE recent election of Professor Jaurès as one of the Vice-Presidents of the Chamber of Deputies at Paris is generally held to be an event of the greatest importance in French as well as in European politics. Many will read it as a sign that the call for "revenge" upon Germany is on the point of dying out. The last time I heard M. Jaurès was at a great meeting of Socialist delegates from various countries at the St. James's Hall. With a fire and an energy of voice and gesture seldom, if ever, to be met with in speakers among more northern nations, he poured forth a torrent of eloquence in favour of the Social Democratic programme.

That he was an opponent of Chauvinist war policy was known full well already then. Many, however, were startled when latterly he came out with a declaration that the Triple Alliance usefully counterbalanced French Chauvinism and the Dual Alliance between despotic Russia and the French Republic. Loud were the out-cries in the camp of the "Revanchards." Yet this prominent leader of Socialists has now obtained a post as Vice-President in the House of the Representatives of the People. It is one of the most theatrical quick-changes in the procedures of the French Parliament.

What does it portend or promise? Let us only go back to what happened a few months ago. The most startling occurrence then was, the speeches of General André, the Minister of War; of

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General Cluny; of the Bishop Turinaz, of Nancy; and several others —all calling out in pretty plain words for the recovery of the "lost provinces." They were rapidly followed by the strange outbreak of the Marine Minister, M. Pelletan, who launched out, at one and the same time, against "barbarous old Germany," against Italy, and against England as well! The annexation of the left bank of the Rhine, and the conversion of the Mediterranean into a French lake, seemed to be undertaken by him with an even lighter heart than M. Ollivier once wore on his official sleeve.

It was a deplorable spectacle. It threw the Government of President Loubet into a serious difficulty, from which only the considerate action of Germany and Italy saved it. In point of fact, the speeches in question were tantamount to a declaration of war *in spe*. The Italian Government asked, with a degree of polite unconcern, for an explanation. M. Combes hastened to give it, to the detriment of the standing and dignity of his thoughtlessly impetuous Ministerial colleague. On its part the German Government, showing a kind of lofty contempt, did not even think it necessary to take any notice of the matter at all. It simply remained watchful.

For my part, I expressed a belief that the string, at the end of which General André and M. Pelletan had performed their extraordinary rhetorical feats, was pulled by that military and bureaucratic ring at St. Petersburg, which actually represents the so-called "Autocratic system." The development of aggressive Russian policy in the Far East and in the Near East, that has followed since, seems to confirm this view.

All the more significant, it may be said, appears therefore the present Jaurès incident. It could be read as a counter-check to Muscovite diplomacy, which endeavoured to get a free hand in the East by embroiling matters between France, Germany, Italy, and England. The taking over of a Socialist leader into an official Parliamentary position was at the same time calculated to strengthen the internal condition of the Republic against its clerical, Royalist, and Imperialist enemies. All this would be for the good, from a general view, of peace and progress.

The question is only—Will this change for the better last? Or was it merely an opportunist move? Are the Republican masses —or at least their directing forces, comparatively small in number, though influential, as is generally the case in politics and in war— now convinced of the soundness of M. Jaurès' views as regards foreign policy? It is a momentous question. On its solution depends both the fate of the Republic, which still has many severe internal struggles before it, and the peace of Europe, whose nations all yearn for having the burden of militarism lightened.

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II.

Here a most important feature of the situation, which resulted from the issue of the famous war of 1870–71, has to be noted. It is this: *The reunion of Alsace-Lorraine to Germany has been a means both of preserving the peace and of maintaining the Third Republic.* Put so plainly, the statement may perhaps startle many a reader. Yet it is an undeniable fact.

As an adherent of the Democratic principle, I need not say that I am a hearty well-wisher of the upholding and the prosperity of that commonwealth, into the reconstitution of which the French nation—to say it quite bluntly—was, after all, most fortunately, beaten by its reverses in 1870–71. Had Napoleon III. triumphed, despotic Bonapartism would have had a fresh lease—maybe for generations to come. Defeated, he was overthrown; overthrown, because he was defeated. So deeply had the yearning for glory and conquest been engrained in the French people among all parties—Royalist, Imperialist, as well as Republican—that any ruler who failed in such an undertaking was sure to be punished; any one who succeeded, to be rewarded for it.

In a twofold sense the firm lesson given to French aggressive designs in 1871 has had a salutary effect. It has shown to a people which, in its individuals, is generally very prudent, very cautious, very circumspect (*très sage*), but whose Parisian crowd too easily allows itself to be suddenly hurried into a risky adventure, that military enterprises, with cries "*à Berlin!*" cannot any longer be lightly started. This has acted as a great check to that swash-buckling gang which is the great danger to the Republic.

It is well known that the vast majority of generals and officers in France are no friends to that form of Government. A great many of them are at heart Bonapartists, or Royalists, even with a dash of clericalism, owing to their early education. Hence the purification of the army, which has latterly been begun under the War Minister, General André, has proved no easy task. However, the iron wall built by Germany at the eastern frontier of France has, at any rate, crippled the power of the military group for mischief in the way of bringing about a new armed struggle. From such a fresh venture—however it might turn out on the battlefield—some arch-intriguers had hoped to obtain the establishment of a military Dictatorship, or even the immediate restoration of a Monarchy. For, if anything is certain in French affairs it is this, that a victorious general would become a dictator, a beaten Republican Government be overthrown and replaced by a new form of Government.

The preservation of peace is mainly the consequence of the awe inspired by the "Terrible Year," as Victor Hugo called it, and of

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the firmness with which the German nation acted at the conclusion of hostilities. Perhaps few know that the great French poet was himself answerable to a large degree for the aggressive spirit which ended in so signal a disaster. In his matchless denunciations of "Napoleon the Little," the Chauvinist sentiment, the desire of "seeing the Treaties of 1815 torn up," so that France might obtain the whole left bank of the Rhine, unfortunately played a prominent part. Napoleon III. was to be looked upon as "little," because he could not show Austerlitz, Jena, and Wagram as his titles!

When war broke out in 1870, one of Victor Hugo's sons was not ashamed to write that "the Prussians must be kicked across the Rhine, *avec un coup dans le derrière.*" Even after 1871, Victor Hugo still declared that "before the Golden Age of universal peace could be introduced, there must be a last war, when Mainz, Trier, Koblenz, Köln, and Aachen are to be joined to France." All the territory containing these purely German towns was to be annexed to the "sacred soil of France," as the favourite phrase is.

Strange irony of human affairs! Few, perhaps, know that this eminent French poet was the grandson of a patriotic German Lorrainer, a carpenter, who, when that part of Lorraine, where his home lay, became annexed to France in the eighteenth century, at once emigrated into the other part which had remained independent and connected with the German Empire.

Hugo is a German, not a French, name. The French form is "Huguet." In his earlier years, Victor Hugo himself avowed that "he had Gothic (German) blood in his veins." Yet he became so inveterate an annexationist in the direction of the Rhine-lands that he supported the policy of the Man of December in that respect, nay, still harped upon the same theme afterwards.

I mention these details with a special degree of regret. Having translated one of the finest poems in Hugo's *Châtiments* (*In Tyrannos*) into German, and published it in the *Democratic Review* of our party, which I then edited, my friend Louis Blanc, who was a friend of Victor Hugo, drew his attention to it. The outcome was a kind, appreciative letter of the poet. That was shortly before the war of 1870. At that time, whilst being in continual intimate intercourse with the exiled French Republican leaders, and supporting their cause in German, English, Italian, and American publications, I had continually to enter into unpleasant controversies with several of them privately on the subject of the so-called "natural frontier of the Rhine."

III.

One of those exiles was M. E. Lefèvre, the author of the valuable *History of the French Intervention in Mexico*, where formerly he had

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edited the *Tribune de Mexico*. In London he acted as the agent of President Juarez during the rising against the Habsburg adventurer, Maximilian. With M. Lefèvre I was on the best of terms. In his rooms I had occasion to inspect many documents signed by Maximilian, which referred to the sanguinary court-martial decrees by which, at the instigation of the Jesuit, *P.* Fischer, the Imperial Pretender hoped to cow the Mexican people.

Now, one day, in my house, M. Lefèvre actually did not scruple to declare before German friends of mine: "When we shall have regained the Republic in France, we shall march towards the Rhine."

"Towards the Rhine?" I asked.

"Yes," he unblushingly answered, "even if we got whole Germany on our back (*même si nous aurions toute l'Allemagne sur le dos*)."

"Take care!" I replied; "if once you get Germany on your back, you will not very easily get rid of her!" (*Prenez garde! Si, une fois, vous aurez l'Allemagne sur le dos, vous ne vous en débarrasserez pas si tôt!*)

Then I rose, as a sign that I wished this controversy to cease; and presently M. Lefèvre walked out. I did not see him any more after that scene. His useful work on the *French Intervention in Mexico* he had sent to me before, with a kind dedication.

This was only one of many similar experiences. Years before, when Félix Pyat first came to London as a Republican exile, he made a speech at a meeting of his countrymen, in which he declared that it was the mission of France to "make her sword shine and glitter throughout Europe" (*fair briller l'épée de la France à travers l'Europe*). The underlying idea was, of course, the conquest of the remainder of our Rhine-lands. In later years, it is true, Pyat's views underwent a change.

At the house of Ledru-Rollin, whose attempt to overthrow Louis Napoleon, in 1849, led to his exile as well as to my own proscription from France, and with whom I have remained in friendship during his whole sojourn in London up to 1870, we were once present at a dinner he—being a very wealthy man—gave in remarkably great style. There were a number of fellow-exiles of his present, among them an army officer, Valentin, who afterwards played a notable part at the siege of Strassburg, and M. Savoye, an ex-member of the Legislative Assembly of 1849, who had firmly taken up my cause in that Parliament when I was arrested, after the failure of Ledru-Rollin's attempt, in violation of the law of nations, as a member of an embassy.

In the course of conversation Colonel Valentin, sitting near me, brought up the subject of the so-called "natural frontier of France." Not wishing to disturb the harmony of a friendly dinner, especially as I had Madame Ledru-Rollin on my right, I replied to Colonel Valentin with a few words in a good-humoured tone of banter. As

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he insisted, and evidently blundered about the historical bearings of the case, I answered him more seriously with facts which he could not refute. Upon this he grew all the more passionate. Still wishing to avoid a scene, I laughingly took up a fruit knife, and in a joking tone said: "Why! then you wish, after all, to make war upon us? You really want to take our nice Rhine-lands?"

As he remained in a sullen mood, I appealed to Ledru-Rollin across the table. He was sitting, in old French fashion, at the centre of the table, with my wife near him, and I, with Madame Ledru-Rollin, right opposite to him. Now this famed revolutionary leader, whom his adherents had formerly compared to Danton, remained mute, with cast-down eyes. I was all the more startled because, privately, Ledru-Rollin, a very intimate friend, had once said to me: "If the Alsatians really want to join Germany, I have nothing to say against it." To which I had then replied: "The Germans do not, certainly, want to declare war against France for the recovery of Alsace. We wish to remain at peace with each other."

I do not know how far Ledru-Rollin's remark about Alsace had been meant seriously. In presence of his exiled countrymen he had not even the courage to contradict Colonel Valentin.

Then turning to M. Savoye, who, in spite of his name, was originally a German from Rhenish Bavaria, and had become naturalised in France after his exile in the thirties, I said: "And you, M. Savoye, who are of German origin, what do you say?" But he, in turn, excused himself from joining in the fray, or expressing any opinion. The whole scene was a revelation. Madame Ledru-Rollin, who had learnt German from Savoye, and was a great admirer of our literature, became very uneasy. The subject was then dropped. I had both heard and said enough.

IV.

Once I and my wife were guests, for some days, in the house of Louis Blanc, the Socialist Republican leader, at Brighton, where he had gone to live for a time with his newly-wedded wife, a German lady by birth. By chance a letter reached me there, in which it was asserted that Louis Blanc, in an article written to the Paris *Temps*, to which he was a regular contributor, had hinted rather significantly at a necessary rectification of the French frontier in the direction of the Rhine. As we were such good friends, often seeing each other several times during a week, and as he had never given me the slightest intimation of that kind, I asked him point-blank about the matter. He became very excited at the charge made against him in the letter I had received, and at once consulted a file of his contributions to see whether any observation of his could have given

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rise to the unfounded assertion. He then said he could not find anything of such a nature.

We spoke of the subject again afterwards. He suggested that, in such cases of frontier questions, it would be best to consult the wishes of the population concerned by way of vote. I answered: "Why should this be done in Germany? Would you do it in France? The Germans on the left bank of the Rhine—in the Prussian, Hessian, and Bavarian Rhine provinces—are as patriotic Germans as those on the right bank. The fact of a river flowing between them does not make it necessary to ask for a vote from them as to which nation they should form part of. Would not Frenchmen consider it an insult if those dwelling on one side of a river were to be asked whether they would like to remain in political connection with those on the other side?"

Louis Blanc, with whom I have also remained in unbroken friendship down to his death, and whom I repeatedly saw still in London and in Brighton after the war of 1870–71, was too polite and too academic in his ways and manners to insist on his idea of making the German Rhinelanders vote on the question of nationality. He had, however, a habit of saying that France "marches at the head of civilisation," and that French nationality was, in his view, not to be confined to a particular race or to community of speech.

For truth's sake I must add that, when the outbreak of war was threatening in 1870, he had strongly written against it. Finally his letters were, however, no longer printed in the *Temps*, the warlike current having become too strong. He showed me the returned manuscripts.

A few days before the actual declaration of war we were together, at Louis Blanc's house, with his brother Charles Blanc, the distinguished writer on art, and former director of the *Académie des Beaux Arts*. There were present also the well-known painter Chenavard, and other Frenchmen, who had come over to see Louis Blanc; M. Delepierre, the Belgian Consul-General; an American journalist; and various others. Charles Blanc told me how shocked he had been when M. Duruy, the Minister of Public Instruction under Napoleon III., one day showed him, in his private cabinet, the "Map of Public Instruction in France." White colour, hatching lines, and black colour indicated, on the map, the degree of the state of popular education, or non-education, as regards reading and writing. The dark colour and the hatching lines, indicating gross or considerable ignorance, prevailed enormously. The white colour was only to be seen in the departments near Germany and Switzerland, in both of which countries a good school system existed. "How far behind we are!" Charles Blanc exclaimed with a sigh.

Then we came to speak of the threatening war. There, to my astonishment—all the greater on account of what he had said before

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on the backward condition of the masses in France—Charles Blanc suddenly spoke of the German Rhine provinces, "which we have possessed" (*que nous avons eues*), in a tone which showed me that he, too, had Chauvinist tendencies. He evidently imagined that those Rhine-lands were an old possession of France, wrongly taken from her.

I gave him a short lecture on that subject, mentioning that the few years during which the Rhine provinces had been annexed by Napoleon I. could certainly not count against the fact of those lands having been a part of Germany throughout history and being German as to the blood and speech of their inhabitants.

M. Delepierre, who, although bearing an apparently French name, was a Belgian Fleming, fully in sympathy with the Teutonic race to which the Flemings themselves belong, added his part for the instruction of Charles Blanc. The latter then politely avowed that he had not been properly acquainted with all the facts of the case.

V.

It will thus be seen how deeply tainted even the Republican party of France once was in regard to aggressive designs against Germany, and how much ignorance was at the bottom of its policy. I had had similar painful experiences already at Paris, when I was as an envoy there during the German Revolution.

After this it will not be wondered at when I repeat that a strong lesson had to be given to that spirit of aggression which prevailed among all French parties, and that the way in which it was given has literally been a benefit to the Third Republic. Firmly hemmed in; confined within the really "natural frontier" of the Vosges range of mountains; barred out from the view upon the Rhine, along whose whole course—on the left bank as well as on the right—a mainly Teutonic population dwells, France has not dared to recommence hostilities, and therefore had to devote herself to internal reforms.

In this way the school system in France—so disgracefully neglected, in spite of repeated revolutions, that in many departments, until 1871, sixty to sixty-five, nay even seventy-five, per cent. of the population could not read and write!—has of late been vastly improved by the Third Republic. The Roman Catholic clergy, the Jesuitry, the Monkish Fraternities, have been curbed. Communal and provincial self-government has been strengthened. All this has been done thanks to the preservation of a peace which would not have lasted had Germany hesitated to resume, both for national and strategic reasons, that which once had belonged to her, and which was taken from her by force and fraud in days of her internal division and weakness.

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Any hesitation on the subject of re-uniting Alsace and a portion of Lorraine to Germany would have been interpreted in France as a sign that her eastern neighbour still was so impressed with the power of the "sacredness" of the *grande nation* as not to dare even to retake that which once was her own. It would have been a premium upon the renewal of French aggression. The anti-Republican military *camarilla* of generals, whose outrageous intrigues and positive falsehoods have been seen at work in the Dreyfus case, would thus have got a serviceable handle for their own nefarious ends.

Germany was, however, not inclined to accept the maxim that, if the French are victorious, they are entitled to annex German territory—even as far as Lübeck, on the Baltic, as was done under Napoleon I.—but that, if Germany effectively repels French invasion, she may not even come by a part of her own former property.

In 1813-15, after the overthrow of Napoleon I., Alsace-Lorraine was left in French possession. Russia and England prevented its re-union to Germany. The result has been that, between the restoration of the Bourbons and the advent of Louis Napoleon, the danger of renewed war became repeatedly imminent.

Under Charles X. negotiations were entered upon between the Courts of Paris and St. Petersburg to the effect that the left bank of the Rhine should be retaken by France, and Constantinople be conquered by Russia.[1] The overthrow of the Bourbons, in 1830, put a stop to these negotiations. Under Louis Philippe, M. Thiers endeavoured to make use of the Eastern Question for an attack upon the German Rhine-lands. It was then that German national spirit found its expression in Becker's *Rhine Song*, of which Sir Tollemache Sinclair, the former Liberal Member for Caithness in the English House of Commons, has given a powerful translation, or free adaptation, in excellent style. His support of the German cause in 1870-71 has been a valuable one, not only through letters to the *Times*, but also by services he rendered to the German wounded and sick on the battlefields, and afterwards by the publication of a work on *The Franco-German War*. I here subjoin his poetic version:

THE EVER-GERMAN RHINE.

"No! France shall ne'er obtain thee,
Thou free, thou German, Rhine,
Though thirsting to regain thee
Her eagles scream: 'Thou'rt mine!'

"No! ne'er while grandly flowing
Between thy banks so green;
Whilst one youth, fear unknowing,
Who sails on thee, is seen.

[1] See Louis Blanc's *History of the Ten Years* (*1830-40*), vol. i. chap. i.

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"No! France shall ne'er possess thee,
Thou free, thou German, Rhine,
So long as free hearts bless thee,
And drink thy matchless wine—

"Ne'er while thy mighty water
Thy rocks eternal laves.
Defeat of France has taught her
That Germans ne'er were slaves.

"No! France shall ne'er surround thee,
Thou loved, thou German, Rhine,
While warriors brave around thee
With women fair entwine;

"While on thy banks still hover
Our bards' enchanting strains—
Ne'er till thy depths close over
The last man's lifeblood stains.

VI.

It is well known how much the songs of Béranger, by their cult of the prisoner of St. Helena, have helped to keep the Chauvinist feelings awake. Under the Bourbon Restoration, Republicans and Bonapartists often worked together in conspiracies. So also under Louis Philippe. Chauvinism formed the bond of temporary union between them.

"Daniel Stern" (the Countess d'Agoult), in her *History of the Revolution of* 1848, states that Béranger's songs were sold by the thousands in 1831, after the overthrow of Charles X., in the streets of Paris. She also brings to recollection the verses of the *Parisienne*, by Delavigne, which were then passionately sung, and which are all about Jena, Marengo, and so forth.

During the reign of Louis Philippe, the Republican party, as represented by the journal *Le National*, as well as the more advanced groups whose spokesmen were ardent Democrats, like Barbès, all harped incessantly upon the recovery of the Rhine frontier on the lower course of the river. A geographical work by Dussieux, then much in use in the schools, which served for that purpose also under Napoleon III., spoke of the "French region" as beginning at the source of the Rhine, and ending at the mouths of the river. This would make not only the German Rhine-lands, but the greater part of Switzerland, all Belgium, and a section of Holland, the property of France!

Strange enough, so moderate, so academic, a man as the late Barthélemy St. Hilaire, an ex-Minister for Foreign Affairs under the Third Republic, still adhered to that view even after the terrible

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lesson of 1870–71, though he said no move should be made at present in that direction. This came out in a prolonged correspondence I had with him in 1891. To him, too, the Rhine was the proper frontier for France. When I pointed out that this would mean the destruction of the greater part of Switzerland and of all Belgium, and the annexation of some Dutch territory, he, nevertheless, would not desist from his view. All he granted was, that the solution of the matter is to be left to the future. And this man, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, had often been accused in France of being too pliable in his relations with Germany!

After the Revolution of February 1848, the talk about "tearing up the treaties of 1815" was persistently used by some *ultra* groups in France. Lamartine, then at the head of the Provisional Government, became the butt of attacks because he would not yield to that aggressive clamour.

On May 15, 1848, a rush of a tumultuous crowd was made upon the Constituent Assembly, under the cry of "Long live Poland!" for the purpose of forcing the Government into a policy of war, to be declared against "Prussia." This singling out of a special German State as the enemy had been a favourite procedure of French agitators since the first Revolution. The remainder of Germany was thus apparently to be quieted—of course, only until its own time came for being assaulted. The Republic of 1792, and Napoleon I., acted on that convenient principle—and it succeeded then.

The invasion of the Constituent Assembly of the Second Republic in May, 1848, was organised by a political ex-prisoner, a certain Huber, who was afterwards proved to have been a spy and an informer already under Louis Philippe. He succeeded in getting a number of advanced Republicans into his scheme. From the tribune of the invaded Constituent Assembly he declared that body to be dissolved and war to be declared for the reconstitution of Poland. This meant nothing more than a march upon the Rhine. Russia was too far off.

The plan of dispersing the Assembly and forming a new Government was, however, foiled. Under Louis Bonaparte's subsequent Government, Huber was rewarded by a lucrative appointment. It need scarcely be said that the Napoleonic Pretender, who, on his election to the Presidentship, swore a false oath of fidelity to the Republic, had always reckoned the extension of France to the lower part of the left bank of the Rhine among his *Idées Napoléoniennes*.

I have recorded elsewhere, on a previous occasion, the words spoken by his Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. de Tocqueville, when trying to defend the violation of the law of nations of which I had been the victim in Paris in 1849. I had been arrested, in spite of my quality as a member of an embassy. Now M. de Tocqueville,

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in order to make the Assembly overlook this lawless act, literally and unblushingly told it that we "belonged to a party which for ten years had always, with the bitterest resolution and energy, resisted, by its writings and its menaces, the aim of the French people to extend itself up to the Rhine (*cette tendance du peuple français à s'étendre vers le Rhin*)."

This was a sufficient hint to the majority of the Assembly, and I had still to remain for some time in prison.

In fact, the idea of Louis XIV. to form France into a so-called *pré carré*, a square configuration, had become the doctrine of all French parties. Remarkably enough, however, no sooner had French conquest reached the Rhine than it tried to overstep even that frontier. Thus Louis XIV. seized upon territory on the upper part of the right bank of the Rhine, declaring that the mastery of the Rhenish plain at the foot of the Black Forest mountains was a strategic necessity for France. Napoleon I. went just a little further. He annexed German territory up to the Baltic, established French vassal principalities, such as the Kingdom of Westphalia under one of his brothers, and formed a so-called "Rhenish League," which finally included even Mecklenburg, and Saxony, near the Russian frontier!

VII.

It is a deplorable fact that both French Liberals and Republicans have for a long time been the adversaries of the political unity of neighbouring nations, whilst working for the strictest unification and centralisation of home. They did it even to an extent which crushed out all independent life in municipalities and rural communes in France. This accounts for the ease with which the most different forms of government have been alternately established by revolutions, or state-strokes, at Paris. The country was simply dictated to by the capital, and generally yielded, being unaccustomed to self-administration.

Among neighbouring nations, France always strove to maintain division, to allow at most a loose kind of a federative system. In this way she, being organised for rapid attack, endeavoured to keep a hand in among the affairs of others.

I know, unfortunately, from frequent intercourse with French Democratic leaders, how very few of them were formerly in favour of Italian unity. Ledru-Rollin, who sacrificed his career for the sake of the Roman Republic in 1849, was one of the few meritorious exceptions. I had found even Louis Blanc lukewarm on the subject. It was only when, in 1864, I brought Garibaldi to his house in the carriage of the Duke of Sutherland—from whose

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mansion I had fetched the Deliverer of the Two Sicilies, in order to make him personally acquainted with both Ledru-Rollin and Louis Blanc—that the latter wrote a good public letter in favour of the Italian cause. Yet Louis Blanc was the son of a Corsican.

Thiers, who after the war became the first President of the Third Republic, said in May, 1866, that "Germany must never be allowed to attain political unity. Her division is an old maxim of European public law, and the condition of French preponderance in Europe." In this he, no doubt, spoke the wishes of the majority of his countrymen.

When the war of 1866 was over, which, after all, resulted not in German unity but, on the contrary, in the ejection of one third of the German territory and population, French Chauvinists called for "revenge for Sadowa," and for a territorial indemnification of France, because "Prussia had become aggrandised" by some annexations within Germany. Victor Hugo was among those who excitedly called for such territorial indemnification.

Napoleon's Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. de Lavalette, then issued a circular despatch, in which he rejoiced at Germany having been split up into three parts: Austria being ejected, and the southern States being sent adrift. Lavalette pointed out that France could now deal far more easily with Prussia, Austria, and the South German States if she wanted to make war against them on the Rhine, about Luxemburg, or elsewhere. He called this new state of things, which the war of 1866 had brought about, *les trois tronçons;* that is, the three stumps into which Germany had been divided.

When Louis Napoleon, foiled in his attempt of establishing a "Latin Empire" in Mexico, saw the rising tide of opposition and dissatisfaction, he—at the instance of his bigoted wife, who wanted her *petite guerre* in the interest of the Roman Catholic Church—played his last card. Prussia, as a Protestant Power, was to be crushed. Germany was to be thrown back into utter division. The Rhine frontier was to be gained. In this he had with him the feeling of the nation. The popular cry was: "*à Berlin!*"

Monsieur Thiers only had his doubts because "France was not properly prepared." The Opposition in the Legislative Corps, after some slight manœuvring which was to save its face, voted all the desired supplies and the calling out of every kind of troops, though the refusal of doing so would have been the only means of showing its disapprobation of the war. The men who, after the fall of Napoleon III., formed a Provisional Government, all granted, in the end, what his Ministry had asked for to wage war against "Prussia."

Well may it be said, therefore, that if the war had resulted in the conquest of the German Rhine-lands, all France would have been

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enthusiastic about it, and Bonapartism would have had a fresh lease of despotic power. In that case there would have been no Third Republic, no internal progress in France, but only a prospect, or rather a certainty, of Europe being convulsed by new wars. The victory of Germany has virtually established the Republic. The rejection of France behind her old and really natural frontier of the Vosges has paralysed the aggressive military party, preserved peace, and made reform in home affairs a possibility.

All this tends to show how important it is to learn from clear facts whether the French Chamber really means to turn over now a new leaf, or whether we must still be prepared for sudden, contradictory movements, so frequent in a country which, within a hundred years, has had arbitrary government; three times Parliamentary institutions of a more or less weak type, under different dynasties; twice a despotic Empire; and three times a Republic, whilst for centuries the aggressive spirit of conquest has ever been alive under every form of rule.

KARL BLIND.

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THE HOUSING QUESTION IN 1903.

> "The reason of overcrowding was that rents were high, and the deeper the poverty of the people the higher proportion did the rent bear to their income. . . . The existence of overcrowding was to a large extent due to the same sort of restrictions and privileges at home as those which Free Trade had abolished in connection with our international commerce. In his opinion the only thing which would suffice was the taxation of land values, in order to get at the root of this great and vitally essential matter."—Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, at Keighley, December 9, 1902.

THAT the question of the housing of the people is one of first importance in all so-called civilised communities is a proposition which will scarcely require proof from me. Whether the happiness of society or that of the various individuals of which it is composed is the object sought, decent housing accommodation is equally necessary to the result. Our people cannot live happy lives under conditions which require them to live like animals, nor can they be expected to become good and thoughtful citizens, capable of doing their proper share of the world's work and capable of temperate and thoughtful use of the power they possess of governing us through our representative institutions.

To some it will probably be unnecessary for me even to describe the evil which exists, but in order to present to all minds at once a genuine picture of the actual facts I shall briefly do so.

The legal definition of an overcrowded room is one[1] in which more than two adult persons sleep. According to this definition nearly a million persons in London live in overcrowded rooms in spite of the law. Instances are common where eight and ten persons, and even more, live in single room tenements, persons of all ages and both sexes, sometimes all of one family, sometimes of more than one family. Bear in mind again that the average size of these rooms, in the dwellings of the London overcrowded, is stated to be only about about ten feet square, and you will have some idea of the pigstye life which their inhabitants are compelled to lead.

In the *Daily News* reports of a few years ago, entitled "No Room to Live," the following report occurs: "The wonder is how those of our fellow-citizens who are overcrowded in single-roomed tenements can find it in their hearts to continue living. What has life to

[1] Containing *less* than 1200 cubic feet of air space free of furniture.

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offer them? The worst of all is that so many of them get used to their lot."

The life of the one-roomed overcrowded poor is torture. And, let it be told with shame, the hardest burden falls upon the women. To the miseries of their habitations and the pains of incessant child-bearing they must add the night and day drudgery to their stifling little homes. Cooking one day, they fill the house with fumes from bad ovens, for the ovens are generally worthless in the one-roomed homes. Washing the next day, in saucepans and basins, they scatter soap-suds everywhere and fill the place with steam, afterwards stretching the wet linen in double rows from wall to wall. There may be a child ill in bed; there are certain to be children crawling about too young to go to school; yet the women must do all the work in their single rooms just the same. From week to week, one year's end to another, this is the unbroken round of thousands of our London women.

As to the men and the elder children, who can wonder at the husband flying from such a home, soon after his return from work, for the comfort and brightness and companionship of the drinking-palace at the corner? Who can wonder at the children, on leaving school in the evening, preferring the streets to such a crowded home?

Then at night the only bed in the room, saturated by the steam and fumes of the day, is occupied by as many as can crowd into it, father, mother, sons, and daughters; the overplus sleeping under the bed, because it is warmer than the rest of the floor.

Where otherwise? when you recall that among the One-roomed Tenth are some families of more than twelve to a room; and I have already instanced the Camberwell case of seventeen to a room. We have also seen there are some 3000 people in London living eight and more in a room, and over 9000 living seven and more in a room. At the very lowest 26,000 from among the One-roomed Tenth are living six and more in a room.

So that, if the elder children and the men fly these unhomely homes for worse places in the day, they are forced to crowd them to a terrible extent in the night. The jaded wife and mother, poor heart, unlike the others, is forced to live in these "soul-destroying conditions" both day and night until, when the soul is finally destroyed, she too takes to drink like the husband, and then to the winds with self-respect and morals, children, husband, and home.

A one-roomed home is bad enough for ordinary living, but when it is turned into a workshop what must its condition be then? Yet thousands of these single-roomed tenements are not only used for sleeping, living, washing, drying, and cooking, but as workshops and sometimes as stores. If they are not always used as such by the men, then it is by the women. Many costermongers store their

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stock in their one-roomed homes at night. Others do a little fish-curing in their single rooms, and any number are cobblers, small cabinet-makers, and bird-fanciers.

As to the women's work, how many times have I seen the women in their one-roomed homes surrounded by piles of pasteboard boxes for fancy work which they are making for 1*s.* 6*d.* per gross, or by heaps of stay-boxes or boot-boxes which bring them 2*s.* 10*d.* a gross. Sometimes I have found the floors of these one-roomed homes strewn with artificial flowers which are being made for a penny a gross, sometimes with match-boxes at 2*s.* ¼*d.* a gross, and at other times with straw bags which are sold to the poor for marketing at a penny each and made for about a penny a dozen.

The one-roomed home may mean nothing to the dead, but surely it must mean something to the living who have to keep their dead in the room where they eat and sleep. Whatever it may mean to them, it has to be endured. One day when I was walking through his parish in Hoxton with the Rev. J. Cartmel Robinson, he pointed to a house with the remark, "It was there I found the dead body of a child on the only bed of a one-roomed home; and when I asked where they put the body when the family used the bed at night, I was told it was placed until morning upon the only shelf in the house where they kept the food."

That is not so bad as the family I was told of elsewhere, who sat up all night to keep the rats off the dead body of a child. Neither is it to be compared with the case heard before a police-court magistrate, when the medical officer of St. Giles asked for a closing order in respect to houses where the rats had made large holes in the rooms. He stated in evidence that "in one of the rooms children had to take turns to keep awake during the night to prevent the rats attacking the others in their sleep."

If any object to this statement on the ground that it refers to a time now more than two years ago, let him examine the census returns for London and observe for himself that the tendency at present is not towards improvement but the reverse, the population increasing faster than the houses, even where the latter are not positively decreasing in number.

Though I have cited London cases only as illustrations I need not have done so. The same little book contains descriptions of overcrowding in the country, and Mr. Rowntree[1] has expressed the opinion that there are people dwelling under as bad conditions in York as anywhere in London. The Housing Question, then, may be described as the question of how to change this state of things so that the poorest classes of the community may have some chance of living decent human lives of usefulness to themselves and those around them. This of course takes no account of the fact

[1] *Poverty: A Study of Town Life*, chap. vi.

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that nearly 300,000 persons in the British Isles live in public workhouses, asylums, &c., and more than 700,000 more annually receive relief out of the public purse on account of their inability or ill success in keeping body and soul together without such assistance.

Having very briefly and inadequately described the evils which go to make up the Housing Question, I propose to examine one by one some of the various methods which have been advocated and acted upon for dealing with these evils, in order to see what success has attended such efforts and what hope there is for us in the future that we may some day be able altogether to overcome the difficulty.

The methods advanced may be briefly enumerated as follows:

(1) Establishing a legal standard of housing accommodation and compelling those occupying, or permitting to be occupied, accommodation not conforming to that standard to improve or to evacuate the same.

(2) Establishing either at public expense, or at any rate by law, cheap communication between mannfacturing places and outside districts considered suitable for workmen's dwellings.

Under the first head, that of a minimum standard of accommodation, come many subsidiary measures intended to put that standard into operation. Such are (*a*) building regulations as to the material of which houses may or may not be built; and as to provisions of a sanitary nature which must be made; (*b*) machinery for evicting people from overcrowded and insanitary dwellings and punishing them or the house owner for overcrowding those dwellings; (*c*) regulations as to providing separate acccommodation for persons of opposite sexes and as to the number of cubic feet of air space per head which must be provided, &c., &c.; (*d*) provision, where private enterprise fails, by public bodies for the accommodation of the working classes.

Under the second head, that of provision of cheap travelling facilities, come of course special municipal tramways, or cheap workmen's trains, supplied by railway companies under Parliamentary compulsion, or workmen's cars at cheap fares supplied by companies or municipalities.

Such legislation as has aimed at facilitating the purchase by working men of their own dwelling houses hardly comes within the scope of the present problem, dealing, as it does, only with a comparatively well-to-do class of the labouring population.

Now I will examine each of these methods in turn and see how it has either succeeded in its object or taught us how we might succeed.

To take the second method first, it is urged that while the cost of construction in the outskirts of our towns is little, if any, greater than at their centres, the cost of land is very much less. This is no doubt true, and owners of agricultural or accommodation land are

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usually glad to let or sell on relatively reasonable terms to builders in order to develop the other land which they own in the neighbourhood, just as owners can often be got to give manufacturers free sites in order to create a small centre of population which will soon vastly enhance the value of the surrounding area.

But it is surely evident that it is rarely if ever the tenants who lease this land for their own use. The speculative builder leases or buys it and lets to tenants on short terms for whatever he can get in weekly rent. And what can he get for weekly rent? He is limited only by the necessity of offering some small advantage to the city dweller over what he is already paying, and allowing for the cost of tram or train journeys to and from daily work. If the pressure of demand for house room is great, he is not even obliged to offer any advantage at all so long as rent, *plus* travelling expenses, does not exceed existing rent nearer the centre of population.

The result is obvious. Almost if not quite all the advantage of cheap land goes not into the pocket of the rack-rented tenant but into that of the speculative builder. In fact there is no such thing as "cheap" land. Low-priced land is land no one wants very badly. The moment it is wanted it becomes dear land.

Second, as to the attempts to enforce a standard of accommodation and to penalise all falling away from that standard. The Local Government Board has certain model regulations, and various local authorities have adopted either these or modifications of them and enforced them by means of by-laws. Let us see what has been their effect. Where, if anywhere, they have been successfully enforced, of course the character of the dwelling accommodation has been kept up to something like decency. What other effects have these regulations had? One other effect, and a very important one indeed, has been to make houses more costly to build and maintain, and therefore to raise house rents or to discourage the building of houses. In the Dartford district, for instance, it is stated[1] that a man was compelled by the Rural District Council to pull down a house he had built, though it was replete with every convenience—kitchen, wash boiler, bath, &c., and was surrounded by a garden, for the sole reason that it was built of wood and the regulations adopted required brick or stone.

The London County Council again has raised so high its standard as to the character of workmen's dwellings that it will permit to be erected, that private builders find it impossible to build working men's houses or barrack dwellings at a cost for which it will be possible for their tenants to remunerate them in the way of weekly rent. One very evil consequence follows. The London County Council becomes almost the only builder upon the field, to the exclusion of private enterprise, which after all has everywhere hitherto

[1] *The Liberty Review*, November 1902.

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supplied the vast majority of the housing accommodation, good as well as bad.

If the dearth of houses is not to become rapidly worse, the public authority is thus faced with the obligation to provide in future almost the whole of the new accommodation needed, an undertaking which as yet no public body has cared to face. Indeed so true is this possibility that it becomes an open question to any one who approaches the problem from a disinterested standpoint whether or no the position might not have been at least as favourable, if not actually better for the overcrowded population, if the public authority had never stirred hand or foot in the matter at all.

The moral of all this I will point out later when I think I shall be able to make it clear that the failure when it takes place in any of these methods is due to one and the same cause.

I have referred to the method of eviction of persons living more than two to a room, *i.e.*, living in overcrowded conditions. What has been the result of this? Turn again to the *Daily News* reports and we shall see. Less than three years ago "The Bethnal Green Vestry served a notice, under the Act,[1] to stop the overcrowding at No. 35, Canrobert Street. As a result one of the families in the house was turned out. Such chattels as the family owned were put into the washhouse in the yard. "For some days," the inspector stated, "this washhouse was the only shelter the family had."

When reporting on this case the same inspector mentioned the result of another notice. This one had been served at No. 33, Wolverley Street. A family was overcrowded in a single room there; so to save themselves they took a second room which had just become vacant in the same house. Having had a hard struggle to pay the rent of one room, they now found it to be quite impossible to pay the rent of two. They were therefore evicted and their things put into the yard.

"The family," said the inspector, "consisted of a man, his wife, a girl about fourteen, a boy about twelve, and a child of three. They have been in the yard entirely without any shelter or housing accommodation for the last fourteen days. To-day the Oxford House authorities called my attention to them. I went and found them all wet through, shivering with the cold, and apparently destitute. I telegraphed to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and also communicated with the relieving officer. I instructed the vestry's man to rig up a temporary tarpaulin, and to provide them with a coke fire and some food. Since then I have heard that the family and their goods are to be turned into the street to-morrow." Thus we see that though it may be easy to enforce the law and evict those who disobey it by living crowded

[1] Public Health Act.

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together, the problem is by no means to be solved thus, since in only too many cases these people must either remain unhoused altogether, which is worse than being merely overcrowded, or they must elude the inspector and escape into fresh premises, causing these in turn to become overcrowded. Thus just as nowadays a railway company is often compelled by Act of Parliament to rehouse the populations it may displace by its extensions, so there is a tendency for people to demand that the overcrowded persons whom a local authority evicts it shall rehouse under better conditions.

Let us examine how far this method, the one most strenuously advocated as a rule, has been successful, and what its successes or failures have to teach us in regard to future efforts. Many of our largest cities have embarked upon the attempt to house their poor themselves; London, Liverpool, Birmingham, Glasgow, Leeds, and others which I need not name. The success or otherwise of this method must be judged from some such standpoint as the following. Has it abolished slums and overcrowding, and without incurring other evils in their stead? If not, is its failure due to the intrinsic demerits of this system or has it merely not been carried far enough? The facts disclose of course at once that the complete success has not been anywhere achieved, and politicians may be said to be divided into two camps on the question of the reason of this failure: (1) Those who find an error of method which renders ultimate success along these lines impossible and (2) those who believe the want of success to be due merely to insufficiency of municipal effort, and who cry for more, believing that if enough is done success must follow.

It should not be difficult to prove to any one who is open to conviction which of these standpoints is correct. To do so we must examine in detail the immediate difficulties which have been met with and see if they are such as will be overcome by simple multiplication of the present methods of supply. From London, Liverpool, Edinboro', Brighton, Birmingham, Darwen, &c., come the report that though millions of money have been spent in providing municipal dwellings by the tens of thousands, yet only a very small proportion of the slum dwellers displaced come to live in the better accommodation provided. The reasons for this state of things offered to us are few, and almost always the same from all parts. We are told that some of the slum dwellers prefer slum life and will not take to the new and cleaner surroundings provided, but, more generally and with more evidence of truth, we are informed that the cost of the better dwellings provided is such that the slum dwellers cannot afford to pay them. The authorities of Stafford and the L.C.C. have therefore abandoned the principle that municipal dwellings should be made to pay and not involve a charge upon the rates, and have boldly built and let dwellings at a cost which it is

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supposed slum dwellers will be able to afford, calling upon the rate-payer to make up the difference.

Let us examine this position a little further and see whether or no a solution has been provided. The principal form of failure is that in which the displaced slum dwellers are found unable to pay rents which will make house building possible upon a business footing. Is this unavoidable, and if so does the provision of accommodation at the cost of the rates afford a proper and satisfactory solution? Those who are accustomed to workmen's four-roomed houses at 4*s.* 6*d.* per week open their eyes when they hear that in London single rooms of the poorest description often let at from 6*s.* to £1 a week.

How does this arise? In this way. A husband and wife living, say, in a four-roomed house at 4*s.* 6*d.* per week find that they can get a substantial contribution toward the rent by taking in lodgers. Here overcrowding, with all its attendant evils, soon creeps in, even if the family alone was not already large enough to overcrowd the sleeping-rooms. We get, say, nine people into such a house, making a cost in rent of only 6*d.* per head per week. Now obviously one of two things must happen. If accommodation better than that afforded to lodgers can be had in new houses for 6*d.* per head per week in rent a demand for such accommodation is ready to hand. The builder is always ready to put up more houses as soon as he sees customers for them. But, on the other hand, if there is not competition in house-building there is evidently competition for house-room. The agent who collects rents knows that a man and wife without children often pay him 4*s.* 6*d.* per week rent, or 2*s.* 3*d.* per head. He sees no reason, so long as other houses are not immediately available in competition, why he should not make others pay him 2*s.* 3*d.* per head—the couple who take in lodgers, for instance. If these can be made to pay gradually, say, 9*s.* per week for that four-roomed house, he will compel others to do the same, and the couple without family or lodgers must pay 9*s.* per week also, which to them is 4*s.* 6*d.* per head. What happens? Either they must take in lodgers to help pay the rent, or they go and lodge elsewhere and help others to pay it. In either case the rent capacity rises to 9*s.* per house, instead of 4*s.* 6*d.*

Nor is there any limit to this sort of thing, except the capacity of a room ten feet or twelve feet square to hold human beings lying down on beds and on the floor, and the capacity of those same human beings to pay so much per head per week for that accommodation. But remember that when houses of this description, which cost, say, for sake of argument, £150 each to build, can fetch in rent over £23 per annum there must be a tremendous incentive to builders to provide more. With a ground-rent of, perhaps,

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£2 10*s* per annum per house and a rent of 4*s*. 6*d*. per week this incentive was not so strong. With the rent at 9*s*. per week it becomes immense. No builder could resist it. Why, then, does he not go on and build more houses until the demand is met and rents become normal again?

The reason puts me in mind of a question I used to be asked when first I went to Kindergarten school at the age of four. "What is the first requisite for building a house?" Up went my hand at once. "Well what?" asked the teacher. "Bricks," said I. "No," was the reply, "land." I had not thought of that. But the builder has to, and when his demand for land increases it has the same effect as the demand of the slum-dweller for house-room, it enhances the value of the article. And what is the price he will have to pay for land? Just so much as will not stop building altogether.

If, then, he would build four and-sixpenny houses with a ground-rent of £2 10*s*. per annum, now he will build the same houses to let at 9*s*., and pay a ground-rent of about £14 per house. The result is, of course, that fewer houses are built, and those let not at 4*s*. 6*d*., but at 9*s*. per week, and must be filled full of human beings in order that the rent per head per week may come within their means to pay.

Sometimes the same circumstances operate the other way round, and not until the suitably situated land is all built upon, as is the case in so many parts of London, does the pressure become severe and by competition for existing accommodation, inadequate for the whole population requiring to be housed, does the rapidly rising rent compel resort to overcrowding. Much may depend upon whether the land in the neighbourhood is all owned by one landlord or divided up among many, who may compete against each other for builders. Some people describe the result as due to over-crowding driving up rents; some say the high rents are the cause of the overcrowding. In fact, each is a cause and each an effect acting and reacting upon one another, and so making the state of things worse and worse; the ultimate causes being two—first, that which hinders the free operations of supply and demand from giving us equilibrium. The builder who is drawn into the market to build as soon as rents rise high enough to give him above the normal return on his money, is prevented from building and earning the increased rents by the action of landowners who desire to keep all the benefit to themselves. And why should they not?

Who can blame them? Is it not one of the first principles of freedom that each of us should be allowed to get as much for what he has to sell in the open market as it will pay any one to give him rather than go without, whether he sells his labour, his produce, or his land? No; if we are to object to the landowner exercising

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his prerogative it must be upon some altogether different ground. Let us therefore at once face this question, and see whether or no we have any real cause of complaint. In the case of the builder we find the supply ready and willing to answer to the demand. We also find this supply so willing as to prevent the demand from ever increasing rents much above a normal return on the builder's capital. Why is not this the case with the landowner? Well, in the first place, he is not in the position of having money to invest when he lets land. His property (in the form of land) is worthless until some one stands in need of it ("So," I hear some one say, "is all property"), and it lacks another quality that goes to make up price—cost of production. The builder cannot build his houses and then keep them empty indefinitely until they will realise a certain high rent which he has set his heart upon; his houses decay; they cost him interest on his money; he has to pay rates upon them. Not so with the landowner; his land does not decay, its value tends to increase rather than to depreciate; he has no interest upon outlay to lose by waiting, and he pays no rates.

But are these reasons why we should interfere with the ordinary effects of demand upon the price which he is able to exact for what he has to sell or let? Not in themselves. A first-class violin does not depreciate, but instead of being a source of loss of interest upon its cost (true it has a cost of production) to an owner who declines to sell it, its value often increases to a greater extent than would the accumulation of the sum it cost, even at compound interest. And also its owner does not have to pay rates upon it. The parallel may not be exact, but it is near enough to set up a credible supposition that if the landowner is to be interfered with for such reasons so also should be the violin owner. Must we not therefore examine further and see if there is any justification whatever for interference with the landowner's freedom of action.

It is often suggested that he should be specially taxed upon his land. Why? "In the public interest," is often the answer. Truly a dangerous one. In the alleged interests of the majority a certain class is to be made the subject of special taxation. What would our working populations think of this doctrine in another form? Suppose English trade should so far decline as to seem to point to the fact that the level of English wages, being higher than those paid abroad, was the principal cause of our industries declining. Would they listen to the suggestion that in the public interest wages should be reduced all round, or even an income tax put upon them? I think not. This argument of the alleged public benefit at the expense of minorities is a two-edged sword, and we none of us know when we may find its other edge turned against ourselves. Our only safeguard is in pure justice. Let majorities use their power justly to all, even to minorities, and they then need never be

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afraid of that two-edged sword, or if they find it turned against them they will have no more just cause of complaint than has the condemned man against his executioner.

Why then should we interfere with the landlord's prerogative? "Because," we are told, "his is an unearned increment." What of the interest on the savings of the working man which he puts into the Post Office Savings Bank at 2½ per cent.? Is not this also an unearned increment? Nay, what shall we say of an increase of wages, however obtained, for the same work done. Is not this also an increase of price for the same article, and therefore an unearned increment?

But there *is* a just reason why the landlord's prerogative *should* be interfered with, and it is this. Because the property which he claims to control is the surface of the globe upon which *all mankind* is dependent for a livelihood—a thing which he has neither done anything to produce, nor has obtained by any grant from Him who has; and he has therefore not that claim to proprietary rights in land which those have who have laboured and themselves produced their property or acquired it from those who have done so. And if private property in anything is to be a lasting institution among us this is the only basis upon which it can be defended. The landowner then we find has not even the most elementary of rights to possess the property from the use of which he claims to exclude the people except at the cost almost of their very life-blood.

But I spoke of two real causes of overcrowding in towns. The second cause which co-operates with private land monopoly in the production of the state of things which we all deplore is the poverty of the slum dwellers, and their inability to pay[1] the high rents which building regulations and increased cost of construction render unavoidable. And that this cause does operate, quite apart from the one previously described, is at once made evident from the fact that building companies in London have stated that they could not now afford to erect workmen's dwellings, even though the land were offered them for nothing.

It is no part of my purpose in this paper more than to state the causes of this high cost of construction. It is stated upon reliable authority to have risen in recent years by from 20 to 30 per cent. for the identical class of house, and the increasing stringency of the regulations imposed upon builders by local authorities adds to the cost again. I shall only in passing notice the fact that though the cost of material has risen, as well as the level of wages in the building trades, still these two items together do not in every case by any means make up the whole of the increased cost, pointing, of course, to decreased efficiency of labour. I draw attention to the

[1] Evidence is afforded by the fact that in some towns (Bolton, for instance) there exist, at one and the same time and place, disreputable slums and hundreds of decent empty working men's cottages.

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fact merely because it is one of the cases where the policy of restriction of output reacts with terrible severity upon those who practise it, who themselves have to suffer from the excessive cost of house construction. The low standard of ability on the part of so large a percentage of our working class population to pay for house accommodation is therefore, under existing conditions, a real cause of overcrowding.

We have stated two principal causes: (1) Private monopoly in land, and (2) poverty of wage earners. Now if our diagnosis of the case has been accurate, and these are really the two prime causes of the evil we wish to remedy, we are justified in asking to what extent present methods of dealing with the Housing Question tend to meet and dispose of the causes of the evil. Obviously they cannot succeed if they avoid dealing with first causes. I enumerated above some of the methods of dealing with the Housing Problem. A glance at them will show any unprejudiced reader that not one of them even pretends to grapple with the causes which have produced the evil they pretend to remedy. Can it then be wondered at that they have hitherto failed to achieve their object? Nay, can we, as practical reformers, expect better things from the pursuit of similar measures in the future?

We have shown that the only hope of the reformer along existing lines lies in putting part of the cost of Housing accommodation upon the ratepayers, a method which taxes all classes of the community, to provide houses for one particular class, and which also penalises and cripples, by high rates, the industries, upon which the slum dwellers themselves are dependent for their already too slender incomes. And has not past experience from the time of the "allowance" system of poor relief onward all gone to show that these various forms of outdoor relief to the able bodied must tend (1) to demoralise those whom they profess to relieve, and (2) to depress the rates of wages which they earn. My readers will hardly need to be reminded how in the days of this "allowance" system wages stood below the cost of mere food subsistence, and only with the addition of their out relief were the poor able to keep body and soul together.[1]

If these be the facts, what possible hope of a solution can we derive from present methods? "But," it may be said, "if you can only dishearten by showing the futility of present day efforts you are no use, and we may as well muddle along as best we can and do a little good at great cost rather than none at all." My reply is, and there is nothing original in it—it is merely that towards which the teaching of Economic Science has long been tending—that both causes of the evil can be dealt with and very effectively, the more easily because they, in turn, both arise principally from a common root. It would require an unreasonable amount of space

[1] Thorold Rogers, *Six Centuries of Work and Wages*, chap. xviii.

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and be trespassing upon problems only indirectly connected with my subject to show the relation that exists between the land monopoly and low wages, and how the former is the principal cause of the latter; but these facts once stated, the remedy for the Housing Question, it is clear, lies—and lies only—in dealing effectively with the Land Question, and he who honestly desires to ameliorate at once the lot of our sweated and of our overcrowded poor must be prepared to face the question from this elementary point of view.

FRANKLIN THOMASSON.

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THE ELECTORAL MACHINE.

MANY learned and philosophical reasons have been given for majority-rule. The late Sir George Cornewall Lewis made a collection of these reasons. But like the twenty-seven reasons of the admiral for not firing a salute—the first being that he had no powder—there is only one of them that matters. No one knows of any other plan for ending discussion.

However, granting the principles of majority-rule and government by representation, there remain important questions as to the limits of the electorate and the method of ascertaining the majority. Broadly speaking, the scheme propounded in 1780 by the Duke of Richmond, for adult manhood suffrage and territorial division of the electors into numerically equal constituencies, provides the theory on which the growth of our Parliamentary system has since proceeded.

There have been attempts to limit or extend the electorate, such as the influential movement in 1857 for a special educational franchise, and the claim still urged for the admission of women. There have been attempts to subvert the territorial system, such as the proposal of the late Earl Grey that constituencies of workmen in trade-guilds and graduates of universities should be incorporated without regard to locality. There have been attempts to ameliorate the hard lot of minorities, such as the "three-cornered" constituency and restricted vote proposed by Lord John Russell in 1854, and inserted in the Reform Act of 1867 by the Lords.

A sweeping change in our electoral system was proposed by the Proportional Representation Society twenty years ago, adopting in substance a scheme long eloquently advocated by the late Mr. Thomas Hare. Nearly two hundred members of Parliament of both parties favoured the change. It was held that "proportional representation" would remedy an evil hitherto supposed to be inseparable from democratic government—the injustice done to minorities. The fact that nearly every great and good movement had taken its rise with a minority had not escaped the acute observation of the authors of this new idea. They were pained by the ruthless extinction at present inflicted by a Parliamentary election upon those select circles of enlightened thinkers who hold the deposit of wisdom

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of the coming age. Proportional representation would cure all that. The minority—all minorities, in fact—would have a due share of representation, and be able to voice their message in the councils of the State.

Mr. Hare's idea was to make the whole United Kingdom one constituency, and to allow every elector to vote for as many candidates as he pleased. He would not, however, give votes of equal value, but mark his first favourite "1," the next in his confidence, "2," and so on. If he liked, he might vote for the whole Liberal or Conservative party, or both, plus all his favourite schools of faddists, provided all were ranked in numerical order. A general election having been taken on these lines, registrars in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin would count the voting papers, and divide the total by the number of seats in Parliament, thus ascertaining the "quota" sufficient to return a member. All the "No. 1" votes would then be counted. As soon as any member received the "quota," his voting papers would be done up in a packet, and he would be declared elected. Whenever he afterwards appeared as "No. 1," the paper would be counted to its "No. 2" candidate, or if "No. 2" was also elected, then to "No. 3," and so on. When all the papers had been counted, the smallest pile would be taken, the candidate's name cancelled, and the papers distributed among those having more votes; then the next lowest would be taken—every candidate achieving the quota being immediately taken out of the running—until, finally, the necessary number of members would be returned by exactly equal numbers of votes. No papers would have been wasted, every elector's vote would be counted to some one who actually got in. Thus all minorities would be represented, and any party or society which could muster enough votes in the country to return one member could infallibly secure his return.

True it is that after all the minority would still have to submit when the House of Commons voted on a Bill. In this final act of Democracy the minority would be as effectually extinguished as though demolished in detail in six hundred constituencies. But still, every elector would have been "represented," his chosen voice would have been raised, and the House would have heard all sides.

Somehow or other, "proportional representation" never became popular. Possibly electors felt they would prefer to have only one representative to watch and criticise and pass judgment upon at the polls. Perhaps, with the national passion for conquest, they preferred to extinguish their minorities at first hand. Perhaps they liked having a member with local attachments and interests and local responsibilities. Perhaps they were afraid of hearing half a dozen candidates speak at a single meeting. At any rate, the

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electoral changes of 1884 went in the opposite direction, and increased the number of single-member constituencies.

After all, however, it is becoming more and more plain that our existing system does not completely solve the problem. Many an election is followed by uncomfortable doubts as to what precisely it has settled, beyond the personal fortunes of certain more or less estimable candidates. Organised minorities, holding aloof from party, acquire despotic power, and make the general result a mere lottery. The candidate is told that teetotallers or trade unionists, anti-vaccinators, anti-ritualists, or imperialists, are exceptionally strong in his constituency, and that unless he conciliates them his cause is doomed. As a rule he has not the faintest idea whether the statement is true—nor has any one else. And there is no way of measuring its truth. It is a threatening bogey, looming large in the darkness of uncertainty, and goading him on to insincerity and cant. Where the candidate will not temporise or "conciliate," but utters his views frankly and fully, it is likely that a discontented section of his supporters may "give him a lesson" by abstaining, or even voting for the other side. Thus a seat may be lost and won, and the whole course of State policy affected, because a section of the majority for the time being has no means of expressing its discontent on some minor or personal question. Where the discontent goes to the length of a rival candidature, and the party votes are "split," the result of the election is of still less value as an indication of the popular will.

These are not trivial defects in our representative system. They vitally impair its efficacy. We desire to elect our representatives not for their eloquence or good looks, but for their opinions on matters affecting the life and happiness of the people. As to which of these matters should dominate the choice we have all different views. At present it is often uncertain whether the candidate of the majority has been returned, and always uncertain on what questions the successful one has been chosen; what is the "mandate" he takes to the council chamber.

Not only is the dominant subject which determines an election generally uncertain; but there is a large range of smaller questions, on the fringe of practical politics, and contributing largely to the activities of the contest, as to which the result affords not the slightest information. The expression of the mind of the people is vague and haphazard.

How can we remedy this? how make our electoral machine precise and certain in its action, a clear guide to statesmen, and an efficient register of the popular will? Some say by the Second Ballot. But the Second Ballot is too cumbrous, interferes too much with business, dilutes public interest by its two election-days, and

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leaves room for unwholesome party arrangements between the two polls. A much better plan, securing precisely the same end, would be to continue the single-member constituencies adopted in principle by the last Redistribution Act, and to combine with them the transferable vote which was one of the features of Mr. Hare's scheme.

Let as many candidates as choose put up for a constituency, and let each elector vote for as many as he pleases, marking them, however, in the order of his preference, "1," "2," "3," &c. The method is perfectly simple and familiar. In the counting, unless one candidate had a majority of the whole, the candidates having the smallest totals would be ruled out, and the votes given them recounted as between those holding already a majority. The voter could thus support the candidate most completely representing his views, without letting in the enemy by a "split." The initial votes cast throughout the country would be a complete index to the political state of the nation. The votes cast for temperance, labour, Liberal Imperialism, Protestantism, and other special causes would be accurately shown. The growth or decay of popular movements would be minutely registered. Parties would know their own strength and that of their opponents. Statesmen would be able to read the signs of the times, and know when to make wise concessions in time. Politics would become an exact science rather than a lottery. The machinery for impressing the popular will on Parliament would be enormously strengthened.

The transferable vote must be a priceless boon to the conscientious elector. No longer compelled to vote for a candidate with whom he has but the slightest sympathy, in order to keep out another whose return he would regard as a public misfortune, he would be able to make his vote a solemn declaration of his conviction as to the most urgent question of the moment—whether vivisection, old-age pensions, ritualism, or the annexation of a republic. Cherished convictions need no longer be stifled to secure the safety of a party. And even if an "old-age pension" candidate did not get in, the votes cast for him would have done their work, and would exert an overwhelming influence on a Government of either side. A minority visibly and rapidly growing could not be ignored. It would probably achieve its purpose in legislation long before succeeding in returning many candidates. The warning would have been given without dislocating the electoral machine in regard to the great issues of national life. Open and straightforward dealing between the elector and the elected would become the rule rather than the exception, the moral tone both of the constituencies and of Parliament would be raised.

It may be said of the transferable vote—it has already been said

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of the Second Ballot—that it would destroy our party system and give us a congeries of parties, with constant shifting of the political centre of gravity and weak and unstable Ministries. Now, Mr. Hare's system of proportional representation might well be conceived to lead to government by groups. Every trade and interest would have had its handful of representatives at St. Stephen's, casting Imperial questions to the winds. But the retention of single-member constituencies, as has already been pointed out, would prevent small minorities from achieving direct representation, while their power for good would be increased by the provision of an accurate register of their growth. Both parties in the State would have a strong inducement to secure their support by early and wise concessions, but the elections generally would turn on the few great questions in regard to which there is natural division into two parties. If public opinion should be nearly evenly balanced, then the transferable vote would award the victory to the side actually in a majority, and with single-member districts the tendency would be for a slight majority in the country to be represented by a relatively greater majority in Parliament, thus diminishing the risk of a legislative deadlock.

A frequent and obvious objection to our present electoral system is that the balance of parties in the House of Commons rarely corresponds to the aggregate polls. In 1874 Conservatives were as seven to six in the House compared with the Opposition, but their poll had been only six-sevenths of that of their opponents. Generally, however, the result is not a reversal of the people's mandate, but an exaggeration of the success of the winning side. In 1880 Liberals and Home Rulers were as four to three at the polls, but as five to three in Parliament. In 1900 the Government had a majority of 132, but the relative voting strength would have given them only twenty-six. Results of this kind are due not so much to the territorial system as to defects in its application. So long as we have a member returned at Newry by 1800 electors, one at Wick Burghs by 2700, and one at Bury St. Edmunds by 2600, while Cardiff with 22,000 electors, and Romford with 30,000, have each only a single member, it is clear there is room for a wide diversity of results. On the Newry scale of representation Romford would be entitled to sixteen members. Even in the metropolis we have a member returned by St. Georges in the East with 3500 electors, and Fulham returning only one with 16,600. Automatic redistribution by a standing commission is clearly needed.

But the fact that one elector has sixteen times as much electoral influence as another is far less serious than the defect in our representative system which makes the act of recording a vote to the bulk of the electors a mere meaningless ceremony undertaken to oblige

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an importunate acquaintance or gratify a sporting instinct. With regard to the most important social questions—the housing of the poor, pensions for old age, the regulation of dangerous employments—the elector is met by both parties with promises, and is in honest doubt which to prefer. On whichever side his vote is cast the motive which determined him is certain to be ignored, and he is equally certain to be credited with having exercised a choice in regard to subjects on which his views may be remote from those of either party. The hopelessness of intelligible self-expression by means of the franchise leads to its being regarded as a thing of little worth. This sacred birthright of the citizen is tricked from him by pretences which if used to procure a few pence or a loaf of bread would consign the offender to a felon's cell. Politics are reduced to a mere game, and electors choose their side for the most trivial reasons.

The transferable vote, by enabling the citizen to indicate the order of his choice in regard to questions pressing for solution, would give the franchise a real meaning and value to the member of even the most hopeless minority. Each General Election would present an accurate chart of popular feeling. Amid the chaos of conflicting demands the social student could discern the lines of least resistance in the pathway of reform. The new power of self-expression would be in itself an education to the elector. Even the man with but one serious conviction would be brought into politics and compelled for the sake of his own question to take an intelligent interest in the general outlook. The elevation in the tone of the electorate would be reflected in the character of the candidates. A scientific method of representation, bringing the earnest thought and conviction of the people into fullest play, must benefit both them and their representatives. To-day the candidate is ignorant of the varying and uncertain elements composing his constituency, and is under constant temptation to act a part, to countenance disingenuous contrivances, to fear a host of noisy cliques whose strength he cannot estimate. But in the full light and knowledge of the suggested system he could treat mere noise with contempt, and approach the electors with simplicity and candour. The electors, too, would never be driven by party exigencies to return a member whose character they disapproved, so that by a process of "natural selection" our M.P.'s would become men of a higher type than those who to-day so often buy their admission to St. Stephen's by liberal contributions to party funds.

It may be claimed for the proposed change that it would educate and refine the electorate, improve the *personnel* of the House of Commons, provide the statesman with a clear view of the people's wants and opinions, stimulate earnest reformers by supplying a

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means of self-expression at the polls, bring the best men into politics, help the people to concentrate themselves on really hopeful and practical movements, expose the weakness of the noisy cliques who terrorise the leaders on both sides, and clear away the obscurity and uncertainty under cover of which lurk the corruption and fraud which permeate our present system of so-called "representation."

W. B. HODGSON.

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TOO MUCH EDUCATION.

A PARADOX.

It is a fashionable thing nowadays to gird at education from one point of view or another. One man is dissatisfied with the Public School system; another complains of the Elementary system; others again criticise the training of officers, and so on. Indeed, it would be tedious to enumerate a tithe of the faults found with English education. But, broadly speaking, the critics fall into two classes: those who say there is too little, and those who say it is the wrong kind. No one, however, seems to have suggested that there may be too much. This is a paradox, no doubt, and ridiculous in the eyes of the educational expert, or the business man alarmed at foreign competition. Nevertheless, it is a theory that is at least worth considering by those who will look at the matter with an open mind.

Let us review the situation. About thirty years ago there was confessedly too little education, and men set to work to supply the deficiency. After the lapse of a generation it is universal and compulsory, and the number of subjects taught and the time devoted to them have steadily increased. Great expectations were entertained of the beneficial results which would accrue to the community. People were to be happier and more virtuous, more refined and more efficient. Now, when men are casting up the balance, they find, if anything, less contentment; that the progress in virtue is nothing to boast about; that advance in genuine refinement is, at least, questionable; and that foreign competition is more menacing than ever. Truly, it looks as if, in the words of the prophet, "the fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge."

Education may be compared to the training of a plant, the function of the teaching art being to supply the defects of nature. But obviously there is a right way and a wrong way. The correct method is to observe the golden mean and apply the right amount of training in the right manner at the right time, but not spoil the plant by excessive cultivation. *Il faut cultiver nos choux* but at the same time we must not banish nature. Our educational garden has been trimly laid out in beds and rows. But is the

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general effect pleasing? Are the growths strong and vigorous? These are questions which are troubling men's minds to-day.

Let us take, for instance, Elementary Education. Here the zealots, who had the driving of the machinery, educated, so to speak, in the abstract with very small regard to the connection of education with other departments of life. In the first place, children were treated as a kind of "knowledge-boxes," to be crammed with a certain sort of information, which was to be repeated, as by a collection of phonographs, with mechanical accuracy; and the stuffing process was tested by payment according to results. This test was ultimately recognised to be neither fair to the teacher nor beneficial to the child, and has had to be largely modified, if not altogether dropped; and there is a growing demand for an education better calculated to train the intelligence and open the mind. Whether that demand is in a fair way to be realised is another question.

The second mistake of modern elementary education has been the craze for uniformity. It is only quite recently, under the stress of agricultural depression, the scarcity of farm labourers, and the Boer war (which has demonstrated the connection between rural life and military success) that the authorities woke up to the absurdity of training village children and town children on precisely the same pattern; and it has at last dawned on them that a cast-iron Board School system tends to spoil children for the country at the most impressionable period of their lives. It is to be hoped that the discovery has not been made too late. Meanwhile we have on our hands the rural exodus, the congestion of our towns and the hopelessness of a town-bred population trying to "get up" in a hurry, like subjects for an examination, qualities and habits which used to be bred in the bone among yeomen and villagers. In fact, this passion for uniformity has been one of the contributory causes which has been sapping the national strength.

Thirdly, the education has tended to stifle nature. This must be the meaning of the stock complaints about a "procrustean" system, reducing everybody to a "dead" level of intelligence. Surely nature ought to count for something as well as preconceived theories of educational doctrinaires. But, when so much energy is spent in warping the plant into a particular stereotyped shape, the reserve fund, which might have nourished and developed any latent original and individual qualities, is drained away. "Nature," it has been well said, "punishes with dryness the spirits which reject her." Is there not a lurking suspicion abroad that the fountain of originality, enterprise, initiative, intellectual independence is drying up? Yet, how can a mind gather strength and vigour when it is always in chains? Those who always dance to others' piping cannot be expected to display much native freshness and elasticity.

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But if Primary Education has been, as it were, "darkened by excess of light," is Secondary Education any better off? At any rate, it is certainly as severely criticised as the former. May not some of the alleged defects be due to a similar disregard of the maxim, "Nothing too much?"

Now the most marked feature of modern secondary education is the expansion of the curriculum, by the addition of modern languages, science, a host of English subjects and so forth, to the old staple of classics and mathematics. But, as there are still only twenty-four hours in a day, this multiplicity of subjects must result in one of two things, superficiality or specialism; and the process resembles an attempt to squeeze a camel through the eye of a needle. The result does not appear entirely satisfactory to many observers.

The evil of premature specialisation is too often insisted on to need more than a passing remark. Suffice it to say that, until the competition between schools be mitigated and the tyranny of examinations overthrown, the evil will continue to work mischief, in spite of much express discouragement. But even specialisation, which, whatever its drawbacks, does at least mean thoroughness, is the lesser evil of the two. It is the unprofitable attempts to teach a maximum of subjects in a minimum of time that constitutes the real danger to the intellect of the rising generation. The process of learning is reduced to a mental scramble to get through too many lessons, and, even if the scramble is successfully effected, yet, by a kind of natural retribution, what is learnt in haste is soon forgotten. In the long run no mental constitution can stand it. The clever boy chafes against the drill and finds his originality hampered; the conscientious plodder is worried and despairing; and the slacker reduces "sugaring" to a fine art. Further, the old incentives of duty, emulation, love of learning being insufficient to push the pupil through the treadmill round, they have been reinforced by the utilitarian motive of "something to work for" in the shape of all kinds of certificates of dubious value conferred by external examining bodies, which have the additional advantage of satisfying the appetite of the half-educated British mind for statistical results. Yet, even with this extra stimulus, it is impossible to get through the work fast enough, and other devices must be sought. Hence there is on the one hand the sinister multiplication of unnecessary text-books, which, by smoothing away almost every difficulty, provide "short cuts" to learning; while, on the other, it is customary for the teacher to reduce the intellectual food he administers to so fine a pulp that mastication and digestion on the pupil's part are practically superfluous. Thus the extra labour entailed upon the master deprives him of the leisure necessary for freshness and self-improvement, whilst the luxury of getting everything done for him and the

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habit of making no effort for himself, demoralises the mind of the learner and undermines his intellectual self-reliance and enterprise. Can we wonder, then, at complaints about "mental barrenness" and "dead learning"? How can elasticity, initiative, and originality possibly flourish in a system which gives no scope to the mind to work freely on its own account?

But, it will be urged, such an account is partial and one-sided, and leaves entirely out of sight the sheet-anchor of the Public School system—the culture of athleticism. Unfortunately, far from mitigating, this not infrequently aggravates the evil. The enormous value in every respect of "games" is unquestionable, and there is no desire to indulge in cheap sneers at "flannelled fools" and "muddied oafs." But even its best friends are agreed that athleticism is overdone, and are anxious to reduce it to its proper limits. What is complained of here is not so much the culture of the athletic ideal as the manner in which the worship of it is conducted. Certainly, as Plato pointed out, excessive devotion to "gymnastic" both deadens the intelligence and brutalises the character. But there is another aspect of the question—viz. that games, instead of being play and recreation, have become a species of "work" in an already crowded curriculum, and, like the work in school, are too much organised *for* the boys, rather than *by* the boys. Hence, in some boarding schools at least, from the time they get up till the time they go to bed, boys are "marking time" at the instance of others, and there is hardly a moment they can call their own, to use as they please. Thus their energies of mind and body are so much used up in channels cut out for them by others, both in and out of school, that none are left for striking out a line of their own, even if they can squeeze the time.

"Yes, but," it is objected, "the system makes for discipline, and discipline makes for morality; we know what the boys are doing, and there is less opportunity for mischief." And it is to be feared that on these grounds the principles of freedom are deliberately rejected in too many secondary schools. The answer is that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." And now people are constantly complaining that Jack is dull, and wants brightening, and they attribute his dulness to defective education. But is it not possible that a system which demands too much of his energies may tend to extinguish any glimmering of originality and crush his individuality and capacity to learn for himself? At least the experiment might be tried of allowing such a margin of time, beyond what is necessary for the average boy to get through his work properly, and play games heartily, in which he could, if he liked, do nothing at all. A schoolmaster, who has any faith in his system, ought surely to be able to trust his pupils not to waste the surplus time altogether, and even a little mischief would not much matter.

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The point is, that the idleness of many is a small price to pay for the opportunity thus given to the clever few of doing the most valuable thing in education—namely, educating themselves. "The true test of a teacher," says the late Bishop Creighton in his admirable *Thoughts on Education*, "is that each child shall leave him with a desire to learn for himself. It is here that our educational system breaks down"—words which are well worth pondering by any would-be educational reformer. Judged by this standard, any system must break down which practically deprives children of every chance of acquiring the habit of learning for themselves. And those who are clamouring for more education may be reminded of the man who piled so many books on his brains that they could not move. We have, perhaps, got beyond the bondage of books; the danger is rather that the multiplicity of subjects and the tyranny of theories may leave no room for Nature, the great teacher, to have free play. The great need of the day is not so much increased facilities for education as such a reorganisation of those already in existence as will secure the thorough teaching of a few well-selected subjects, encourage the habit of doing and learning things for oneself, and provide a reasonable amount of leisure for both teacher and taught. This plea for a "little wholesome neglect," as promoting true educational progress and efficiency, may at least claim the merit of suggesting a new point of view.

P. S. BURRELL.

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THE MYSTERY OF MARY STUART.

II.

IN regard to the two first Casket Letters one important fact must be borne in mind. On the scheme of dates presented by the Scots Lords to the Commission at Westminster it was impossible that Bothwell could have received and answered a letter of Mary. The Commission of inquiry that sat at Westminster, November 24–December 14, 1568, might have complained of the manner in which the case was presented to them, as the law lords complained of the unsatisfactory pleadings in a recent case in the House of Lords. But Mr. Lang puts it all right as far as the Westminster Commission is concerned. The Scots Lords are shown by Mr. Lang not only to have erred in assigning the date of Mary's entry into Glasgow, but even to have altered the sequence of the letters themselves. The first Casket Letter thus becomes the second. It was despatched because no answer had been received to Letter II. of the Casket Series. The English version of this letter mentions Lethington, the Scotch does not. Mr. Lang contends that this was simply an inadvertence, and that no inference is to be deduced from it. As Lethington's name is mentioned in a purely neutral connection, he could have no object in suppressing it in the Scots version. It need not be regarded as a case of "traddutore, traditore." Philip Francis' name is mentioned by Junius. But the reference is so neutral that the most pronounced anti-Franciscan has never argued that Junius refers to Francis in a way that a man could not refer to himself.

Letter II. of the Casket Series is, chronologically speaking, the first of the Series. It must have been written over two days, January 21–2, 1567, and concluded after midnight on the latter date. The Marian controversy has raged around it. It is upwards of 3000 words in length, arranged in numbered paragraphs, as Junius arranged his arguments. But it is curious to note that while Junius adopted French notation, Mary does not do so, at least according to the copies. Mr. Lang says of this letter that "it distinctly means murder." While some passages flow on in "passion's impetuous stream," other portions are written with the terrible calculation of the determined criminal. Mr. Lang says portions of this

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letter "have all the air of authenticity, and suffice to compromise the Queen." But it has been attacked on the ground of internal inconsistency, and because it reproduces almost verbatim depositions made before the Casket Letters were found. Therefore it is argued that the Letter is a forgery based on depositions previously made and reduced to writing. But Mr. Lang argues with great skill that the internal inconsistencies are to be accounted for on the supposition that Mary mislaid a sheet of paper, and thus broke the thread of her discourse. Evidence *aliunde* supports his contention. The writer confesses that she is short of paper at the time of writing. Therefore she used a sheet twice over, and forgot to erase the words when she turned it over for the second time. It is impossible to exclude the view that no forger could have resorted to such an artifice. The textual correspondence between Crawford's written deposition of January 1567, which he produced at Westminster orally the next year, and portions of this letter, presents great difficulties to the view that Mary wrote this portion of it. But it must be remembered that the deposition purported to give the substance of a conversation with Mary, about Darnley's conduct to her. Therefore the Queen could have written this portion of the incriminating letter, if she described Darnley's conduct to Bothwell, in the same terms as she described them in the same month to Crawford. The fact that Crawford, in 1568, gave oral evidence of his deposition of January 1567, with textual accuracy is certainly astonishing. Mr. Lang tentatively suggests that he was allowed to refresh his memory from the Casket Letters. Why not from his own depositions? Mr. Lang clearly is of opinion that the written deposition existed in 1568, and says that Lennox must have possessed it. It is surely possible to infer from the textual correspondence between the deposition and the letter, a conclusion, not to the forgery, but to the authenticity of the letter. Mary gave in the same month exactly the same account of Darnley's demeanour to the witness Crawford that she gave to Bothwell. As the account related to the same date of January 1567, after the great quarrel between the pair, if the Queen told the truth to Crawford she was bound to write the same thing to Bothwell. It is not certain whether the deposition was taken down in writing before or after the Casket Letter was written, but in any case it was made in the same month as the letter purports to have been written. The fact remains that, *ex hypothesi*, Mary knew, as no one could know, the contents of the deposition. Therefore there is nothing extraordinary in her reproducing it in the Casket Letter, parts of which, at any rate, "have all the air of authenticity." If the deposition was made after the letter was written it violates no probability that Mary should have verbally recapitulated that part of her previous letter to Bothwell dealing with her private talk with Darnley. It is curious that this

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letter does not say exactly what the bitterest of Mary's enemies, the Lennox party, wanted to prove. The Lennox party wanted to prove that the plot to blow up Darnley was in train before she went to meet him at Glasgow on January 21, 1567. If they had garbled this letter, they would certainly have inserted some more or less succinct references to Kirk o' Field House. But only the last item of the memorandum with which the letter concludes makes any reference that can possibly be construed in the sense they desired. This item is—"remember zow of the ludgeing at Edinburgh." If this letter was forged, why did not Mary's enemies forge a letter to suit their purpose? It may be mentioned that this letter, like all the Casket Letters, contains passages in a tone of great submissiveness. But then Mary, both previously and subsequently, held forth this tone of submissiveness to all her lovers, from Darnley to Norfolk. There is a truly extraordinary coincidence in idiom between this letter and a subsequent authentic letter of Mary to Lesley, written from Bolton (October 5, 1568). This is the use of the idiom, "tirer les vers du nez." In the English version of this Casket Letter the idiom is literally translated: "I have taken the worms out of his nose." This grotesque expression, of course, proves that the English version of the Casket Letter must be a translation of a French original. Mary's letter to Lesley complains that Knollys has been trying "tirer les vers du nez." The meaning of course is to cajole confidences from another. While the existence of the French original can be unerringly inferred from the mistranslation of an idiom, there are no contemporary copies in French extant of this letter. The length of this letter would appear to furnish no mean presumption of its authenticity. The Pigott letters and the Dreyfus *bordereau* are, from the point of view that the Casket Letters were forged, exact parallels. In all three cases it was sought to attribute an incriminating document, or documents, to a third and innocent party. But the Pigott letters and the *bordereau* were mere brief and cursory writings, conveying aptly the *innuendo* that constituted the offence.

Mr. Lang says that it is necessary to have recourse to the hypothesis "of a forger of superhuman skill before the letter can be discredited." The letter, it has been observed, can only be discredited in part. The question irresistibly arises, why was it not "garbled," if it was "garbled" at all, to suit the views of the Queen's persecutors? But it was not garbled, and Mary wrote the letter in its integrity, her guilt is established, and the introduction of the remaining Casket Letters is supererogatory to demonstrate her guilt.

The six minor Casket Letters bear on the subject of Mary's attempt to procure her brother, Lord Robert Stuart, to assassinate Darnley, and her insistence on her own abduction by Bothwell. But

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these are points the prosecution wished to establish. We take the letters in the order in which they are discussed by Mr. Lang. He selects the historical order, but, as will appear later, we are compelled to differ from him as to the date of the last Casket Letter. The first letter is a copy of the French original. It is obscure in purport and full of hints and suggestions. The writer has been up watching late, as this was "the best matter to excuse your affair that could be offered." The writer has promised some one to bring a third party to see him, and asks the correspondent "to put order to it if he finds it good." All these remarks are, Mr. Lang observes, very vague in drift. The names of neither Darnley nor Lord Robert Stuart are mentioned, but it is contended by Mary's accusers that the reference is implicit. But the passion and jealousy exhibited by the writer in the following sentences are more significant. The letter is sufficiently identified with Mary by the mention of her servants' names at its conclusion. The letter is distinctly invested with suspicion by the writer's avowal that she dare not write till her servants are gone. In this letter the expression—"vous m'en dischargeres le cœur"—occurs. This expression may be, Mr. Lang insists, only a very natural one. It was, however, twice used subsequently by Mary in the letters to Elizabeth (August 1568). This letter contains archaic allusions, and is written in an odd, affected style, circumstances from which, Mr. Lang contends, no inference of any importance can be drawn. If it is considered that the letter really relates to the incident of Lord Robert Stuart's meeting with Darnley, it must have been written at Kirk o' Field House early in February 1567. Mr. Lang says of the characters of this epoch, there are none good, not one. It is distinctly consoling to observe that he is possibly mistaken about Mary's brother. Lord Robert Stuart is distinctly stated to have warned Darnley of the danger he stood in from Bothwell, and as the event showed, he certainly did not come into the nefarious scheme of slaying Darnley himself. But the matter is exceedingly obscure. Mr. Lang represents that Mary had the idea of procuring Darnley's death by means of her brother, suggested to her by Darnley himself, when the latter complained that he had been warned of his danger by Lord Robert Stuart. But this does not seem a very probable account. Mr. Lang admits that it was a wildly improbable account. The declaration of Paris about this affair is involved in contradictions. Cecil seems to have believed in the truth of the story and even dated the incident. Mr. Lang objects that Mary, without Bothwell's help, could have "set Lord Robert Stuart and Darnley by the ears." But it is strictly consistent, on the other hand, with Mary's submission to Bothwell that she should have taken him into her confidence.

The next letter, like the evidence of Paris, recalls the *dictum* of Voltaire, in the introduction to his *History of Charles XII.*, that the

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historian finds it necessary to consult *valets-de-chambre.* The writer expresses apprehension lest, if she dismisses a maidservant, the latter will take her revenge by hindering some purpose the writer is contriving with the correspondent. The letter is clearly identified as one of the the Casket Series by the submissive and deprecatory tone. It leaves a distinctly unfavourable impression of clandestine and illicit relations. This copy is in French. The assumption is that the maid referred to married Bastien, a servant of the Queen's. Mary urged, as a reason for not sleeping at Kirk o' Field on the night of the murder of Darnley, her sudden recollection of a promise to be present at Holyrood at the marriage. The letter contains a statement that the maid, who was the object of suspicion, was about to be married.

In Casket Letter V., the writer implicitly alludes to Huntley, "the false brother-in-law" of Bothwell. Great distrust is expressed of Huntley, but he is not mentioned by name. The writer quotes Huntley as representing that Bothwell will ruin all by forcibly abducting Mary after the Lords had subscribed Ainslie's band. Huntley's objection seems grounded in good sense. It is, at all events, exactly what he might have said. The Lords who subscribed Ainslie's band went so far as to declare that they would lose every shred of honour, and would be accounted unworthy and faithless traitors if they failed (*inter alia*) to advance Bothwell's suit. It was therefore gratuitous and unwarrantable of Bothwell to carry Mary off by force five days after the subscription of the Ainslie band. The date of the letter is supposed to be April 21 when Mary went to Stirling to see her son. According to a Lennox memorandum, she went to Stirling to poison him! In this letter the writer assures her correspondent that she will never go back from her promise. Therefore this letter is taken by Mary's accusers to prove that she consented to the abduction by Bothwell. It is evident, however, from this letter, that only three days before that event the details of the scheme were not decided on. It is curious to note the frequent erasures and insertions in the copy of the original French version at Hatfield reproduced in the Appendix. It is not easy to see why a fair copy of a letter should contain any erasures or omissions. But the circumstance only proves perhaps the indecent haste with which the prosecution was conducted. It is consistent with the practice of writers of genius, that original composition should be frequently corrected and erased. But there is an essential difference in this respect between an original and a fair copy, above all a copy furnished for judicial inspection.

The next letter is No. VI. in the Casket Series, and only a Scots copy of the original version is extant. This letter must have been written very shortly after the preceding, and just before Bothwell carried away Mary from some disputed spot near Edinburgh. The

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writer is now reconciled to Huntley. It is curious, however, that reference is now made to the correspondent's "brother." Thus, taken strictly, the reference cannot be to Huntley. In the previous letter Huntley is referred to as "faulx beau-frère." In the next, as "your brother-in-law that was." This last is an inaccurate designation, because at this date, Bothwell had not been divorced. The most important point, however, to note in this letter is this Mary tells Bothwell to excuse his marriage to the Lords in precisely the same terms as, a month later, she excuses it to the French Court. As the Casket Letters were not "found" till June, Mary's defenders argue that Lethington, from his knowledge of the diplomatic note, forged this letter. It is however surely reasonable to urge that Mary might have urged Bothwell to make the excuses that, as the event showed she intended to make to the French Court for their marriage.

The next letter is No. VII. in the Casket Series and only a Scots copy of the original French version is extant. The writer reports to her correspondent that "your brother-in-law that was" says that many people, in gratitude for Mary's past services, would rather die than suffer her to be carried away. Then, consistently enough, the writer implores her correspondent to be accompanied with more than three hundred horse. In his discussion of this letter, Mr. Lang throughout assumes it was written by Mary. Thus Mr. Lang says: "Mary implores Bothwell." Again he says: "Mary must have written two of these letters (and apparently eleven sonnets also) while ill at Stirling." But perhaps Mr. Lang can consistently do this, because he says that, so far from being certain, he is not even strongly inclined to believe that the Casket Letters are forgeries.

The last letter is a French copy of the original version. The writer begins by expressing fear of personal danger to the correspondent's beloved person, since it is predicted by many. A symbolic mourning ring is forwarded—"by Paris." Then there is a promise to keep "marriage" in her bosom. Mr. Lang explains this as meaning some marriage token. When Mary was engaged to Norfolk in 1569, she wrote to him that she intended to keep a diamond round her neck till they were united. Previously Mary had written to Elizabeth "Je vous envoye mon cœur en bague." There is a rhetorical simile—"seul soutien de ma vie," that is found in the sonnets. Mr. Lang points out that the letter does not conclude in the ordinary formula. From this circumstance he deduces the inference that the letter is authentic. On this view, all the Casket Letters are authentic, since none of them have the customary conclusion cited by Mr. Lang. This customary conclusion was a prayer that God will give the recipient long life and to the writer something else. Mr. Lang says that this formula is found in the Casket

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Letters. But it occurs in full in none of them. There is no prayer at all at the conclusion of Letters III., IV., VI. At the end of Letter I. the writer concludes: "I pray God send me good news of your voyage." At the end of Letter II. the writer says: "love me always as I shall love you." At the end of Letter V. the writer says: "God give you good night." At the end of Letter VII.: "I pray God to send us a happy interview shortly." Thus the customary formula does not occur in full in any of the copies of the original versions we possess. It must be admitted that Mr. Lang does not seem quite certain about the inference derivable from the absence of the formula. But he admits, "the forger would know, and would insert the stereotyped phrases, if he chose." If this be taken to mean that a forger would either annex the customary conclusion or none at all, there is a startling inference. All the letters must be genuine which conclude with any variation from the stereotyped phrase. It seems possible to understand Mr. Lang as inclined to think that a forger would necessarily annex the customary conclusion. In this case all the Casket Letters are authentic.

The Casket Letters, like the private letters of Junius, are not dated, though in both cases the day of the week is mentioned. But the research and ingenuity of Mr. Lang has provided a scheme of dates that seems much more than plausible. It is established on independent evidence. All the evidence tends to show the indecent haste with which the Scot Lords got up their case at York and Westminster. Having actually disturbed the sequence of the first two letters themselves, it is not astonishing that their dates are quite unreliable. Mr. Lang, however, declares that even he is at a loss to date Casket Letter VIII. The contents of this letter, he declares, "do not fit into any recorded or alleged juncture in Mary's relations with Bothwell after January 21, 1567, when Paris entered her service." There are these hypothetical dates that have been assigned to this letter by various writers, besides a date of Mr. Froude that seems altogether beside the mark. Mr. Lang, after discussion, decides against all the dates. Yet it is difficult to exclude the conviction that a great deal can be said for the first hypothetical date. This is that the Casket Letter VIII. was written on January 25, 1567, in answer to a letter she received from Bothwell on that date. If this is so, it is no objection that Mary wrote two letters on one day as she must then have done. The Casket Letter I. was despatched, as we know, in the morning, and sent to Edinburgh by Beton. The Casket Letter VIII. was despatched some time later on the same day by Paris. There is nothing astonishing in a rapid succession of letters from a person in Mary's position, and Mr. Lang, in another connection, pays a tribute to Mary's powers of penmanship. He notes that Mary must have written 160 lines

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of sonnet sequence in the space of two days "amidst the toils of travel, of business, and of intense anxiety," in April 1567. She might, therefore, easily have written two letters on January 25, neither letter being, in fact, of the colossal proportions of Casket Letter II. On this hypothesis Casket Letter VIII. becomes the third in sequence of writing. To examine the circumstances. On January 24, *Cecil's Journal* says that Bothwell left Edinburgh for Liddesdale to make a raid on some "reivers." He was on his way back by January 28. On October 1566, Bothwell was severely wounded in Liddesdale by a Border thief. Mary, on this occasion, incurred censure and criticism for the demonstrative sympathy she showed for Bothwell. On the hypothesis we are discussing Casket Letter VIII. was written when Bothwell was again raiding in Liddesdale. This renders it easy to understand why Mary, at the commencement of the letter, should refer to the danger which every one predicts to your beloved person. Mr. Lang admits that, supposing the date of Casket Letter VIII. to be January 25, "Danger to Bothwell, in Liddesdale, Mary might fear." Next the letter refers to Paris. Now Paris stated that on January 24 Bothwell gave him a diamond, letter, and message to take to Mary. Mr. Lang elsewhere describes Paris as having on this occasion slept at Callendar or somewhere else on the road, and as having reached Glasgow about noon on January 25. Therefore Paris arrived at Glasgow after Mary had despatched Beton to Edinburgh in the morning with Casket Letter I.

Now in Casket Letter VIII. Mary acknowledges the receipt of Bothwell's marriage. Mr. Lang admits that if this means a marriage contract it might easily have been enclosed in the letter Paris brought. Again, Mr. Lang admits that it is very natural that Mary, in return for Bothwell's ring, should send him her mourning ring. Thus, if this letter is dated January 25, there is a mutual exchange of marriage tokens, morally inexcusable no doubt, but strangely corroborated by circumstances and inferences.

But Mr. Lang objects to assigning this date to the letter because it is full of Mary's complaints about Bothwell's indifference to her. These complaints, he urges, do not tally with the fact he had just sent Mary a betrothal ring, a letter, and possibly a marriage contract. On the ground that Mary could not consistently complain of indifference on January 25, 1567, on Bothwell's part, Mr. Lang says the hypothesis must be dismissed, that the Casket Letter VIII. was written on that date. Mr. Lang would, however, be the first to admit that, as it is, there is a Casket Letter—No. I.—that is written on January 25, and that alludes to "the forgetfulness joined to absence" of the correspondent Bothwell. Therefore, on Mr. Lang's own scheme of dates, Mary did complain of Bothwell's coldness on

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the very day on which he argues that the Casket Letter VIII. cannot possibly have been written, because Mary complains that Bothwell is neglecting her. But of course Paris is the *Deus ex machinâ*. He arrives after Casket Letter I. is despatched by Beton, and Mr. Lang's argument holds. But Paris must have implicitly told her that her lover, instead of devoting himself to her, as she undoubtedly devoted herself to him, had gone to the wars. Hence one may argue, the bitter complaints of Letter VIII. about Bothwell's neglect. One of the cavalier lyrists, Lovelace, writes in a strain that throws light on such an incident:

> "Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
> That from the nunnery
> Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
> To war and arms I fly."

Mr. Lang shows that Bothwell was a very accomplished man, and he might have responded to this Casket Letter in the strain of these verses. It does not seem to conflict with any probability that a Queen regnant should complain bitterly, that a subject whom she was about to select as a consort, and for whom she was imperilling all she possessed, should proceed on a raiding expedition, instead of paying court to herself. When it is remembered that Mary, as Queen, had a voice in the matters of military necessity, and that Bothwell was her Commander-in-Chief, it is clear that Mary, at this juncture, never could have desired Bothwell's raid into Liddesdale. The explanation seems to be that Bothwell had not reconciled her to his departure for Liddesdale, in spite of the presents. If this is a natural account, why should not this Casket Letter be dated January 25, 1567? It is to be remembered that Mr. Lang exclusively objects to this date on the ground Mary complains of Bothwell's coldness and neglect in the letter.

Mr. Lang considers that the Sonnets prove Mary's passion for Bothwell more than the letters. He admits that they do not seem very characteristic of Mary, but considers that they are probably the real originals, as there was no one among her enemies who could have produced the verses even if he had the will. But Mr. Lang cannot consistently say this, since Maitland of Lethington must be included among the Queen's enemies. Later he says: "whoever held the pen of the forger, Lethington must have directed the scheme." Now Lethington was regarded as "the flower of the wits of Scotland;" he was a man of "classical culture." He was the son of "a poet and wise essayist," Sir Richard Lethington. Though Mr. Lang admits that Lethington's scutcheon is "smirched and defaced," yet he describes him as "infinitely the most fascinating character in the plot." This can only refer to Lethington's intel-

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lectual attainments. But after this, how can Mr. Lang urge that "we do not know any one among her enemies who could have produced the verses even if he had the will?" Mr. Lang urges that it is "grotesque" to suspect Buchanan. It cannot be "grotesque" to suspect Lethington.

On the hypothesis of her innocence, Mary, Mr. Lang says, must have been a weak, ailing, timid, and silly woman, with "a heart of wax." This Mary certainly was not, and it is too late to accept the hypothesis of her entire innocence. Most people will concur with Mr. Lang's view that she is compromised as it is by the share she must have taken in the production of the Casket Letters. But in Mary's case there is, at least, no "anguille sous roche" such as exists in the case of Maitland of Lethington. In any case Lethington is infinitely more guilty than Mary, or even Bothwell, owing to the fact that he was privy to the murder of Riccio. Repetition feeds passion, and the murder of Darnley followed on that of Riccio, as surely as the suicide of Ajax followed his falling on the unsuspecting flocks and herds. Elizabeth was asked by de Silva, the Spanish Ambassador, in July 1567, whether the Scots Lords held certain letters proving that the Queen had been cognisant of the murder of her husband. Mr. Lang italicises the reply of Elizabeth quoted by de Silva. "She (Elizabeth) told me it was not true, although Lethington had acted badly in the matter, and if she saw him she would say something that would not be at all to his taste." What can this mean? It cannot refer to the fact that Lethington is said to have stolen the letters and copied them, because that affair is alleged to have taken place shortly before the York Conference, more than a year later. This utterance of Elizabeth, and the extraordinary part played by Lethington at York, in persuading Norfolk that the letters were not genuine, will be deemed by many conclusive evidence against him. It is clear what Mr. Lang says about some of Mary's enemies being capable of forging the Sonnets cannot apply to Lethington.

There are no intellectual objections in short to Lethington's having forged the Casket Letters. He may very well have been "a forger of superhuman skill." And there cannot be any moral objections. Besides having been privy to two murders, those of Riccio and Darnley, before he could have forged the Casket Letters, he is suspected by Cecil and Randolph of other crimes against Mary Stuart. When such a man was Mary's Secretary of State, her reputation pleads at the bar of history for a virtual, if not a complete, acquittal.

N. W. Sibley, B.A., LL.M.

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IS NATURAL SCIENCE SELF-CONTRADICTORY?

IN the able articles which he has recently contributed to the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. Mallock has conclusively demonstrated the impossibility of reconciling the teachings of dogmatic theology with the proved and acknowledged facts of natural science. When any one whose birth dates from the first half of the nineteenth century, contrasts the religious dogmas authoritatively taught in his early days and the nature of the sanctions attached thereto with those now current, he will perceive the enormous change that has taken place in the expressed views of nearly all teachers of religion—changes due in the main, and acknowledged by the teachers themselves to be due, to the advance in natural science which has taken place during the period in question, and of which period it has been one of the main characteristics. Chalmers in his time, and more recently Henry Drummond, in *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, seemed to meet with some success in reconciling the irreconcilable, but it was soon found that they had made no real advance, and difficulties have multiplied during the last few years.

The author of the articles we are now considering will find many in agreement with the first main conclusion of his argument, but it is doubtful if he will carry many with him in his proposed solution of the difficulty; viz., that as a belief in religion, even the most elementary form of it—to which he strictly confines his definition—leads to innumerable contradictions, and the facts of natural science lead to a similarly unsatisfactory position, and one must believe something. The doctrines of orthodox theology and the established facts of natural science may be as logically held together as either of them alone. The questions at issue then are really these two: Is it true that the study of nature of itself leads ultimately to contradiction? Is it true that our consciousness of moral responsibility compels our belief in a system of theology involving a further series of contradictions?

So far as natural science is concerned, a natural philosopher would say it is emphatically not true. At the margin of what we know difficulties, of course, exist, to be overcome by observation, study, experiment, and in most of the natural sciences by accurate

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measurement. But these difficulties are common to the acquisition of all knowledge, and students would find their occupation gone if there were nothing further to discover. Every investigator soon reaches a point in his special subject beyond which he cannot go. Then comes the time for the exercise of the scientific imagination, the propounding of a theory, a working hypothesis, and then, generally the most difficult of all, the conceiving and making the necessary observations and experiments, to confirm, refute, or modify the original hypothesis. Different minds will, of course, frame different theories to explain a given phenomenon, and so apparent contradictions will arise, but no scientific man, worthy of the name, nowadays holds otherwise than very lightly to his hypothesis until he has been able to put it to the test of experiment. When sufficient evidence is wanting, we simply say we don't know; but it does not follow that we are therefore involved in contradictions, and that having assented to one set of contradictions we need not withold our assent from another set, or from a compound of contradictions made up of two or more sets. This is much too uneasy a position in which to rest, nor is there any necessity to place ourselves in it. Physicists do not assert that the ether is the primary substance out of which atoms, molecules, and cosmic vapours have developed themselves.

No doubt it is the tendency of the scientific mind to bring its established facts if possible into a generalised form, and to associate them by a comprehensive law; but I am sure that Lord Kelvin, the illustrious author of the vortex ring theory of atoms, would be the last to ascribe to his idea anything more as yet than a hypothetical value. The ether is certainly possessed of the most distinct physical qualities, which are uniform and some of them measurable, but it is a mistake to suppose that it is as amenable to experiment as ordinary bodies. We cannot weigh it, we cannot isolate a part of it, or obtain a vacuum with respect to it. We cannot cause it to enter into chemical combination with other bodies, and so on. We wish we could, and some day perhaps we may. The physical constants of the radiations transmitted by the luminiferous ether to which the solar spectrum is due, and of course those of similar rays emanating from other luminous sources, are known with great accuracy, *i.e.*, the wave length, the phase at a given point, the period, the speed of transmission. The amplitude is not fully known, only its ratio to the intensity. The difficulties which Mr. Mallock finds in the conception of an ether consisting of discrete particles, atomic or molecular, are unreal. An impulse will be propagated through a molecular medium, if its molecules are sufficiently contiguous, or if they are connected by the force of attraction. When the molecules nearest to the initial source of energy are displaced, their motion will be transferred to those next in order, and so a rythmic move-

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ment will be set up, the form of which will depend upon the medium in which it takes place. We have constant evidence around us that an undulatory movement can be propagated through a molecular medium in the phenomena of sound, heat, &c.

The real difficulties attached to the molecular theory of the ether are of a different order, an important one being the dissipation of energy which might take place in the passage of an impulse through a substance of this structure. But it has been shown that if the molecular displacement be very small, as is probably the case, the loss of energy due to it is also very small. I will not deal further with the physical aspects of this question. All these things are completely set out in modern treatises, and those of us who are engaged in weighing and measuring mass and energy, and in the observation of natural phenomena, find indeed difficulties enough, but not contradictions of established principles.

With regard to the old questions of the extension of space and duration of time we cannot conceive of a limit to either, nor can we form a complete concept of an illimitable magnitude. But we can do the next best thing, and rest upon the mathematical definition of an infinite or infinitesimal magnitude. "It is greater or less, as the case may be, than any assignable magnitude," and so we go on expanding our idea of extension or of division to any degree we please, not in contradiction to our necessary idea of infinity, but in satisfaction thereof. The ancient paradox of impossibility of motion, quoted by Mr. Mallock, upon which he appears to place some emphasis, has always seemed to me without meaning. Motion is invariably accompanied by lapse of time, and therefore a thing can never be in two places at the same time. But perhaps a casuist may find some subtle meaning in the puzzle, which a simple physicist is unable to perceive.

I pass now to the second of the two main questions I have proposed to consider. Starting from the fact that a sense of moral responsibility is common to all men (conscience), Mr. Mallock concludes that being responsible, he must be so in relation to some superior being, and he finds here a sure foundation for a great theological system, which he says is replete with contradictions, but in which he nevertheless calls upon us to believe. No one can doubt the existence of this sense of moral responsibility. Indeed, there are indications that it is felt to some extent by the superior races of animals other than man. What then is its origin, and does its existence compel a belief in the supernatural?

When mankind first began to live together in communities, their relations to each other must have been regulated by customs suited to their ideas and the conditions under which they existed. Even in savage tribes where each man had to maintain his rights mainly by the strength of his own arm, a rough sort of justice and a sense

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of fair play has always existed. As nations grew and increased in numbers, their habits becoming more settled and their relations to each other more complex, the protection of the individual was gradually undertaken by the whole community or state, and their several rights, public and to a large extent private, defined by statute.

But it will be asked, upon what basis should these rules be placed? What is the standard of morality? The religionist will say, the revealed Will of God. The intuitionist will say, our inherent sense of rightness and responsibility. The utilitarian, the general good of mankind. To discuss these questions would require a treatise on ethics, and of such works we already have many, excellent and otherwise. Of these diverse views the utilitarian appears to be once more prevalent. The real basis of laws, customs, and morals is the common sense of the general good, and their necessity as a condition of peaceful existence. Their sanction is the social sanction, not a transcendental and supernatural sanction. This view is strongly confirmed when we examine the changes which have taken place in men's ideas of morality during a comparatively short period of the world's history, as is nowhere more clearly shown than in his *History of European Morals* by Professor Lecky, himself a strenuous advocate of the intuitionist theory. What at one time was highly moral at a succeeding period became indifferent, or altogether immoral, and changes of this sort must depend upon corresponding developments in public opinion.

It is true that the doctrines of religious teachers in all ages have very largely influenced the mind and conduct of mankind, accompanied as they have been by conditions of reward on the one hand and punishments on the other, infinite and transcendent. Under the influence of faith in these doctrines have arisen characters noble, excellent, and heroic in the highest degree, of whom the world seemed not worthy, but one cannot help also remembering the pregnant line in Lucretius,

"Tantum religio potuit suadere melorum,"

and the characters ignoble, cruel, and malevolent who have professed the same faiths.

Ages of religious teaching, joined to the observance of moral precepts, varying as they have done during successive periods, must have produced by the operation of evolution and heredity not only a developed moral sensibility, but a disposition to consider this faculty inherent in human nature and intuitive; but although many of our actions seem to be approved or censured instinctively, it will be found on inquiry that this instinct has arisen from inheritance, education, and custom, and that its real sanction is, as I have already said, the social sanction. If this be so, we need not proceed to erect

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for ourselves the great theological edifice which Mr. Mallock would place upon so insecure a foundation, and we escape from the contradictions which he has shown his structure must contain. And, indeed, did the consciousness of moral responsibility involve even an elementary theistic creed, we should be compelled to go further, and inquire into the nature of the deity so set up and specially "of his will concerning us." Thus should we embark once more upon the stormy seas of religious controversy and be driven hither and thither by its ever varying winds and currents.

The agnostic position is perfectly logical. He goes calmly on his way, endeavouring to develop the faculties of which he finds himself possessed, seeking more light, striving to enlarge the circle already illuminated by the rays of scientific truth, unmoved by the conflicts which rage in the obscurer regions around, and assured that if his individual conscious existence continue after the death of the body, he has made the best preparation for entering upon his new life.

CHARLES RICHARDSON.

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INSANITY AND MORALITY.

AN Irish physician, with over thirty years' practical experience, I venture to make some comments on Mr. Corbett's article in this Review for January on the increase of insanity more particularly in Ireland. My comments will touch not so much the question of increase as the method I conceive necessary for the accurate study of the disease, and, again, the openness of the public mind to entertain the conclusions presented to it.

Being struck with the prevalence of insanity in a particular area in the north of Ireland, with which I was familiar, I took the ordnance survey sheet for the district, and marked with a red dot every house, subject to a correction, in which a case or several cases of mental disease had occurred to my knowledge within the last twenty-five years, excluding epilepsy. The correction was necessitated by the fact that some of the houses had had no permanent occupants. These houses, however, occupied by nomadic labourers and cottiers, were few in number; the vast majority of the houses were occupied permanently by farmer families fairly well off. Of course, I used the house only to identify the family. It is enough for my purpose to say that I found that one or more cases of insanity had occurred in over 50 per cent. of the families. It would be no exaggeration to say that the family in which no insanity could be traced, either immediately or in near collaterals, was the rare exception, but it is unnecessary to insist on any extreme position.

This gives the first point in the method of study indicated. We go not to the individual lunatic in the asylum or outside of it, but to the field in which insanity occurs and originates; it is not so much the individual and his personal history we have to note, as a field of circumstance presenting, it may be, specific characters.

The field taken did present such a character in marked degree. The number of tainted families in a small compact area showed that the disease occurs in localised form, that it is not uniformly distributed even in rural areas. My range of observation is far too small to generalise from, but still it fixes the fact that groups of families determined by contiguity are more deeply tainted than the surrounding mass.

It is well known that those whose duties bring in contact with the insane become predisposed to the disease. In general,

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association is an adequate and important cause of it. The intimate association subsisting in a family in many cases accounts for increase of insanity in it, without invoking the much graver factor or factors covered by the term heredity. In the same way, families living near each other, members of the same congregation, and having community of thought, are liable to be affected by what affects one. The insanity prevailing among Jews, Quakers, and other small communities, may be due rather to association than to intermarriage and heredity. In the groups of tainted families I examined, consanguineous intermarriage cannot count; it is not more prevalent than among the untainted.

Any extreme value for heredity is counter-indicated by the personal history of the families under examination. It proves too much to take an increasing mass of insanity as a fact of remote ancestry, since that ancestry would be insane. As far as I have been able to trace back the history of these families—a thing, I admit, of great difficulty and doubt—insanity disappears in a generation or two back. At the same time the permanence of diseased stems is not to be rejected in deference to *prima facie* notions; it really stands for disproof. The disproof would, however, not prove heredity in a true sense. If insanity arose from current circumstance, successive generations being in the same environment would develop the disease, not through the hereditary connection, but from being under the same conditions of life.

This is a matter of importance, since, while heredity as usually understood, is beyond us, circumstances of immediate environment can be met, though not without at once raising the question whether the state of the public mind will allow them to be met, will allow even their discussion.

Mr. Corbett tells us that the alienist has failed to make any progress in his own speciality, has made no discovery tending to arrest the increase of insanity. The fact is that medical science by treating the individual lunatic more successfully and thus restoring him to society has done much to increase the disease. As for its causes and the causes of its increase it is idle to appeal to medical men; every one knows them; it is a case of knowing and not acting on knowledge, of invincible ignorance not of ignorance. The families immediately concerned, as I can say from personal observation, are well aware of the essential causes of the disease among them, and so are their neighbours, but as governing their conduct the knowledge is as if it did not exist. It is to no purpose therefore to go to medical literature for them. Practically the alienist is found to insist in technical language on a number of particulars which are matter of common knowledge and observation, about which there is no mystery whatever. The sane members of tainted families know the circumstances under which insanity arises among them as well or better than the medical men who attend them.

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Their neighbours in respect of the larger and weightier class of these circumstances are equally well informed. It is about as useful and necessary to call an international conference to demonstrate the causes of disease arising from unwholesome and insufficient food, impure air and water, as to summon such a body with a view of discovering the circumstances under which insanity arises.

I have indicated a group of tainted families in a small continuous area. Let us ask what they know of themselves. They are perfectly well aware of the exceptional amount of insanity among them, and of the circumstances under which it occurs. The remark, always striking though not novel, that ability goes with insanity in families is so generally true that they do not, and have no occasion to, underestimate their own intelligence; they know very well that they are not under the average level of intelligence. They know, as all that observe them must know, that they are sober, temperate, prudent in their worldly affairs, defer implicitly to the conventional code of morality, are religious to the extent of having occasionally a mild jeer at their own sanctimoniousness. They know that they live in a remote rural district secluded from the influences good or bad of city life. They are fully aware that the insanity arising among them affects young persons of both sexes under conditions precluding vice, immorality and drunkenness, in the familiar case that the disease is one not of strong passions and inordinate desires, but of debility, of what medical men call neurasthenia. Where the contrary occurs it is in general plain to them that insanity, loss of self-control, is the cause, not the consequence, of vice and intemperance.

It is to be fixed in mind that the group of rural families indicated gives the maximum incidence of insanity, a fact well within the knowledge of those it concerns. It is obvious that the families being in general prudent, well conducted, and in possession as a rule of a fixed form of property—land—are permanent, and the insanity among them is therefore a permanent quantity.

Knowing their own family history the members of the group, I may say from personal experience, have a general knowledge of the causes of the disease as it afflicts them, though these causes are complex and often overlap. These well-known causes are:

The intermarriage of predisposed persons.

The postponement of marriage to an age at which the sexual function is enfeebled. In Ireland (1891), in every hundred males between twenty and twenty-five there were ninety unmarried; between twenty-five and thirty the number was seventy-five. This state of things and its continuous aggravation, particularly in the landholding class, is matter of general knowledge and comment.

Marriage where children are produced as fast and as long as the natural process allows. This is, I believe, the gravest and most common cause of insanity, idiotcy, and neurasthenic states. Large

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families produced under these circumstances either do not survive, or, if surviving, present mental or bodily defects, in the later born members as a rule. Under this head may be placed the case where one or both parents are in bad health, or where unhappy relations subsist between them.

I have already indicated another well-known cause. When insanity arises in a family association fixes and increases it, both in the family and the group. These are the chief, though not all, the causes of insanity and the great mass of predisposition to it, and I have to insist on it that they are well known particularly to those immediately concerned. It is a mischievous error to accept a plea of ignorance with respect to them. In the tainted group of families I have in view vice and intemperance are not and cannot be assigned as a cause, neither is heredity in any true sense; the disease is almost invariably accounted for by and among themselves by one or more of the causes given. But then, in common with the rest of mankind, their conduct is governed, not by facts of knowledge, no matter how plain, but by the conventional code of morality. What is an offence against knowledge, not being an offence under that code, is no offence; it is the code that defines offence; where it leaves us free we act in freedom.

All the alienist or medical man can do, all an international conference or a hundred conferences could do, is by merely expressing physiological law, to recognise that law as in well known and generally received antagonism to conventional morality. That physiological law cannot determine human conduct, if allowed, only means that breach of it is unavoidable; it does not mean that the breach is unknown or that anything is gained by the artifice of supposing it unknown either by medical men or by the actual offenders. It may be impossible or inexpedient to prohibit marriage between diseased and elderly persons and marriage determined by circumstances not in the interest of healthy offspring. It may be impossible to hinder women from having children when in ill health, worn out in the act of having them, or under circumstances of family unhappiness. To allow so much, however, is no reason for pretending to ourselves, in the supposed interest of morality, that the huge mass of predisposition to insanity and other diseases is not the incident and outcome of family life strictly conformed to the conventional code of morality. To go elsewhere for the insane is much the same thing as going to Patagonia instead of Africa for the negro.

Under physiological law a contract between two healthy persons to have one child and with no other object would be not only valid but represent restraint in the highest degree. Under the conventional code, allowing a woman to be worn out bearing children as fast as the natural process allows and dispensing with all physiolo-

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gical restraint, this physiological contract is proscribed, the father is discountenanced from acknowledging his child, the mother is ruined and insulted, and lifelong stigma legally fastened on the innocent offspring. There is a perfectly clear general perception of the injustice of this in view of the gross abuses sanctioned by the ordinary marriage relation; a clear perception, too, that the discredit attached to the contract, not the contract itself, produces the evils commonly attending it.

The instance is given to bring out the fact that physiological law implies restraint in the highest degree consistent with not enfeebling the natural impulse. The object of the impulse is to have offspring, and the most effective restraint on the impulse is the consummation of the object. In the woman in particular under the ordinary material circumstances of life having one child would serve as a potent restraint, provided she had control of herself and was taught the duty of restraint. That women would willingly bear children under the deplorable conditions familiar to medical men and wanting the means of supporting them cannot be allowed. When 85 per cent. of the adults under thirty are found unmarried, it would be absurd to suppose that those over that age and having children are incapable of exercising restraint or of being induced to exercise it.

Put in the simplest terms the mass of predisposition to insanity is due to the fact that 85 per cent. of those under thirty are childless, while under no provision for fitness in marriage all restraint disappears. This violation of physiological law can hardly be better known than it is, since it is matter of experience in the families concerned.

Thus the study of insanity in any true sense requires us to go to the tainted families themselves and ascertain what they know or think about themselves. There can be little difficulty in finding out whether they can charge themselves with vice, intemperance, and immorality in the usual sense of the term. In the group I examined these factors were conspicuously absent and its members were fully aware of the fact. But though not under the general average of intelligence they were deeply under the influence of impressed thought to the extent of being devoid of mental initiative. Thus they would ascribe the disease to vice, intemperance, and immorality, in contradiction to their own actual experience, because they were taught to do so. Knowing well the circumstances of their own life, such a fact as the marriage of a member known as predisposed to insanity and assigning true value to it, still they regarded the marriage as moral and proper, being taught to do so. In general whatever mind, judgment, knowledge of their own they might have, it was as if it did not exist in presence of the conventional code they were brought up to obey. Hence no matter how plain a cause of evil might be to

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them, if their code did not condemn it they had no rule in themselves to go by. They have knowledge and judgment of the circumstances of their own lives, but at the same time a perception that their lives are regulated by systems of impressed thought and by economic conditions of life which limit personal mind, and *ipso facto* enfeeble it as a guide for conduct. I only express direct observation in saying that as matter of personal experience there was clear enough knowledge in the families I studied of the conditions of their own life predisposing to mental disease going with a mean opinion of such knowledge, a timid reluctance to defer to personal thought, no matter how strong and reasonable. When convention failed them or conflicted with personal experience their mind was paralysed, their action incalculable. They knew thus that intermarriage between persons predisposed to insanity was wrong, but not being against convention their private judgment had no weight in preventing it.

The families I studied belonged almost exclusively to Protestant sects, in which the duty of exercise of individual reason and conscience is professedly taught. A Protestant myself, I must say that, so far from such exercise being allowed, it is practically prohibited to an extent unknown in Churches more logically resting on the principle of authority. Each Protestant sect is an expression of narrowed dogma in some particular direction, and the sum of sects represents a more complete suppression of personal thought and responsibility to personal mind than obtains in the ancient Churches of catholic though authoritative form. This represents both an attitude of mind predisposing to insanity and an obstacle almost insuperable to the free study of social forms, where such study would touch and call in question conventional morality, and demand consideration for physiological morality, although the last requires restraint and responsibility in the individual in the higher degree. In Russia recently, among the Greek Catholics, the distinction between legitimate and illegitimate children has been practically abolished, and the duty of acknowledging them enforced as far as possible on both parents. Legislation in this direction in this country would be denounced as legalising immorality, not because the mind and conscience of the individual disapproved, but because such mind and conscience is set aside and paralysed by a conventional code which sanctions violation of physiological law, necessarily giving rise to a horrible mass of evil.

Unnecessarily as regards that law itself which, simply aiming at healthy offspring, implies restraint in degree subordinated to that end—exactly what the conventional code does not. The artifice of slandering human nature, in which the conventional moralist indulges, is contradicted by the great number of the unmarried and childless between twenty and thirty years of age. To say that this

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is due to licentiousness is certainly a slander as regards the families in which I found insanity rife. On the other hand the physiological licentiousness represented by elderly worn-out women in feeble health, bearing children when past their ability, was a common feature of the family life. This, call it anything we like, is fraught with consequences far more serious than anything the conventionalist limits his terms of condemnation to.

I have said enough to indicate that physiological law and our conventional code of morality are visibly and plainly at issue, and that study of the causes of insanity is really a study of the issue. I am convinced that until this view is acted on there is nothing for it but to build asylums for an ever increasing crowd of lunatics.

W. R. MacDermott, M.B.

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WHAT OF THE POLICE?

THE sister services for defence against a foreign foe doubtless benefit by the competent criticism of officers retired from their respective branches. But who is to criticise the force for defence against the domestic enemy—the police, the *personnel* of which does not furnish men competent to perform the same kindly office for it? Yet we are not without grounds for saying that it is not above criticism. Is your house broken into and shamefully despoiled by burglars, without let or hindrance; are you, or your women, robbed and maltreated in the public streets, your only remedy is, often as not, to write your letter to the paper, asking, Where are the police? To complain, shrewdly, but without data, that they are not sufficiently numerous. Evidence of this kind appears almost daily in the public press, sometimes justified by general disorder, sometimes inspired by personal injury. But the public—no blame to them—can only complain, for they are not sufficiently informed to adduce effective evidence that their vaunted police force is becoming little better than a shadow. From their letters it is clear they fondly imagine there exists somewhere, say Scotland Yard, a reserve which can be drawn upon at need, and for all emergencies. A study of the facts will, we think, show that this is nothing but a vain imagination, and the published returns demonstrate to conviction that London has, by many years, outgrown what was once boasted as the finest police force the world could show. For it is of London only that we speak, and on the authority of blue books alone that we challenge contradiction.

It is vaguely recognised that London is growing, and we hear much about the necessity for improved means of transit, which is a matter brought home to so many by the personal inconvenience, expense, and loss of time they suffer. Well, it is a fact that London —the London of the Metropolitan Police District—has grown at the rate of about one million people during each of the last two decades. In other words, 100,000 persons have been added to this vast London every year for the past twenty years. No wonder transit and other matters have become acute. Yet we are content to muddle through somehow, as in more strictly imperial affairs. Among other aspects of this enormous aggregation of people which have been almost entirely neglected, is the momentous question of

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an adequate police force, and it is to this aspect that we now desire to call particular attention, since it does not appear to be the affair of any responsible person. We should like to feel that it was the office and duty of some proper authority—a Minister for London, perhaps—to take a comprehensive view of the needs of the capital of the Empire, and to see that they were fulfilled. But that is a dream, and the order of the day is, every man his own minister—self-appointed and unpaid.

The area of the London under consideration extends over a radius of fifteen miles from Charing Cross, excluding the City of London. It extends, in the quaint language of the Report of the Commissioner of Police, from Colney Heath, Hertfordshire, in the north, to Mogadore, Todworth Heath, in the south, and from Lark Hall, Essex, in the east, to Staines Moor, Middlesex, in the west. Probably none but a few sparse natives are aware of the existence of these obscure places, otherwise known only to the omniscient police. North and south, east and west, they are thirty miles apart, and they have no further interest for us, except that we should expect to find a policeman at each of them. There are other places within the radius which we do know, and among them, besides the London which we all know, or think we do, are, populous or remote, Enfield, Willesden, Harrow, Barnet, Ilford, Chiswick, Bromley (Kent), Erith, Chislehurst, Wimbledon, Kingston, Surbiton, Molesey, Sidcup, Croydon. We only select examples from the outskirts, and omit the enumeration of contiguous places like Hornsey and the Hams, too numerous to mention. Probably few of us know that all these places are under the protection of our London police—such protection as it is. Yet so it is, throughout the vast area we are trying to realise—vast in itself, for it is 688·31 square miles, but yet more vast in its population, which represents about one-fifth of the whole of England and Wales.

We find no fault with this area being under the jurisdiction of the one police authority, which no doubt is wisely ordered and advantageous. But when we find that the growth of the police force practically stopped in 1890, since when the population has increased more rapidly than ever, we are filled with misgivings.

The population in 1880 was 4,716,003, and the total authorised strength of the police was 10,943. Up to 1890, when the population was 5,596,101, large annual augmentations of the police were made (averaging over 400 a year), bringing the force up to 15,264. At this period the police authorities were alive to their responsibilities, for in 1888 it was reported that "the rapid increase both of buildings and population which has taken place in the Metropolitan Police District of late years has outrun the increase which it has been possible to make in the police force."

Again, in 1890, it is reported that "since the close of the year

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(1889)—when the force stood at 14,725—an augmentation of 1000 men had been sanctioned, which will tend in some degree to lighten the strain which has been put upon the police." Mark this, and mark these figures. Here we have a police force of 15,725 sanctioned for the then needs of the population of that period—5,596,101.

To quote again from the Report of 1890 (p. 5), there is this striking passage: "It should be remembered that in relation to police work the difficulties of dealing with crime, as each decade adds a million to the population of the metropolis, are augmented in a ratio far greater than that of arithmetical increase. The facilities for the commission of crime, and the chances of immunity relied on by professional criminals, are very much greater in a population bordering on 6,000,000 than they were in 1875 when the population of London was only about 4,000,000."

This is exactly what one would expect. It was written in 1890, when, as we have seen, the population was 5,596,101, and when, for the then needs, a police force of 15,725 was sanctioned. In 1900, after ten years, the population was 6,553,719. And the police force? 15,847! or, 957,618 more people, and 122 more police. It seems impossible to believe our eyes; or the Reports. True, the 1000 men sanctioned in 1890 were not supplied all at once, though expressly needed to lighten "in some degree" the strain which *had* been put upon the police. They were doled out, on the cat and the mouse principle, in the course of the decade, sometimes a few added, sometimes a few deducted. The new needs were not met, and have not yet been met, for the Report for 1901, issued in November last, shows that for that year 130 men of all ranks were added, while for the same year the population is estimated to have increased by over 100,000.

That is the latest information we have, though why the Report should always take some twelve months to prepare is not very obvious, especially seeing that it is in a well stereotyped form, possesses no original matter, and merely requires the tables to be written up. From it we might infer that a city of 100,000 inhabitants requires a police force of 130 men. The further inference is, that London was, before this addition, either grossly over-policed, or is now grossly under-policed. Seriously, the fact is undoubtedly the latter alternative. In 1901 London grew by 60 miles of new streets, 301 in number, and 27,174 new houses were built. Does it seem likely that 130 men represent adequate police provision for this great extension?

A little further consideration will, we think, effectually dispose of the possibility. It is to be noted that the police day comprises twenty-four hours, and that the daily turn of duty of each policeman is eight hours. About 60 per cent. of the number available for duty

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in the streets is required for night duty—from 10 p.m. to 6 a.m. The remaining 40 per cent. is detailed for duty from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. —that is, in two shifts of eight hours each, which thus affords only 20 per cent. at one time of the number available for duty in the streets, during what may conveniently be designated the day time, though much of this is darkness, as it extends to 10 p.m. all the year round.

Now, as to the number available for duty in the streets, large deductions have to be made. No less than 1895 are specially employed (and their services paid for), mostly at the Royal Dockyards (Portsmouth, Devonport, &c.), and at various public offices and other places. There are thus available, out of the present strength of 15,977, only 14,082, and from this number we have to deduct, still further, 1361 who are daily absent on leave and sick leave. This leaves, for service in the metropolis, for the day and night shifts only 12,721, including superintendents, inspectors, and sergeants. Of these, a certain considerable number, of whom no statistics are given, are practically withdrawn from street duty every day, by reason of having to attend to charges at the various police courts. Neglecting these, however, and the officers detained on duty at the police stations, on the most favourable showing there are only 12,721 men available for duty in the streets, of whom 7632 are detailed for night duty, and the remainder in two shifts of 2544 each for day duty. So the result is that there are no more than 2544, at most, on duty in the streets from 6 o'clock in the morning until 10 at night, amidst an estimated population of 6,678,808. This gives one policeman for 2625 people, whereas in 1890 the proportion was one for 2254, which was surely sufficiently small.

It is scarcely exaggeration, we think, to say that for more than ten years the police needs of London have been absolutely neglected. If permitted to continue, this neglect must surely be followed by the gravest consequences. It will react upon the splendid body of men of whom London is so proud, and must ultimately impair their efficiency and undermine their *moral*, for it is unnecessary to argue that the strain upon them is seriously increased, and that the greater their isolation the greater their impotence, which must, to some extent, beget want of confidence in their own powers, and lead to a certain neglect of duty. In this connection, it is curious to observe that, during the last three years, the number of police injured whilst on duty shows a diminishing quantity, having been greatest in 1899 and least in 1901. The contrary might have been expected. Is it to be inferred that they refrain from tasks which may well be beyond their strength? In suggesting this explanation we would not be understood to make any imputation upon their well-known and admirable courage, but it seems conceivable that in his splendid isolation the policeman may sometimes feel that intervention would be vain. However this may be, in 1901 no less than 2678

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are reported to have been injured by prisoners or when making arrests. Now this is a very large number out of those available for duty in the streets, and while the earlier reports do not afford data for comparison, it seems fairly obvious that, if the police were better supported by their numbers being largely increased, their risk of injury would be greatly diminished. This, therefore, is their due.

Keeping in view, also, the primary object of the police force, namely, the prevention and detection of crime and disorder, and the protection of property, the public are greatly concerned to see the force maintained at a proper strength, and the evidence is that that strength has not been maintained. It seems unnecessary to labour arguments of the inevitable consequence of this rapid process of attenuation which the force is undergoing, as it must obviously occur to any one who deems police protection the most pressing need of society. But another aspect of such protection must appeal to all, and that is its relation to the regulation of traffic. The inference is that this is not so efficient as formerly, for we find that, in 1891, the number of persons killed and injured in street accidents was 5784, while in 1901 the number was 9293—not so far short of double.

Economists will talk about the expense of more police. We present them with the fact that in 1890 the rateable value of property, for metropolitan police purposes, was £35,452,963, while in 1901 it was £46,538,501.

Primarily, police is a personal matter; but secondarily, it is a matter of imperial import, as affecting the condition of vast numbers of the population. In an ill-policed city the condition of the lower class of people must deteriorate and they will become less valuable citizens. While as the bonds of order become relaxed, many a small trader in the obscure parts, where the people *par excellence* live, finds it more and more difficult to conduct his business. When children can revel in unchecked disorder out of school, most of the benefit of education must be lost, and the millions spent upon it wasted. Without an efficient police force much of the work of all the various agencies for good, whether of the clergy, of clubs or settlements, must be rendered far more difficult and ineffectual. A new consideration, about which we have grave misgiving, is that with the present undermanned force the new Licensing Act cannot be effectively administered in the metropolitan district. This is a very important measure, which might work untold good, for undoubtedly the abuse of drink has a most disastrous effect on the character, and lives, and capacity for work of enormous numbers of the population, upon whom the Empire is dependent for the maintenance of its markets and its commercial status. While the Act is a new and unknown force is the time for it to make its impression. Yet its administration lies, in the first instance, entirely in the hands of the

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police, and when we find, as we have found, that their numbers were between fifteen and sixteen thousand in 1890, and are between fifteen and sixteen thousand still, while the population has increased, in the meantime, by over a million, it is impossible to imagine that they are equal to the task imposed upon them.

Since 1890, no less than 202,127 new houses have been built; 2643 new streets, and 7 new squares have been formed; and the length of these new streets and squares is 531 miles, 406 yards. The police—have been forgotten.

The conclusion is, surely, that a large immediate increase of the force is called for. As an outside critic, one naturally hesitates to specify the number, but taking the increments of the "eighties" as an apparently reasonable standard, it would seem that between three and four thousand more men are required to fill the ranks.

EVELYN ANSELL.

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CERTAINTY AND PROBABILITY.

"BUT to us," wrote Bishop Butler, "probability is the very guide of life." What did he mean by "probability," and by "certainty"? Do we mean by these words just what he did? Or have we other meanings? Or, perhaps, none at all? These questions can be discussed without reference to the argument of his *Analogy*. Probability and certainty are words used in science and in philosophy, as well as in religion. They belong to the farm, the factory, the market, as much as to the schools. Butler did not invent his meanings to fit his argument. He took them as he found them in the minds of thinkers in his generation, and he discusses probability, not in the *Analogy* itself, but in his introduction to it. For the sake of timid souls we may remark that, whatever be the outcome of this inquiry, it is just as likely to strengthen Butler's argument as the contrary. Butler was an eminently cautious reasoner. He deliberately preferred to state his case from the point of view least favourable to the conclusion he desired, in order to be on the safe side. With this observation we may dismiss the *Analogy* from our thoughts and proceed to our own inquiry. And because Butler says little about certainty, we will amend our first question by asking, What did Locke and Butler mean by certainty and probability? Butler evidently accepted Locke's theory, in the main, if not entirely. Taken together Locke and Butler give us a clear notion of what was meant by these terms two hundred years ago; and this notion will serve as a standard of comparison in the second and more difficult part of our inquiry—the attempt to ascertain what are the present day meanings.

I.—THE MEANINGS IN THE AGE OF LOCKE AND BUTLER.

By certainty Locke meant knowledge. His phrases, "knowledge and certainty," "the certainty of true knowledge," "clear and certain knowledge," by their form imply a distinction between certainty and knowledge; but I cannot discover that Locke anywhere notices the distinction. Certainty and knowledge are for him names which, whether used separately or together, mean one and the same mental state. We must therefore briefly note what he meant by knowledge. "Knowledge is the perception of the agreement or disagreement of

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two ideas." It has three degrees: (1) intuitive; (2) demonstrative; (3) sensitive. The third degree, however, he marks off from the other two as "not reaching perfectly to either of the foregoing degrees of certainty," although it "goes beyond bare probability" and "passes under the name of knowledge." By this "sensitive knowledge of particular existence," Locke means the mind's conscious perception of its own sensations, when one "sees the sun, tastes wormwood, smells a rose," etc. These ideas of present sensations have, according to Locke, a sort of certainty, but "whether we can thence certainly infer the existence of anything without us which corresponds to the idea," Locke held to be questionable. Accordingly he made a sharp distinction between sensitive knowledge and the true certainties. To discuss Locke's idealism belongs to controversial metaphysics, a line of thought which, in our present inquiry, we must shun. It is enough to note that Locke only grudgingly alludes to sensitive knowledge and soon drops it out of sight altogether. In studying his notion of certainty we may do the same. We have to consider, then, his two degrees of real certainty: the intuitive and the demonstrative. (1) Intuitive knowledge is the perception of

"the agreement or disagreement of two ideas immediately by themselves, without the intervention of any other. For in this the mind is at no pains of proving or examining, but perceives the truth as the eye doth light, only by being directed towards it. Thus the mind perceives that white is not black, that a circle is not a triangle, that three are more than two, and equal to one and two. Such kinds of truths the mind perceives at the first sight of the ideas together, by bare intuition, without the intervention of any other idea; and this kind of knowledge is the clearest and most certain that human frailty is capable of. This part of knowledge is irresistible, and, like bright sunshine, forces itself immediately to be perceived. . . . It is on this intuition that depends all the certainty and evidence of all our knowledge; which certainty every one finds to be so great, that he cannot imagine, and therefore not require a greater."[1]

The certainty of demonstration depends wholly on that of intuition, for in a chain of reasoning "this intuition is necessary in all the connections of the intermediate ideas, without which we cannot attain knowledge and certainty." (2) Demonstration differs from intuition in four particulars. First, in intuition there never is any doubt; in demonstration there was a doubt which is removed by the proof. Secondly, "though in demonstration the mind does at last perceive the agreement or disagreement of the ideas it considers, yet it is not without pains and attention." Thirdly, knowledge made out by a long train of proof is not so clear as immediate intuition, but has a great mixture of dimness; and, fourthly, in long deductions, and the use of many proofs, we are liable to make mistakes. Hence demonstration is more imperfect

[1] *Of Human Understanding* Book IV., chap. ii. § 1.

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than intuitive knowledge. Nevertheless, Locke holds that demonstrated knowledge is true certainty, identical in its nature with intuition, although human fallibility may admit error into our reasoning process.

I have quoted Locke's description of certain knowledge at some length, because it is for our purpose an excellent starting-point. Here we have a man who knows, or at any rate thinks that he knows, what he means by certainty, and who is perfectly sure that his meaning is the right meaning and unimpeachable. He is convinced that every right-thinking mind does and must agree with this meaning; that if there should be a caviller, he "would only show that he had a mind to be a sceptic without being able to be so." If we want an instance of a man who possessed a perfect conviction of certainty, and at the same time was thoroughly persuaded that his notion of certainty was that of all reasonable minds, we find that instance in John Locke.

Did Butler hold Locke's meaning of certainty? He had no occasion to refer to Locke's intuitive certainty; therefore we cannot produce his endorsement of the doctrine. There is nothing in Butler which suggests any difference of view as to the intuitive and the logical certainties of arithmetic and Euclid. Demonstration Butler refers to in Lockian language, and we know that he accepted its conclusiveness, for he speaks of himself as "taking it for proved that there is an intelligent Author of Nature." But in one paragraph he seems to reserve certainty for God alone. I must quote it:

> "Probable evidence, in its very nature, affords but an imperfect kind of information; and is to be considered as relative only to beings of limited capacities. For nothing which is the possible object of knowledge, whether past, present, or future, can be probable to an infinite intelligence; since it cannot but be discerned absolutely as it is in itself—certainly true or certainly false. But to us probability is the very guide of life."

Observe this closely; you see that Butler does not expressly deny certainty to man; what he denies is that anything can be probable to God. Locke had already asserted that human knowledge is confined to a few topics and is insufficient for the needs of practical life. Butler may have agreed with Locke perfectly; but his words imply a notion of certainty which, perhaps, was not quite the same as Locke's. Absolute discernment of every object of knowledge *as it is in itself* is Butler's conception of the omniscience of the Deity. Does this conception of knowledge indicate a divergence from Locke's theory of ideas? According to Locke, man's knowledge is the intuition of the agreement or disagreement of his ideas one with another; it does not reach to things as they are in themselves. Butler may have held, as most people do, that knowledge is not the agreement of ideas among themselves, but the

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agreement of ideas with real objects which exist independently of our ideas. In that case he may have taken human certainty as only relative; as true, but yet not the absolute truth. With this passage before us we cannot assert that Butler was perfectly in accord with Locke; but I think we may conclude that he adopted Locke's theory in its main points, with, perhaps, some mental reservation as to its idealism.

What did Locke and Butler mean by *probability?* Here they are completely in accord, and we can take our description from either. Locke says:

"The understanding faculties being given to man, not barely for speculation, but also for the conduct of his life, man would be at a great loss if he had nothing to direct him but what has the certainty of true knowledge. For that being very short and scanty as we have seen, he would be often utterly in the dark, and in most of the actions of his life, perfectly at a stand, had he nothing to guide him in the absence of clear and certain knowledge. He that will not eat till he has demonstration that it will nourish him; he that will not stir till he infallibly knows the business he goes about will succeed, will have little else to do but to sit still and perish." [1]

Probability, then, is not knowledge, but a makeshift to supply the place of knowledge, "*being that which makes us presume things to be true before we know them to be so.*" Locke calls probability, "judgment, belief, assent, or opinion."

"And herein lies the difference between probability and certainty, faith and knowledge, that in all the parts of knowledge there is intuition; each immediate idea, each step, has its visible and certain connection; in belief, not so. That which makes me believe is something extraneous to the thing I believe: something not evidently joined on both sides to, and so not manifestly showing the agreement or disagreement of those ideas that are under consideration." [2]

Butler says:

"That which chiefly constitutes probability is expressed in the word likely, *i.e.*, like some truth or true event (*verisimile*); like it, in itself, in its evidence, in some more or fewer of its circumstances. For when we determine a thing to be probably true, suppose that an event has or will come to pass, it is from the mind's remarking in it a likeness to some other event which we have observed has come to pass."

Both Locke and Butler were quite clear and quite sure that probability is not knowledge, is not certainty. How it is that this *likeness* and *likeliness* "begets that presumption, opinion, and full conviction which the human mind is formed to receive from it," Butler declines to inquire. "This belongs," he says, "to the subject of Logic, and is a part of that subject which has not yet been thoroughly examined." But as to the mental facts, these he finds plain and indubitable.

[1] Book IV., chap. xiv. § 1. [2] Book IV., chap. xv. § 3.

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So far, then, their meaning for probability is unmistakable. Probability is taking something to be true which we do not know to be true. Call it judgment, opinion, presumption, belief, or what you will; the hard fact is that in probability we are never sure of the truth; it may be extremely likely, it never is certainty. But a closer scrutiny brings to light some most interesting and important thoughts. Probability "admits of degrees, and of all variety of them, from the highest moral certainty to the very lowest presumption" (Butler). "Some probabilities rise so near to certainty that they govern our thoughts as absolutely, and influence all our actions as fully, as the most evident demonstration; and in what concerns us we make little or no difference between them and certain knowledge. Our belief, thus grounded, rises to assurance" (Locke). Moral certainty is Butler's name for these highest probabilities. The examples adduced to make their meanings clear show that they both meant that which in these days is called scientific certainty. Locke says:

"For what our own and other men's constant observation has found always to be after the same manner, that we with reason conclude to be the effect of steady and regular causes, though they come not within the reach of our knowledge. Thus that fire warmed a man, made lead fluid, and changed the colour or consistency in wood or charcoal; that iron sunk in water and swam in quicksilver; these and the like propositions about particular facts, being agreeable to our constant experience . . . we are put past doubt that a relation affirming any such thing to have been, or any predication that it will happen again in the same manner, is very true."

Butler says:

"Hence arises the belief that a child if it lives twenty years will grow up to the stature and strength of a man; that food will contribute to the preservation of its life, and the want of it for such a number of days be its certain destruction." [And again:] "There is no man can make a question but that the sun will rise to-morrow, and be seen, where it is seen at all, in the figure of a circle, and not in that of a square."

Locke mentions "the concurrent experience of all other men with ours" as the ground of this kind of certainty; and Butler states the law which governs the degrees of probability thus: "Observation forms in numberless daily instances a presumption, opinion, or full conviction that an event has or will come to pass; according as the observation is, that the like event has sometimes, most commonly, or always, so far as our observation reaches, come to pass at like distances of time or place, or upon like occasions." Here we have an expression of the fundamental principle of modern science. We can only account for Butler's not using the phrase scientific certainty by remembering that in his day science meant knowledge, not probability; and that mathematics, the special example of logical demonstration, was then the typical science.

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Plain and definite meanings of certainty and probability are now before us. These meanings were involved in the general thinking of Locke's time; he brought them out into distinct expression. They are mental facts; several generations of men so thought, so believed, in reference to their partial knowledge and partial ignorance of the universe. But in order rightly to apprehend these mental facts we must not consider them alone, but in relation to the whole mass of thought at the time. Concepts such as certainty and probability can neither exist nor be understood in isolation. They exist, and must be recognised as existing, in and upon a mental background. In the present instance, Locke and Butler were quite sure of their own existence, and of the existence of the objects of their knowledge. To them it had never seemed possible that a rational mind could make a question of the truth of these fundamental certainties. Standing firm upon this basis, they looked around and within, and put the questions—what do we know? And what do we hold to be true without certainly knowing it? Their answers may be summed up as follows:

(1) Certainty and probability are names for states of the thinking mind contemplating objects of its thought.

(2) Certainty is certain knowledge; it is an intellectual state; it is the mind's intuition and logical conviction of truth.

(3) Probability is not knowledge; but an imperfect kind of information, called opinion, judgment, belief, or conviction. Between certainty and probability there is an impassable gulf.

(4) Yet probability is in some cases so strong that for all practical purposes it supplies the place of knowledge, and answers the purpose of knowledge. Probability is for us the very guide of life.

Before we pass on to consider whether these meanings are the meanings held in the present day, let us pause a moment to consider our debt to Locke and Butler. Their meanings have the merit of clear statement, sharp definition, unflinching sincerity. They acknowledged that they had but a meagre amount of certainty, not enough to live by. They were compelled to eke this out by using for practical purposes what is not knowledge as though it were knowledge. Yet they will not hide from themselves the unpleasant truth. They refuse to pretend that they know, when they only possess probability. For this clear thinking and honest expression of thought, we cannot but be grateful to Locke and Butler. They have given us meanings, which they themselves held with unwavering confidence in their truth; and which we can use as a starting point for our inquiry. I do not know where else we can find any definitions of certainty and probability to start with. Thanks to them we are able to propose our second question—Are these our meanings?

One obvious remark, however, had better be made at once.

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Whether these meanings are ours or not, whether they are true or not; as they stand they contain a contradiction. Probability is not certainty: moral certainty is probability; therefore moral certainty is not certainty. This is a contradiction in terms. The qualifying adjective helps us to shut our eyes to the contradiction; but it is there, none the less. If you assert that all swans are white, you cannot affirm the existence of a black swan. Certainty is certainty, whether it is logical, moral, mathematical, or physical. We are therefore compelled to admit that the meanings of certainty and probability now before us involve a contradiction. If the contradiction were merely verbal, a change of terminology would get rid of it. But evidently the contradiction goes deeper than words; for it is found in Locke, though he does not use the phrase "moral certainty." It is plain then that we cannot rest in these meanings, as expounded by Locke and Butler; but must search for more light.

II.—THE AGE OF MILL AND NEWMAN.

The expansion of human thought since Butler's day has been enormous. In almost every direction its ceaseless onflow has cut new channels, wide and deep, in man's conception of the universe; so that we seem to live in a new world. Strange to say, in the midst of the well-nigh universal change, the little spot of standing-ground upon which Locke and Butler planted their feet seems to remain unaltered. So far as my research has gone, one cannot find anywhere a direct challenge of Locke's theory of certainty. His fundamental position seems like a water-shed which remains unchanged while the plains on both sides are worn into new contours by the rainfall.

But this escape from change is apparent only. The mountain top also slowly succumbs and gradually sinks to a lower level. Insensibly and without overt repudiation of Locke, the standard of certainty has shifted until, at least in most minds, the opposite end has become the weightiest. Locke's probability is now commonly regarded as the true certainty; Locke's certainty has become obsolete and is relegated to the region of abstractions, where it may safely be neglected. To Locke, the source and ground of certainty was mind; *i.e.* intuition and logic, these and only these give certain knowledge. In his opinion, observation of fact and experience can never give knowledge. Modern science reverses this. Observation of fact and experience is regarded by the scientific mind as the only reliable source of truth; while intuition and "pure reason" are looked upon with suspicion, even with abhorrence, as "metaphysical." This immense topsy-turvy movement, be it noticed, has taken place without deliberate intention, without critical reflection; it has never been set forth and defended in a straightforward way;

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and it has never achieved the seal of universal assent. There always have been thinkers who have seen clearly that "facts" taken alone cannot give us knowledge; that without some intuition and without logical reasoning "experience" cannot so much as exist. Nevertheless, the abandonment of Locke's fundamental position, if not universal, is general; and we are compelled to admit that certainty and probability do not now mean, at least for the majority, what they meant in the minds of Locke and Butler.

What then, do *we*, that is, the thinkers of to-day, mean by certainty and probability? Who are the Locke and the Butler of our age, to whom we can point as the leaders of thought, whose writings have given expression to the new meanings now current? The strange fact is that we look round for such men in vain. However the fact is to be accounted for, this particular question—What do we mean by certainty?—seems to be ignored as if unnecessary. It is not so with probability. Whole volumes have recently appeared which treat of probability, either as a branch of mathematics or of logic. But probability is a dependent concept which cannot be discussed properly, except in its relation to certainty. Consequently it remains the fact that present-day thought almost entirely neglects the questions which we are putting: so that when we ask what are the meanings of certainty and probability now held by thinking men? we do not know where to look for the answer. That there has been a great change since Butler's time is plain enough; but whether this change has displaced the old meanings or only added to them, is not evident at a glance. Our teachers in science, psychology, philosophy, as a rule, either seem unaware that there is any need of the questions at all; or recognise them only as problems to be taken up at some future stage of the progress of knowledge.

Twenty or thirty years ago, J. S. Mill might have been accepted as the authority we are seeking for. Himself carried along by the mighty current of scientific progress, he essayed the task of which Butler had felt the need. His treatment of the logic of induction was for a season almost universally accepted as logically conclusive. But is Mill an authority now? Jevons contradicted him point-blank. The "new" logicians, Lotze, Sigwart, Bradley, Bosanquet, seem to have forgotten him. And if any one now takes up Mill's *Logic*, can he miss seeing that Mill's supposed proof of the fundamental principle of induction consists in the simple process of taking it for granted? However, if we are to have before us some expression of the mind of the second half of the nineteenth century in respect to our questions, I do not know to whom we can refer if we refuse Mill. Let us then take Mill's *Logic* into our hands and see what he teaches there about certainty and probability.

(1) Mill has not the same background or basis as Locke and

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Butler had. Mind is for him "an unknown recipient or percipient of sensations and all our other feelings."[1] Still he could not help feeling the necessity of some basis. "We never could arrive at any knowledge by reasoning," he says, "unless something could be known antecedently to all reasoning."[2] In the place of mind and its objects he puts "truths known to us directly by intuition or consciousness." As examples of these he names "our own bodily sensations and mental feelings." For him consciousness is certainty. "Whatever is known to us by consciousness is known beyond possibility of question. What one sees or feels, whether bodily or mentally, one cannot but be sure that one sees or feels."[3]

(2) By "intuition" Locke meant a mental activity which discerned agreement or disagreement between our ideas. That is, "ideas," in his theory, whether singly or in groups are not knowledge; knowledge is an act of the mind; it is mental discernment of relation between two ideas. Knowledge is expressed by propositions, and truth or falsehood belongs to propositions. Mill, who uses the terms intuition and consciousness "indiscriminately," speaks of truths *known* by intuition as "the original premises from which all others are inferred"; but here he is using the word "known" in a sense in which it is commonly employed, but which nevertheless is inexact and misleading. The examples he gives show that he means truths of which we are *conscious*. For his intuition is consciousness, not judgment or knowledge. His use of the word "truths" is also inappropriate. Bodily sensations and mental feelings are not *truths* (in the sense of judgments and propositions); they are *facts* or data, without which there cannot be propositions or truths; but which in themselves are not truths. Man, sun, centaur, mermaid, taken simply as objects of consciousness are not truths; but our judgments that man and sun are real beings, that centaur and mermaid are not real beings; these are truths. Mill therefore differs from Locke in this fundamental matter: Locke's certainty is certain knowledge; Mill's certainty is the certainty of consciousness. Locke's certainty is intellectual; Mill's certainty is sensational, and emotional. Locke's certainty is truth; Mill's certainty is fact. Locke's certainty is the certainty of reason; Mill's certainty is the certainty of feeling. Locke's intuition must be criticised, lest it should lead us astray. But Mill's intuition gives us nothing to criticise. Not one solitary original premise can be derived from it. As Kant said, "percepts without concepts are blind." Mere sensation, mere feeling, is not intuition; it sees nothing. We cannot see with the eyes alone; we see with the mind.

(3) Mill's fundamental dictum, "whatever is known to us by consciousness is known beyond possibility of question," means no more than this, when we are conscious, we are conscious; when we have

[1] *Logic*, Book I., chap. iii. § 8. [2] Introduction, § 4. [3] Ibid.

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a feeling we have it. As bare fact it is unquestionable, but it is just this one multiform fact which is the origin and the object of all questions. The fact itself is not "a portion of our knowledge"; unless we call a mere awareness of *something we know not what* knowledge. Mill felt this difficulty, for he proceeds to say, "But we may fancy that we see or feel what we in reality infer." The certainty of sensation which has been pronounced unquestionable is in the next breath declared to require most careful questioning. And the worst of it is, Mill finds the questions which must be put unanswerable. Mind, the questioner, he left outside knowledge, as an unknown something; things visible and tangible now are dismissed into a similar obscurity. A sensation "though it never *does*, might very well be *conceived* to exist without anything whatever to excite it."[1] Matter or body "is in short a set of sensations, or rather of possibilities of sensation, joined together according to a fixed law."[2] Mill cannot get over the initial difficulty; he cannot tell "what are the facts which are the objects of intuition or consciousness," as distinguished from "those which we merely infer." Consequently in his *Logic* he abandons certainty altogether; all questions of ultimate truth and reality he hands over to "metaphysics."

(4) Locke and Butler led us into a contradiction: moral certainty is only probability, and still it is certainty. Mill escapes this contradiction by renouncing all claim to certain knowledge. As to his intuitive certainties, these are consciousness, not knowledge; and even so, it is left to the metaphysician to try to discover what these are. Demonstrative certainties, or necessary truths, Mill denies altogther. Mathematical truth he considered to be really physical truth, and to rest upon experience. Its definitions and axioms are experimental truth; they are simply our earliest deductions from experience. In deductive reasoning, Mill says, the first premises are always found by induction. In a word, for Mill all knowledge is probability, We believe it to be true; but we do not know it to be true by immediate intuition; neither can we prove it to be true by logical reasoning; seeing that all logical reasoning depends upon premises not proved by reasoning. In accordance with this theory of knowledge, Mill consistently speaks of knowledge as being *belief*.

The immense importance of the transition from Locke to Mill can hardly be overrated. Mill, in effect, teaches that man has and can have no *knowledge*; that he can never attain to anything better than probability. But has the world followed Mill? Do we all, or at least do all intelligent minds, all who have had scientific training, for example, really hold that man has no *knowledge*? Surely it is not so. Those who call themselves agnostics do not go to this

[1] Book I., chap. iii. § 3. [2] Book I., chap. iii. § 7.

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extreme—on the contrary, they are positive and dogmatic in what they call "science." Even Mill himself does not seem to have been fully aware of the actual effect of his theory. He was, no doubt, a representative mind: he embodied and expressed much of the thought of his contemporaries; but it does not appear that the current of opinion which he represented meant to reject knowledge and certainty. The truth seems to be that neither he nor those who accepted his logic really put to themselves the question: what do we mean by certainty? They never really faced the problem. When a suspicion crossed their minds that the neglect to examine it is dangerous, there was always the consoling thought, it is the business of the metaphysician—let him attend to it. And so the actual fact seems to be that a large number of thinkers and teachers accepted Mill's doctrine without discarding Locke's! The result is a confusion of thought which seems incredible. If people would only think about certainty, knowledge, belief, and ask themselves what they mean by these terms, of course the confusion would be impossible. But when people neglect to think, and yet go on using phrases, and making assertions without testing their correctness, it is astonishing to see the monstrous incongruities which can be accepted without detection.

Cardinal Newman's *Grammar of Assent*, if one could strike out all the theological part, and get the logical part by itself, might be taken as representative of the conservative thinkers who declined to abandon certainty in Locke's meaning of the term. The book is at least a vigorous protest against the surrender of the old opinions; and an attempt, while retaining these, to acknowledge whatever is true in the newer thought of the party represented by Mill. Newman not only stoutly adhered to the certainty of knowledge; he also tried to give a clear meaning to certainty; and we find him indicating a fact which had been overlooked, namely that if certainty is intellectual, there is also a *feeling* which accompanies certainty. His argument against Locke's degrees of assent is important. Besides Mill and Newman, I do not know of any other great thinkers who have considered the two questions propounded in this article. Spencer and Huxley are names which will at once occur to every one, as great representative leaders of thought; but they represent the majority in this case, as conspicuous instances of the neglect of our topic.

At this point a few words about metaphysics are necessary. Logicians and psychologists have often said that they hand over the investigation of the meanings of knowledge and certainty to the philosopher; and the philosophers on their part claim this inquiry as specially their own. But the philosopher has another task. His chief desire is to achieve a theory of the universe. His province or subject-matter is the whole of things—man, nature, God, conceived

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as a unity or system of being. Thus he has two problems to work at, the problem of knowledge and the problem of ontology; and unfortunately he works at both together. Sometimes he begins by a brief glance at the problem of knowledge. Mill did so in his *Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy*, but only to leave this inquiry unfinished, and lose himself in the mazes of metaphysical discussion of the question whether there is a real external world. From this he passes on to consider whether we have an intuitive knowledge of God, or any knowledge of God at all. After extensive research with the special purpose of learning what the philosophers teach about the nature of knowledge and certainty, I am obliged to complain that they all fail to solve the problem of knowledge because they seek the solution by means of abstruse and interminable metaphysical controversies. They try to advance in two different directions at once. They seek to understand their knowledge, and at the same time to know what they do not yet know. The problem of knowledge is to understand what *knowing* is; its business is not to add to our knowledge in any other way than this. The right method to pursue in this study is resolutely to refuse to discuss anything whatever which is not already certainly known, and thus to concentrate all our attention upon the effort to ascertain what *knowing* is. If we would know what knowing is we must go back and cross-examine the knowledge we have already; we shall never learn this by trying to expand our knowledge to infinity.

Let us then, finding that we get no help from metaphysics, repeat our question—Have we in this age any clear and consistent meanings for certainty and probability? Have we consciously abandoned Locke's and Butler's meanings and adopted Mill's? Upon what ground do we stand? So far as I can see, we have *not* discarded Locke's confidence in intuition and demonstration; and we *have* accepted Mill's dependence upon experience and induction. We hold that we have certainty; and at the same time we admit that nothing better than probability is possible for us. In company with Locke, Butler, and Newman, we believe in self-evident truths and in logical deductions therefrom. We follow Mill, Spencer, and Huxley in holding that matters of fact and experience are the sole source and guarantee of all our knowledge. We regard knowledge as distinct from and superior to belief, although we have no clear meanings for knowledge and belief. On the other hand we have beliefs which we hold certainly, and esteem as more valuable than any of the certainties of science; at the same time we are puzzled to justify belief in anything, if belief really means the holding something to be true, while we feel that possibly it may be untrue. Is not this state of things rightly described as confusion of thought? We seem to be living in a perpetual fog, though we are so accustomed to it that we are rarely conscious of its existence. At times we

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vaguely feel that there is something wrong in these ways of thinking; yet no one seems to think it worth while to try to dispel the fog, or to climb above it into a clearer atmosphere. Is it because the attempt is hopeless? We cannot know that it is hopeless until we have tried. These pages will have answered their purpose if they have made the reader feel the need of a thorough investigation into the nature of knowledge, belief, certainty, and probability.

F. STORRS TURNER.

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THE PHYSIQUE OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLBOY.

HOW IT IS IMPROVING.

At a time when a jeremiad of English decadence is being heard on all sides an inquiry into the present state of the physique of the English public schoolboy possesses an exceptional degree of interest.

Twenty years have now elapsed since the publication of the report of the Anthropometric Committee of the British Association upon the results of many thousands of measurements made, under the auspices of Mr. Francis Galton, for the purpose of securing reliable data upon the subject of physical development at various ages in different classes of the community. It occurred to me a short time since that it would be instructive to discover whether the physique of the present generation of public schoolboys was superior or inferior to what it was a century ago, and, with this object in view, I have obtained the measurement records of several public schools, taken at the earliest and most recent dates available, and collated them so that their results may be seen at a glance. I should, however, like to say at once that my investigation has only been concerned with a few of the leading public schools, and that I have not attempted the laborious task of dealing single-handed with all, or even a majority, of such schools. At the same time, schools like Marlborough and Rugby (which I propose to consider specially in this paper), whose pupils are drawn from practically every county in England, may unhesitatingly be regarded as thoroughly representative of the whole number; they stand midway between the seminaries for the sons of the wealthy classes—Eton and Harrow—and the cheaper secondary schools which abound throughout the country. Thus it may at least be regarded as extremely probable that the general tenour of the results shown by bodily measurements made in these two schools will correspond with the (unrecorded) results of other public schools in England.

Until the Anthropological Society of London began its investiga-

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tions into this subject in 1873, hardly a school in England had troubled itself to take scientific records of the bodily development of its pupils; at any rate, there was very little systematic effort of the kind. The Friends' School, at York, was an exception to the general rule, for there physical measurements were regularly taken for many years, but these have since been discontinued. At Marlborough plans had been repeatedly laid for weighing and measuring the boys, but nothing resulted till Mr. Francis Galton made a request that the London Anthropological Society might be furnished with the age, height, and weight of the school. I give below the averages resulting from the measurements which he requested, and, following them, those of 1901 :

MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE: AVERAGE MEASUREMENTS IN 1874.[1]

No. at each age.	Age last birthday.	Height.	Weight.
		Ft. Ins.	St. Lbs.
34	12	4 8·5·	5 12·6
96	13	4 9·8	6 3·7
90	14	5 1·8	7 1·8
141	15	5 3·0	8 1·0
102	16	5 6·0	9 3·0
47	17	5 7·0	9 6·2
19	18	5 7·7	10 2·0

MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE: AVERAGE MEASUREMENTS IN 1901.[2]

No. at each age.	Age last birthday.	Height.	Weight.
		Ft Ins.	St. Lbs.
23	12	4 9	6 3·9
109	13	4 11·8	6 9·3
109	14	5 2·0	7 6·3
114	15	5 4·2	8 8·1
110	16	5 6·2	9 3·7
58	17	5 7·3	10 2·3
19	18	5 8·6	10 6·7

[1] Measurements taken in the ordinary indoor clothing and shoes.
[2] Measurements taken in the ordinary indoor clothing without boots or shoes

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MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE: INCREASE OF 1901 MEASUREMENTS OVER 1874 MEASUREMENTS.

Age.	Average increased height.	Average increased weight.
	Ins.	Lbs.
12	0·5	5·3
13	2·0	5·6
14	0·2	4·5
15	1·2	7·1
16	0·2	0·7
17	0·3	10·1
18	0·9	4·7

There is, it will be seen, an increase in height and weight at every age in 1901 as compared with 1874.[1] A boy of thirteen at Marlborough College to-day weighs, on an average, five and a half pounds more than a boy of the same age weighed there in 1874, and he is also two inches taller. A boy of eighteen at Marlborough to-day is four and a half pounds heavier and nine-tenths of an inch taller than his father (now aged forty-seven) was, supposing that the latter had been at Marlborough twenty-nine years ago.

At Rugby measurements are not taken of the whole school, but only of members of the gymnasium; but I have been furnished with the height and weight of every boy in the gymnastic classes in two periods of 1879 and 1901, and from these returns I have been enabled to construct the following average tables:

RUGBY SCHOOL: AVERAGE MEASUREMENTS IN 1879.[1]

No. at each age.	Age last birthday.	Height.	Weight.
		Ft. Ins.	St. Lbs.
18	13	4 10·9	6 7·8
54	14	5 1·4	7 0
58	15	5 3·6	7 12·4
43	16	5 4·5	8 7·2
18	17	5 7·8	9 11·8
5	18	5 9·6	10 6·4

[1] This increase is really higher than appears from the figures given, no shoes being now worn when the measurements are taken.

[2] Measurements are taken without coat, vest, shirt, or boots.

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RUGBY SCHOOL: AVERAGE MEASUREMENTS IN 1901.

No. at each age.	Age last birthday.	Height.		Weight.	
		Ft.	Ins.	St.	Lbs.
14	13	5	1·6	7	·0
74	14	5	2·6	7	4·3
73	15	5	4·4	7	12·6
79	16	5	7·0	8	13·7
27	17	5	8·7	9	10·8
4	18	5	7·5	9	10·5

RUGBY SCHOOL: INCREASE OF 1901 MEASUREMENTS OVER 1879 MEASUREMENTS.

Age.	Average increased height.	Average increased weight.
	Ins.	Lbs.
13	2·7	6·2
14	1·2	4·3
15	0·8	0·2
16	2·5	6·5
17	0·9	—
18	—	—

RUGBY SCHOOL: DECREASE OF 1901 MEASUREMENTS AS COMPARED WITH 1879 MEASUREMENTS.

Age.	Decrease of height.	Decrease of weight.
	Ins.	Lbs.
17	—	1·0
18	2·1	9·9

It is apparent from the above tables that boys of 13, 14, 15, and 16 at Rugby School to-day are, as at Marlborough, both taller and heavier than they were twenty-two years ago, while boys of 17 average nine-tenths of an inch taller, but are one pound less in weight. The only age which fails to show an increase in either height or weight to-day is 18; on the whole the results are similar to those recorded at Marlborough, illustrating, in the most definite manner, the improvement in physique of the present generation of public schoolboys. As mentioned above, the Rugby measurements are those of the members of the gymnasium only, while the Marl-

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borough measurements represent the whole school. This distinction, although it does not affect the deductions already drawn from the returns, renders it possible to gauge the value of gymnastics upon physical development. If the returns be examined it will be found that the Rugby boy is generally lighter than the Marlborough boy of the same age, while, on the other hand, the latter is the shorter. For instance, a Rugby boy of 16 who goes in for gymnastics at the present day is 5 ft. 7 ins. tall, and weighs 8 st. 13·7 lbs.; while a Marlborough boy of the same age is 5 ft. 6·2 ins. tall, and weighs 9 st. 3·7 lbs. Thus the Marlborough boy of 16 is four-fifths of an inch shorter, but weighs 4 lbs. more than his *confrère* at Rugby. This result clearly demonstrates the value of gymnastics to physical development; height cannot be increased after a certain age has been reached, but weight is apt to continue to do so with the passage of years.

Scotch boys are, it will, I think, be generally agreed, sturdier and more robust than English boys. In order to make a comparison between the physique of the English and Scotch public schoolboy, I applied to Dr. Almond, the well-known headmaster of Loretto School, Musselburgh, who has kindly furnished me with the following table of averages based upon measurements taken in the spring term of last year:

LORETTO SCHOOL: AVERAGE MEASUREMENTS IN 1902.[1]

No. at each age.	Age last birthday.	Height.	Weight.
		Ft. Ins.	St. Lbs.
6	11	4 8	5 3·0
6	12	5 0·1	5 12·3
16	13	5 0·2	6 1·8
13	14	5 4·7	8 3·3
24	15	5 4·0	7 10·3
21	16	5 6·2	8 11·2
26	17	5 8.2	9 7·5
17	18	5 9·6	10 6·2
3	19	5 8·2	10 8·0

The above table requires a few words of explanation. Physical measurements have been regularly taken of the whole school at Loretto for more than twenty years, but during this period the constitution of the school has changed. Originally almost entirely a Scotch school, the numbers at the present day are about sixty Scotch, sixty English, and twenty or more Colonial boys. On going through one of the earlier physical registers of Loretto I discovered that the later measurements did not invariably show improvement

[1] Measurements are taken without coat, shirt, vest, boots, or shoes.

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upon those taken two decades ago. For instance, after averaging the measurements of thirty-one boys of 16 at Loretto in the autumn of 1901, I found that, although there was a gain of one inch in height, as compared with 1882, the weight and chest girth of the boys of this age both showed degeneracy. Dr. Almond, when I pointed this out to him, explained it as being probably due to "the admixture of English boys," the same cause affecting (probably) both the *height* and chest girth, as his opinion was that English boys grew to full stature sooner that Scotch boys. This explanation is, I consider, borne out to some extent by the Marlborough [1] measurements. If the Marlborough 1901 table be consulted, it will be seen that the average height of a Marlborough boy of 16 is exactly the same (5 ft. 6·2 in.) as that of a Loretto boy of the same age, but the former is several pounds the heavier; at 18 the Lorettonian has gained an inch in stature over the Marlburian, while the weights of the two are now practically the same.

To sum up the whole subject, I think it is indubitable that the public schoolboy was never in a finer condition physically than he is to-day. He is fed well, and lives a healthy, open-air life, with plenty of bodily exercise; he is, in short, a better *animal* than ever he was. Whether he is better intellectually and morally also is outside the province of this paper.

[1] I prefer to take them instead of those of Rugby, because they represent the whole school.

J. H. VINES.

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AN OLD SONG RESUNG.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF H.M. KING OSCAR II.

A BREEZE and flow'ret met one day within a lovely grove
To say good-bye next moment, for both apart must rove.
Perhaps a breeze and flow'ret met again amidst the trees,
But 'twas another flow'ret, and not the self-same breeze.

Perchance that breeze borne on swift wing to you brings bitter grief,
And you bewail the rose's fate, whose Springtide was so brief;
But hush your lamentations, and dry your tears of ruth,
Forget not He who rules the breeze is Lord of Flowers in truth.

And what if Autumn's cheek has paled, and chilly grown her breath,
She's sleeping a few moments, but 'tis not the sleep of death;
For on some fresh Spring morning she'll wake to life and love,
When breeze and flow'ret meet again within the self-same grove.

WILLIAM FREDERICK HARVEY.

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INDEPENDENT SECTION.

[*Under the above title a limited portion of* THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW *is occasionally set apart for the reception of Articles which contain opinions at variance with the particular ideas or measures it advocates. The object is to facilitate the expression of opinion by writers of high mental power and culture, who, while they are zealous friends of freedom and progress, yet differ widely on special points of great practical concern, both from the Editor and from each other.*]

THE OPPOSITION TO THE NATIONAL DEFENCE MOVEMENT.

IT is difficult to say which of the two forms of opposition is the most exasperating to the enthusiast, opposition in bad faith or complete indifference. On the whole, perhaps the latter is the most formidable. One always feels that the justness of one's cause may ultimately prevail in the struggle with opposition of "malice prepense," but there is something so hopeless and intangible about indifference, that it not unfrequently breaks the spirit of the reformer before even he gets a chance of stating his case. The hopes and aims of the military enthusiast of to-day in the cause of National Defence are being constantly opposed. It is the object of this article to investigate the cause of the opposition, and to try to discover some grounds for the hope that it may ultimately be overcome. It is unnecessary to enter into the details of the various theories held by the enthusiasts, men who are to be found in all walks of life, some with professional knowledge and some without. It makes very little difference whether the enthusiast, in the sense in which we are using the word, is a professional soldier or not —in fact, it is better that he should not be—for over and above all questions of detail there is the larger and more comprehensive question of principle. Upon that every Englishman has a right to an opinion, and the opinion which has gradually taken shape in the minds of those who have given a reasonable amount of attention to the subject can be very easily and broadly expressed. It is, firstly, that there is danger to be apprehended from our neighbours; secondly, that that danger should be guarded against by an adequate means of defence; and thirdly, that the existing

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means of defence cannot be considered satisfactory, and steps ought to be taken at once to make it so. The first of these three conclusions is the result of observation; the second is the natural prompting of instinct, and they may both be considered non-contentious in the sense that they will appeal equally to all. The third conclusion, viz., that our existing means of defence is not in a thoroughly satisfactory condition, and that this ought to be remedied immediately, has been come to partly as the result of natural observation and reflection, and partly as the direct consequence of statements and opinions of professional men.

With the fundamental facts themselves, upon which the opinions of the professionals are based, we have here no concern; but the conclusion that they have led up to has not been barren of result—the policy of the enthusiasts is not merely destructive, it is also constructive. And this policy, briefly stated, resolves itself into a demand for—a satisfactory navy, a small, thoroughly good, regular army, to be raised and maintained on lines which have about them some prospect of finality, and some form of universal compulsory service which would put the whole of the male population of the United Kingdom, in varying degrees, at the disposal of the State in an emergency.

But before we proceed to make a more or less minute examination of the opposition that the adherents of this scheme meet with at every turn, it may be as well to state, once and for all, a condition upon which a profitable discussion of the situation must be based. That condition is that there must be some common ground for the disputants to start from. It is assumed here that the first two above-mentioned conclusions, viz., that there is danger ahead, and that it ought to be guarded against, have been accepted by all sane men. No attempt will now be made to prove either of them; they will be considered as firmly established and altogether outside the limits of this discussion. With those who do not entertain these views, an entirely different line of reasoning is necessary, and can find no place here.

The common ground, then, from which we all start, is that we should have a system of National Defence commensurate with the admitted danger. Those who are here called the "enthusiasts" maintain that our present system is totally inadequate and, therefore, requires re-casting, and they proceed to enunciate principles upon which they declare a sound system of defence must be based. Their suggestions are met on all sides by a determined resistance of the cold-blanket order (for no serious counter-proposals have ever been made), and it is this resistance which we propose now to deal with.

Opposition may be divided into three sorts—opposition in good faith, opposition in bad faith, and apathy, all three being frequently

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tinged with ignorance. With opposition in good faith the enthusiast has no fault to find. There should be no opposer in this sense so persistent as the originator of the scheme—if he is a wise man. And, fortunately, the more vital to his interests he finds the scheme to be the more searching does his criticism become. Those who now call for a system of universal service do so because they believe it is the only way to meet the case—there are bye-products of great value which should not be lost sight of—but they are not blind to its drawbacks and are quite prepared to listen to genuine objections. For this reason the enthusiasts have nothing to fear from opposition in good faith, on the contrary they welcome it.

Now let us turn to the next kind of opposition—opposition in bad faith. The reader will have no difficulty in understanding what is meant by "bad faith." Apathy, which will be dealt with further on, and ignorance, do not come under this head. They are the result of an entire absence of "faith" or belief, whereas "bad faith" is distinctly to be understood to be an attitude of mind in which there is something intentional, and at the same time dishonest, or specious. It is generally unwise to impute motives to one's opponents, and it is sometimes a little difficult to say for certain whether an argument is being used honestly or dishonestly—particularly when it is clear that the speaker has not given much thought to the matter; but it is pretty safe to conclude that when a capable man makes use of any argument that does not deal with the case on its own merits, he is acting in bad faith. A particularly flagrant example of opposition of this kind is to be found in the language used by a well-known member of Parliament at a meeting held recently to discuss the general question of universal service. He is reported to have spoken as follows:

"A. has told us just now that in addressing public meetings and constituents in this country on conscription he has never met with much opposition from his audience. . . . Why? Because they know that no Minister, no Government, would ever be so insane as to impose compulsory military service on this country. Let any one get up here who will go before an audience and attempt to get into Parliament upon compulsory military service! He will be put very quickly indeed at the bottom of the poll. He will never have an opportunity of advocating those views. Let me see the man. Has there been an individual who did it? . . . It is perhaps a good thing to show that [the audience] consisting largely of people who are interested in military matters . . . consider compulsory service essential. Let it go forth to the country that that is their view, and then let us hear what the country has to say about it. . . ."

Now it is to be noted that in this rather sweeping statement the main question at issue, viz., the soundness or unsoundness of compulsory service, is evaded altogether. The whole matter is made subordinate to the personal welfare of the individual member of Parliament. The speaker never seems to have realised that it is the

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duty of men in responsible positions like himself, firstly, to satisfy themselves whether the measure is necessary and sound, and secondly, to educate the people—or try to do so—up to their own views. No great measure of reform has ever been carried at once with the approval of the people. Years of agitation and speaking and writing are necessary before a proposal of so novel a character as the one under discussion is grasped by the people with sufficient understanding to enable them to have a definite opinion, but this is no reason why a public man should quietly sit down under this *vis inertiæ* and refuse to grapple with the problem himself. The same speaker cannot now be absolved from the offence of opposing in bad faith, even although we admit that he may ultimately prove to have been correct in his prophecy. Supposing that after years of education the people still resolutely set their face against any such proposal, that fact will not make his behaviour look any the less discreditable, for he admitted that it was a subject which a collection of men, "consisting largely of those interested in military matters," considered essential, and, therefore, that it had come within the range of practical politics. Holding the prejudiced views he professed, it would have been more becoming if he had not attended the meeting at all.

An excess of selfishness is at the root of most opposition in bad faith, and in this respect the action of the Government as a whole will be criticised further on; but it accounts for the determined hostility shown to the scheme by a great number of individuals. Instances have occurred in which men have declared that they would sooner leave the country than become liable to serve, thereby implying that the inconvenience of personal service would be to them so intense, that they would rather give up all the other advantages they derive from living in Great Britain than make a small personal sacrifice. What would they say if every one took the same line? It is just because so many have already done so, and consequently that the number of willing defenders has dwindled and continues to dwindle in spite of numerous concessions, that a conclusion has at last been reached that it is time for the State to take the matter into its own hands, and not to wait on the good will of individuals. The fact that the man who objects to the idea of serving himself is not unwilling to pay for the services of others shows that he is not really alive to the gravity of the situation, and that he thinks he may safely go into the market, when the enemy is at his door, and buy others to do what he ought to have taught himself to do beforehand. This is pure selfishness, and nothing else; the individual's interests are considered of more account than collective interests, and the measure is faced by an unreasoning hostility solely on the grounds of the personal inconvenience of the objector.

So far the opposition in bad faith that has been considered is

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such as is generally met with from civilians, or, at any rate, from those who have a decided aversion to making the British a "nation in arms." One might have thought therefore that the army itself, and still more the chiefs at the War Office, would have been heart and soul in the movement. If there is any danger from "militarism" to be feared, it surely would not be at the *fons et origo* of military officialdom that the opposition would be found. And yet this is exactly what we do find. It is common knowledge that the general attitude of the War Office towards all suggestions of reform is one of unrelenting hostility. Small innovations of a trumpery nature are introduced from time to time, but they would better be described as counter-irritations than reforms. With the exception of a distinct advance in the science of artillery, the amelioration of the soldier's lot in barracks, and an attempt to increase the efficiency of the Volunteers, it cannot be said that any efforts of the War Office to bring about effectual and permanent improvement have been successful. It is admitted that drastic reforms as a rule require money, and the money is a thing over which the military chiefs have practically no control; but a study of the recent report on the education of officers reveals a state of things for which the War Office must bear the greater part of the responsibility. Whether this is the fault of the men, or the system on which they work, does not affect the argument—the system is largely the creature of their own hands, and has remained practically unaltered during the last thirty years.

Now what is the explanation of this puzzling behaviour? Does a similar state of things exist throughout the public service, or do we happen to have hit on an exceptional case? Let us, then, glance at all the Government departments, and see if we can notice any peculiarity that marks off our War Office from the others. In many ways there is a general family likeness between them all—the same reticence before the outer world, the same invariable optimism, the same placid imperturbability, and other qualities, some good, some bad, but all cast in the same mould. But we shall see almost at once that there *is* a difference between the War Office and the remainder, and the longer we look the more clearly we shall see it, and a most important difference it is. Amongst them there is an element of progress; in the War Office there is none. They are abreast of the times, or, at any rate, striving to be; the War Office lags behind, a creature of an earlier day, a relic of the past. It is a privilege of Englishmen to abuse their public departments, and abuse is frequently well deserved; but there is no denying that, in all except military matters, the public offices are constantly striving to bring themselves into line with the needs of the day. They are often very slow over their business and occasionally make hideous mistakes, but we do see working before our

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eyes the spirit of growth and progress, the desire to meet the needs of the present and the future, and the continual attempt to adapt existing forms so that they may perform new duties under perpetually varying conditions; but in the War Office we see exactly the reverse, in theory as well as in practice. A careful scrutiny of the manners and customs of the War Office—and, consequently, of the army—will show that in military matters we are at a standstill. It is not proposed to make this scrutiny now, but the most casual glance will show that we do not exaggerate. Look at the soldier's idea of responsibility. He speaks of leadership as if it were synonymous with physical bravery. God knows the present writer has nought but good to say of those truly brave men whose bones lie bleaching in South Africa; but why do their bones lie there at all? Are we in these days to waive aside responsibility that comes with the knowledge and experience that we inherit from our fathers, and to appeal for justification to the possession of a quality which was all *they* had to mark them great from small? When Sir Redvers Buller's case was recently before the public, one of the extenuating circumstances pleaded by a large section of his adherents was that he possessed "great personal bravery." Which of the humble regimental officers who have laid down to die has *not* been an ideal of personal bravery? One might as well plead for a statesman that he spoke good English.

Closely connected with this is another of the pernicious relics of bygone times—the false ideal still allowed to monopolise the attention of the junior ranks of the military profession, and clearly brought out in the report of the Committee already quoted. In the old days, when man was more akin to the beasts of the field, his horizon was limited by the sweep of his right arm; and as in those days physical force and bravery were of chief account and the operations of war were comparatively crude, it followed that all that was necessary to make a distinguished leader was a power of excelling in physical accomplishments. The standard of merit, being purely physical, was a low one, and it has remained practically the same down to the present day. The fact that War (as we call it) is an ultimate appeal to force, and requires to-day for its successful prosecution the employment of physical agencies infinitely greater in magnitude than were ever imagined in the days we speak of, is itself the very reason why we should cease to content ourselves with the puny performances of our own weak bodies, and strive to impress into our service other forces more powerful than ourselves; and these forces we shall find in their fullest development only if we keep our eyes fixed on the leading features of modern civilisation. Take, again, that fetish of the army, discipline. In any other walk of life it is called obedience, and every man learns sooner or later that he had best obey the orders of those put over

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him. The discipline in many civil employments is often more rigorous than in the army; but it is one of the well-understood foundations on which society rests, and as such is taken more or less for granted, and is not allowed to occupy too prominent a position to the exclusion of other equally important subjects. But the discipline of the army stands where it did 250 years ago. It is positively mediæval in its brutalism. A tyrannical system, which enables a senior to abuse his junior as much as he pleases with impunity, which stamps as the accursed thing a difference of opinion, which makes a god of rank regardless of intrinsic worth, it has effectually suppressed what little initiative or originality might otherwise have come to the surface.

It would be easy to quote more instances of the same sort, but enough has probably been said to show how deplorably backward the army is in comparison with other phases of modern life with which it comes in contact. Now the responsibility for this must be held to lie with the heads of the army, *i.e.*, the officials at the War Office. If they were to encourage progress, industry, and initiative, a supply would create itself to meet the demand. But they do not. It is perfectly true that very little can be done nowadays without money, and the control of the money is just what the War Office have not got, and never will have; but in spite of this they might give encouragement to their followers to keep up with the times, instead of throwing every obstacle in their way. The explanation of this remarkable state of things is not far to seek. It is that the War Office has not been called upon to carry out the greater and more responsible duties which belong to it; that, consequently, the official mind has remained stationary instead of constantly advancing; and that a natural dislike to being hustled has gradually sunk to a mood of sheer obstruction. The effect of the South African war has not been to mend matters with any prospect of permanency. A short, sharp outburst of popular enthusiasm, accompanied by a great display of ill-regulated activity, is the net result, and this enthusiasm and activity are rapidly sinking back to their original dormant condition. Lessons have no doubt been learned in the conduct of military operations, and we are probably now ahead of other nations in this respect; but the conduct of operations in the field is of minor importance compared with the militant spirit of the whole people. The experiences gained, therefore, in South Africa may be regarded as having little or no bearing on the subject we are now discussing, and as not likely to have any permanent effect on the mind of the nation or the War Office. Until we can show how it is that progress in the whole domain of military affairs has come to be arrested, we can hardly hope for improvement.

It has just been said that the War Office has not, for a very long time—except during the South African war—been called upon to

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carry out the greater and more responsible duties for which it exists, and we may well ask for the reason of this. That a great public office, at the head of a huge army of subordinates, should be slack in its duties and neglect that for which it was created is a grave scandal, and it is nothing less than astonishing that the public have not risen in their wrath and cried for somebody's blood. But when we look carefully at the attitude of the public our astonishment increases tenfold. Instead of finding indignation, earnestness, or at least interest, we find nothing but the most complete indifference. It seems an extraordinary thing to say of a practical nation like the British, but there is no denying it, the Englishman is absolutely apathetic and indifferent where military matters are concerned. Look at the average Englishman going about his daily work, watch him in the affairs and interests of his life, and you will see that questions of national security or immunity from attack by foreign nations never occupy his mind with any degree of seriousness. Watch him reading his newspaper, listen to his daily conversation with his friends, look into his mind and see the subjects that are constantly flitting backwards and forwards through his brain—this matter of National Defence will be wholly absent. How many men read articles in the newspapers or magazines on military matters? How many men would spend an hour in reading a book on National Defence if there was anything else to do—duty or pleasure of however trifling or frivolous a nature? Consider an ordinary Englishman, unconnected with any branch of the naval or military forces (as the huge majority are), declining to play croquet or golf on the score of wanting to give a little attention concerning National Defence. He would be thought a perfect fool by his friends. The idea of a trifling matter connected with soldiers or sailors preventing a man from taking his pleasure, which he often looks at in the light of duty, is utterly preposterous. Is there any one who will deny that this represents the feeling in England to-day? Will any ordinary business man sit down and read, or talk, or listen for one hour on the question of National Defence when there is anything else in the world for him to do?

It is not as if the Englishman could not take any interest in a subject with which he is not closely connected in his daily occupation. He is quite alive to the importance of other things. The ordinary man who reads his daily paper is perfectly ready to admit that there are other professions besides his own, and burning questions of vital importance to be found in each of them. One has only to look at the newspapers themselves to see how every phase of daily life becomes a matter of public discussion, and whether it be education, or religion, or the eternal struggle of capital *v.* labour, the arts, sciences, ethics, economics, or any other form of human activity whatever—except the one in question—the whole nation looks on with

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interest, and the mental atmosphere is charged with life and progress. And if we look closer we shall see that those subjects which have a wider application and affect a greater number of interests are naturally the subjects which attract most attention. Take Education and Free Trade. There is hardly one department of human enterprise whose interests are not vitally concerned in one or other of these problems, and it follows, as the inevitable result of the immense importance that is attached to them, that they now occupy the two most prominent positions on the programme of modern practical life. And it is when we thoroughly realise the significance of this, viz., that the attention bestowed on a subject varies directly as the influence it is supposed to exert over the needs of real practical life, that we begin to understand why the ordinary Englishman is apathetic on questions of a military nature. The reason must be that he does not think they are of importance to him; in other words, that he is not likely ever to be vitally concerned with them. His unconscious verdict on all subjects in which he takes an interest as concerning his welfare is, "It does matter"; on military questions it is, "It does not really matter, it is visionary; the other things on which our real every-day life depends are the only things which do matter."

Such is the attitude of Englishmen as a nation, but before we proceed to complete the inquiry as to how it has come to pass that they have allowed themselves to get into this extraordinary frame of mind, we shall see that we have a complete explanation of the inefficiency of the War Office and the army generally. We marvelled just now that the disgraceful spectacle of a public office neglecting its duties, and absolutely refusing to march with the times, should be tolerated, and we asked why it was that the public allowed it to go on. Expressed in two words the explanation is, we now see, that the public "don't care." It is perfectly easy to see that, if the bulk of the nation do not take any interest in a subject of such magnitude as the efficiency of the army, there is very little inducement on the part of the army to make itself efficient. If the mass of the nation feel that soldiering is only a game; if they are content to see the fool of the family go into the army simply because he is not fit for anything else; if they continue to rate the services of the officer so low that no man without ample means of his own would go into the army if he could get anything else to do that was more remunerative; if, in short, they regard the whole question as one that does not really matter, that is not of vital importance, and is not to be mentioned in the same breath as education, socialism, and commerce, which they conceive to be the essence of *life*—then it is small blame to the actors in the farce if this spirit of apathy settle upon them also. After all, soldiers live in the world just as much as their civilian brethren, and if the whole nation refuses to take

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them seriously how can we expect them to take themselves seriously? Once admit that the attention of the public is not fixed on a department responsible only to themselves, and immediately a process of degeneration will begin. While a demand for efficiency exists a supply will be naturally created to meet it; as soon as the demand ceases the supply will be checked, or will be turned into other and more profitable channels.

It now remains to complete the chain of cause and effect by discovering, if we can, the ultimate cause of the apathy of the people. We have seen that that apathy is directly responsible for the inefficiency of the army, and it is not improbable that if we follow up the same line of investigation we shall arrive ultimately at the origin of the evil. Starting, then, with the fact itself that the British people are apathetic with regard to National Defence policy, we are confronted with what is apparently a suspension of one of the strongest—if not actually the strongest—and most fundamental laws of instinct throughout the whole range of the animal kingdom, viz., the law of self-preservation. It is evidently absurd to assert that a nation which has won its way to the very foremost place in the ranks of civilisation should not continue to be moved by the same instincts which served it so well in the past. An inspection in detail of the Englishman at home further confirms this view. We have already pointed out how concentrated his attention is on those things which he readily realises are of importance in the struggle for existence, and it is quite impossible to believe that a phase of life so comprehensive as to embrace all the various enterprises which he finds so absorbing, namely, the material independent existence of the State, under the ægis of which he works, can fail to impress him with its intrinsic importance. It is incredible that he should contemplate with equanimity the destruction of his treasure-house, when we see the sacrifices he is prepared to make every day for the sake of the treasures themselves. This apparent inconsistency admits of but one explanation—he must think that his house is already safe. That is to say, the British public must have in their breasts a conviction, of which they may or may not be conscious, that they are in a position of absolute security. It is the primary object of the modern military reformer to show that this conviction is not based on fact; but we are here only concerned with the causes which have led up to its tacit acceptance, and are now preventing its challenge in the light of open criticism. As in the case of the War Office and the nation we saw that the absence of popular interest was the direct reason of the degeneration of the army, so now we see equally clearly that the absence of any appearance of danger from our neighbours has caused the vigilance, which is natural to all nations, to be lulled to sleep. It is one of the inexorable laws of nature that a necessity for anything will tend to

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create a supply, and, conversely, that as soon as the need for the new quality or organ has ceased to exist, a process of atrophy and extinction will set in. The spontaneous creation of the Volunteer force in 1859 was the last example of the British nation rising to the occasion. A danger was supposed to be threatening the nation, nature behaved as she always does in similar cases—she invented a means of repelling the danger. Ever since that day the other process has been at work, practically uninterruptedly, for the effect of the South African War has been, as we have already said, merely of a temporary nature, and is even now rapidly passing off.

The feeling of security that has pervaded us for the last forty years has received additional support from an exaggerated view of the efficacy of the navy held by the so-called "blue-water" school. The cult of this particular school is that, England being an island, she can only be attacked from the sea, and that if we have a reliable navy this can be rendered an absolute impossibility. This theory, very attractive in itself, when taken in conjunction with the yearly optimistic statements of Secretaries for War, has proved a most powerful soporific, and, just as *l'appétit vient en mangeant*, so slumber will sink into sleep. Moreover, the stimulus that has been given to trade by the opening up of new countries, the ever increasing competition, and the desire for luxuries and the money to buy them with, in short, the commercial spirit of the nation—the spirit which once earned us the name of "shop-keepers"—has become too assertive to allow any other voice to be heard. One excuse, though a feeble one, may be made for the shop-keepers. The result of their labours is always before their eyes, their gains are tangible and real, and although they may give heed to the voice of the prophet, yet the immediate allurements of the market-place, fascinating and all-sufficient, cause them speedily to forget him. If we want an example of the other way in which the same law works, creating a supply to meet a demand, we have only to look at Germany. Ever since the war with France, in which Germany achieved a triumph infinitely greater than our own in the Crimea, she has not ceased to perfect her defences. So far from her success in 1871 having lulled her to sleep it seems to have shown her where her own weaknesses lay, and to have stimulated her to increased activity. But the energy from day to day is not the result of past experiences only—it comes from a feeling of ever present (and future) needs. Germany knows that she is actually now surrounded by enemies, and she spares no pains to guard herself against them. We too have a sword of Damocles hanging over our heads, but how differently do we respect it. Germany feels that, whatever the sword is suspended by, it *may* be a thread; England acts as if she were quite certain it was a steel rope.

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We have now traced back to its source the trouble that has given rise to the modern demand for reform, and it cannot fail to make the most light-hearted man pause and reflect. As he realises the character of the disease from which the country is suffering, and perceives it to be the working of the oldest law in nature, he may well wonder if a remedy will ever be found. He will perhaps ask whether any remedy has been tried, and he will naturally expect to find that those who are at the head of the nation have at least done their best to rouse the dormant public to a sense of their shortcomings. That is to say, he will ask: What has the Government done? What are they doing now to stay the evil that they see coming upon those for whose welfare they are responsible? The answer is a melancholy one—Nothing. It was pointed out at an earlier stage that the root of most opposition in bad faith was an excess of selfishness, and to selfishness and nothing else the attitude of the Government at the present time must be attributed. Now, perhaps, the most striking feature in the system of political ethics, as developed up till now in civilised Christian countries, is the prominent position in the list of virtues accorded to self-sacrifice for the sake of others. Up till the present it has not been considered obligatory that an entire nation should put itself to any inconvenience for the sake of the rest of the world, but as between the component parts of the nation itself the doctrine is held to apply with the utmost rigour. Whether at some future date (perhaps sooner than we think) it will be extended so as to comprise the whole comity of nations is a question of the greatest interest to the evolutionist, but it is certain that no progress can be made towards this consummation until the doctrine is accepted in its entirety as the established faith of each individual race. And those men whose duty it is to do their utmost by example as well as by precept to establish the official creed are the men who compose the "Government" of the day. When they accept office they also accept grave responsibilities. Their power is unlimited, and in the minds of honourable men power and responsibility should be synonymous terms. Their single duty should be to do what they consider best for the nation. Can their warmest friends declare that the present Government are acting up to these principles? They *must* know that the condition of our defences is unsatisfactory, and they *must* know that the prime cause is the apathy of the public. Then their duty is clear, they should remove the prime cause by educating the public up to the truth.

The answer to this is, of course, that any proposal of reform on a large scale would be unpopular. As a straw shows which way the wind blows, the remarks of the gentleman (one of the few members of Parliament who spoke) that we have already quoted, will give us an indication of the line the Government are prepared to take. One

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can imagine the plausible arguments with which a member would tickle the ears of his audience. "We accept our position on the clear understanding that we carry out the sovereign will of the people. The people are not in favour of this proposal. The time is not yet ripe," &c. &c. Such talk is mere rubbish, dust flung into the eyes of the people to conceal the real issues. Of course the people are not in favour of a drastic measure of reform. They never have been in favour of reform when first it was presented to them. The duty of the Government is to *make* them in favour of it. Every Cabinet Minister knows in his own heart that he has infinitely more knowledge of what is for the good of the "people" than the bulk of those whose votes have put him in office; and if he and his colleagues are squeamish about carrying through by sheer force a great measure, which they feel to be necessary, in the face of the opposition of the people, then their obvious duty is to use all their influence in trying to persuade the people, even though it threaten their own existence. In 1900 the return of the Tory Government to power was more important than anything else in the whole domain of politics. The circumstances of the case were peculiar, and the supreme good of the country was intimately connected with the fortunes of one particular party of men. Since May 31, 1902, this one-sided attachment has been dissolved. To-day the supreme good of the nation is not bound up with one particular set, and their unpopularity and even downfall is a matter of comparative insignificance. And so we are driven to the conclusion that the only explanation of the attitude of the Government towards the public apathy on the question of National Defence—a question which transcends all others in national importance—is their dread of the hasty disapproval of the voter. In other words, they put their own welfare first, and the good of the State second.

If it were not for the extreme gravity of the situation one might almost smile to see how blind the Government are even to their own interests. They will never have such a good opportunity again for making a beginning of the process of instruction. They have, legally, five years more of power to run, and the attention of the public is every day being drawn further from the subject and back into the old grooves. If they let the chance slip much further away they will wake up one morning to find that the Radicals have appropriated the idea, and are going to take the wind out of their sails. It does not matter that National Defence is not now a cry of the popular party—it can very easily be made one. Any scheme for breaking down class differences will appeal to the imagination of this party, and the prospect of seeing "duke's son, cook's son, son of a belted earl" lumped together and serving in the ranks for the common good will be well-nigh irresistible. The writer knows too well that the party-system is inseparable from our English politics;

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but he feels that, when the national existence is at stake, the needs of the country are of more importance than the needs of a party, and he therefore appeals to all ranks of public men, irrespective of their politics, to show a readiness to take up the burden which the Government fear to raise. Let them educate the people up to what they know to be the truth, and the apathy and opposition will disappear. A ruler is put in power to rule, not to be the mere agent of the ruled. Let our English rulers then—and those as well who hope to be rulers some day—do their duty, not "with eye-service as men-pleasers," but with singleness of heart, and let them see to it *ne quid detrimenti respublica capiat.*

ENGLISHMAN.

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THE "TRENT" AFFAIR.

A REJOINDER.

IT is to be regretted that in his criticism—"The *Trent* Affair," WESTMINSTER REVIEW, December 1902—of my article which appeared in the November issue of the same magazine, Mr. Archibald Constable has failed to observe the impartiality he so much desiderates in the discussion of this critical incident.

To begin with, it would have been only fair to state, concerning the apocryphal Seward-Newcastle story, that Mr. Seward, in reply to the Hon. Thurlow Weed (who wrote to him from London at the first intimation of the canard), declared "that the story was so extremely absurd that to give it sufficient notice to deny it would be almost a sacrifice of personal dignity on his part." Such statement is surely entitled to as much respect as Mr. Chamberlain's declaration that the Foreign Office was in absolute ignorance of the intended "Jameson Raid." Yet Mr. Constable repeats the story without any reference to Mr. Seward's disclaimer, and in spite of the fact that no reputable historian of to-day endorses the idle tale, which rests on as shadowy evidence as the famous hatchet and cherry-tree myth of Washington's boyhood.

The confidential "State Paper" submitted to the President by Secretary Seward on April 1, 1861, also comes in for considerable adverse criticism at the hands of Mr. Constable. In judging this document, however, it would only be impartial to make reference to the "offensive and unprovoked *threat*[1] from the British Minister of Foreign Affairs," issued the month before Mr. Seward had become Secretary of State—indeed, even before President Lincoln had been inaugurated, and at a time when the relations of the two Governments were presumably of the most cordial nature. The avowed hostility of England to the North from the first, and the unfriendly haste shown by England in according belligerent rights to the seceding States, were hardly calculated to reassure any American Secretary of State of England's affection and goodwill.

In regard to the first of these points an able and unbiassed English historian has said:

"Until the years of the American Civil War no man knew how large an amount of inveterate Toryism still lingered in the very heart of English

[1] Despatch from Earl Russell to Lord Lyons, February 20, 1861.

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society. The bitter animosity towards the North—the frantic eagerness with which the Southern States were cheered in their efforts to establish a Government avowedly based on the corner-stone of human bondage—have never been surpassed, and perhaps never equalled, in the manifestations of political emotion. . . . The aristocracy, with very few exceptions, and the middle class, save in a small minority, took the most decided stand against the United States." [1]

As regards the premature recognition of the seceding States, Mr. Justin McCarthy is warranted in characterising it "as an act of unseemly and even indecent haste, as evidence of an overstrained anxiety to assist and encourage the Southern rebels." [2] That the neutrality proclamation should have been issued on the very day the American Minister (Mr. Adams) landed at Liverpool, despite the official assurance from Lord Lyons that no such step would be taken prior to his arrival, was an act certainly which seemed "designed to give the greatest possible offence to the United States." One is compelled to agree with Professor Harris that "In the opinion of every unprejudiced mind it must ever be classed with the long catalogue of unjust acts and intentional wrongs for which England has been noted in her relations with weaker nations or with stronger countries in distress." [3]

While Captain Wilkes acted on his own authority, and his conduct was subsequently disavowed by his Government as being in antagonism with the attitude consistently held by the United States from its inception, it is rather amusing to contemplate the virtuous indignation manifested in England over the "outrage," in view of the latter country's record touching similar occurrences.

> "Take nary man? Fine preachin' from *her* lips!
> Why, she hez taken hundreds from our ships,
> An' would agin, an' swear she had a right to,
> Ef we warn't strong enough to be perlite to." [4]

If not wholly estopped on this account from protesting, still a little more indulgence might have been shown by England towards an American officer who was only following closely the line of action adopted by England for centuries. Since the attitude taken in regard to the *Trent* affair England has been compelled to abandon entirely her former standpoint on the question of the right of search. This was rather forcibly brought home to the British mind recently in the case of the *Bundesrath* and certain other foreign vessels. Yet these cases were settled without bluster or war talk, or the despatch of ultimatums.

The fact that in many quarters, even official, Captain Wilkes should have been so warmly supported in his error of judgment

[1] *The History of the United States.* By Edmund Ollier. Vol. iii. p. 286.
[2] *The History of Our Own Times*, vol. ii. p. 193.
[3] *The "Trent" Affair*, p. 51.
[4] James Russell Lowell, in *The Biglow Papers.*

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ought not to seem strange to any Englishman, if he will but recall the treatment accorded on all sides in England—before, during and since their trial and conviction—to Dr. Jameson and his comrades.

The following passage from the English historian already quoted is a fair and comprehensive conclusion on the whole unfortunate incident:

"It was not until the general excitement had a little calmed down that people began to look into the law of the case, and to examine the precise application of international usages to the somewhat unique position of Messrs. Mason and Slidell. A full discussion of the matter brought out the fact that, however unjustifiable was the conduct of Captain Wilkes, *he might absolutely have done much more, and been strictly within his right.* It was declared *by the law officers of the Crown* that the conduct of the *San Jacinto* in seizing and carrying off the Southern Commissioners was illegal, but that *if they had seized the ship with all on board, and submitted her to an American prize court, they would have been completely justified.* From this point of view the act of the American officer appeared more an error of judgment, or a mistake in form, than a deliberate and intentional outrage. . . . If Captain Wilkes was in the wrong, so also was Captain Moir. The one officer should not have taken the Confederate agents from off a foreign ship; the other should not have had them on board. Captain Moir, moreover, committed a grave error in not producing his passenger-list on the demand of Lieutenant Fairfax. There was, in fact, so much blundering on both sides that it would have been tragical indeed had a war between kindred nations resulted from the incompetency and ignorance of two sea-captains, both conscientiously desirous of doing their duty to their Governments, and neither understanding in what way to do it."[1]

As in the case of the Venezuelan difficulty in 1895–96, so in the *Trent* affair also, only common sense and mutual forbearance were necessary to avert what otherwise would have been indeed a "tragical" conflict between the two nations.

ALAN P. GILMOUR.

[1] *The History of the United States.* By Edmund Ollier. Vol. iii. pp. 325, 326. The italics are mine.—A. P. G.

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CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

In spite of the remarkable specialisation which the study of scientific subjects has undergone in recent years, there has never been a time when the general public have taken a more intelligent interest in all departments of science. Not only do we find amateurs who are thoroughly conversant with the main facts of those branches of human knowledge which possess special interest for them, but many important discoveries have been made by men who were not provided with the best or most modern appliances. In astronomy especially has this been the case; the discovery of Nova Persei two years ago by Dr. Anderson is a recent instance. At first sight astronomy might appear to be one of the most difficult studies for an amateur; but it is not impossible, with the aid of an appropriate text-book, to obtain a very clear insight into the universe that surrounds us. An excellent work on *Popular Astronomy* has been published by Mr. T. Heath,[1] which gives a very clear account of the present state of knowledge of the heavenly bodies. The numerous illustrations are well executed, and, especially in the case of the constellations, are well adapted to convey to the student a clear idea of the relative positions of the heavenly bodies. The spectrum analysis of the sun and stars is clearly and concisely described, and should not be difficult to understand even by those who have had no previous training in the subject. On the whole we feel justified in strongly recommending the work to all who wish to improve their general knowledge.

It is to be hoped that Great Britain will before long abandon the isolated position which she now occupies in the commerce of the world, and, by adopting the decimal system, will place her merchants and manufacturers in a position of equality with their competitors. In the meantime our antiquated system of weights and measures entails a serious waste of time in schools and other educational establishments, and anything that can diminish that waste will be warmly welcomed. A practical little work by Mr. S. Jackson, which is well described by its title, *The Arithmetic of Commerce and Trade*,[2]

[1] *The Twentieth Century Atlas of Popular Astronomy.* By T. Heath. Edinburgh and London: W. & A. K. Johnston, Ltd. 1903.

[2] *The Arithmetic of Commerce and Trade.* By S. Jackson. London: Allman and Son, Ltd.

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gives many valuable hints to those engaged in commerce, and, as it includes many examples of metric calculations, it will prove useful to those trading with foreign countries. The examples throughout the book are based upon actual commercial transactions, and the student thus obtains an insight into many matters which are not usually taught in schools.

Another book on a special department of arithmetic is Mr. C. Burch's *Short Cuts and By-ways in Arithmetic.*[1] Here the author has collected and arranged all those methods of saving time in arithmetical calculations which are usually ignored in schools, and which are nevertheless of the greatest utility to those who have numerous computations to carry out. Many of the properties of numbers are extremely curious and still remain unexplained. Some of the magic squares, for instance, to which the author devotes a chapter, are difficult to explain, and from time immemorial have afforded amusement to mathematicians. We can cordially recommend this work to all interested in numbers and their properties.

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

MM. PAUL JANET and Gabriel Séailles have hit upon a new and instructive idea in their method of treating the history of philosophy in compartments. *A History of the Problems of Philosophy* [2] is unlike any other that we are acquainted with, for instead of tracing the development of philosophy as a whole, or even biographically, they have treated each "problem" separately and followed the course of its unfolding from the earliest time to the present. So that, in the case of each subject presented the same chronological order is followed, and the same philosophers referred to or quoted, in the same sequence. We cannot say that the form is the best that could have been chosen; but, as a supplement to standard histories of philosophy, it has some utility. A certain amount of freshness is given to the subjects by the considerable place given to French thinkers, who are too often ignored owing to the undue preference for all recent philosophy that comes from Germany. The authors quoted also include some who are living, but are not widely known in this country. To give our readers some idea of the form of the work it is only necessary to say it is in four parts:—1. Psychology,

[1] *Short Cuts and By-ways in Arithmetic.* By C. Burch. London, Glasgow, and Dublin: Blackie & Son, Ltd. 1903.

[2] *A History of the Problems of Philosophy.* By Paul Janet and Gabriel Séailles. Translated by Ada Monahan. Edited by Henry Jones, LL.D. 2 vols. London and New York: Macmillan. 1902.

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which occupies the whole of the first volume. 2. Ethics. 3. Metaphysics. 4. Theodicy. These are again subdivided, and as in each division we are led over the whole ground from the earliest Greek thinkers to the present time, the treatment is not very profound, and the references are unavoidably brief. Professor Henry Jones contributes an excellent introduction, in which he does not hesitate to point out some of the defects of the work as well as its advantages, and it is well rendered into English by Miss Ada Monahan. In spite of what we have said, the book is extremely interesting reading, and forms a useful guide to the opinions of philosophers on the most important problems, and should lead to wider study of the subjects discussed.

Rumour, rather than criticism, has exaggerated the eccentricities of Frederick Nietzsche, in whose *Dawn of Day*,[1] we confess to find nothing that startles or offends us. But we can easily imagine that people of conventional and orthodox ways of thinking might be both startled and offended; but the fault is theirs, and not that of the philosopher. We can easily imagine also that the Germans would be especially offended with him for the scant respect he shows for their great and much be-praised writers, and the contempt he has for their love of submission to constituted authority either in morals or affairs. Nevertheless, he is not so original as he appears to think himself, as most of his opinions seem to come naturally to a freethinker; but he sees clearly, and expresses himself with lucidity, and even with charm. His irony is often, we might say, generally keen and just, and it is not too abundant. The form in which Nietzsche writes is the most convenient for one who wishes to express himself with absolute freedom from restraint, as was the manner of the French writers of Reflections in the eighteenth century, and to some extent of the English essayists of the same period. He writes in paragraphs, between one and another of which there generally appears to be no connection; though some of the paragraphs run to the length of short essays, while others only occupy a few lines; and often much truth is contained in a single sentence. The best example of the essay style is, perhaps, a paragraph which runs to nearly five pages on St. Paul as "The First Christian." We have never met a finer analysis of St. Paul's character and the source and power of his influence; it is not altogether new, but it is put in a new light and finely executed. "The fact that the vessel of Christianity has thrown a good deal of the Jewish ballast overboard, that it went and was able to go among the heathens, —all this is bound up with the history of this one man, a man greatly tormented, greatly to be pitied, and very disagreeable both to others and to himself." . . . "This was the first Christian,

[1] *The Dawn of Day.* By Friedrich Nietzsche. Translated by Johanna Volz. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1903.

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the inventor of Christianity." Again, in paragraph 70, Nietzsche says, "The Christian Church is a cyclopædia of prehistoric cults and views of the most diversified origin, and consequently most fitted for missionary work"—a sentence which contains the pith of a great many volumes of modern criticism. Some of the isolated reflections of a less serious nature are very telling—"We ought to do away with beggars, for we are sorry both when we relieve them and when we do not relieve them." How true this is every one who has ever acted upon a "relief committee" knows full well. But to appreciate fully the originality, intellect and invigorating influence of such a book as this, the only way is to read it.

It is more than fifty years ago since Edward N. Dennys wrote a book which attracted considerable attention, but which we should have thought was now forgotten, had we not received a copy of the sixth edition. The title prepares one to expect something eccentric, as we generally find peculiar and large-promising titles are an introduction to absurdities or irrational attempts at an explanation of all things in heaven and on earth. *The Alpha*[1] certainly promises us great things, as the sub-title indicates: "First Mental Principle and Truth-guide to general well-being and progress—a revelation, but no mystery." However, in spite of this forbidding claim, *The Alpha* is, on the whole, quite rational, and contains much that is healthy and suggestive. It is no discredit to the writer to say that he appears to be indebted to Plato and Aristotle, to Descartes and Emerson, and other great writers of various schools. The key to the author's principle is given in the quotation from Shakespeare on the title page: "There is no darkness but ignorance." The development of the intellect and the acquisition of knowledge—or truth—is the only way to salvation. And this is Mr. Dennys' way of solving the social problem: "All I can say is that mankind have the exchange in their power. And if the degraded masses who toil, and grumble at their condition, or starve, and impotently curse the supposed authors of their misery, will not take the trouble to awaken their intellect, and rely upon it, they must toil on and grumble, starve on and impotently curse, and transmit the same dark patrimony to their children." The man who could pen so wise a sentence as that may be pardoned a few eccentricities. The style of the book will probably seem antiquated to the present generation; it is partly in the form of biography, imaginary so far as externals go, but probably representing some mental experience of the author's; but the most part is in dialogue form, in which few philosophical writers succeed. The reader, amongst much that is fanciful, will find a good deal of practical wisdom.

[1] *The Alpha.* By Edward N. Dennys. Sixth edition. London and Oxford: Williams & Norgate.

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The object of Colonel Conder in the *First Bible*[1] is not quite clear beyond the fact that he contends that the contents of the Hebrew Bible were first inscribed on clay tablets and in the cuneiform script. This is a matter for archæological evidence, but so far it is a matter of speculation, and cannot be accepted as demonstrated. But a further object of the writer appears to be to prove the antiquity and accuracy of the Old Testament in all particulars; even, so far as we can gather, to the traditional date of the creation of the world, 4000 years or so B.C. He contends, in opposition to the best Assyriologists and Egyptologists, that there is no trace of Oriental civilisations which carry us back further than 3000 B.C.

SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, AND JURISPRUDENCE.

MR. SAMUEL COWAN, the author of *The Gowrie Conspiracy and its Official Narrative*,[2] has already given us *Mary, Queen of Scots*, and *Who Wrote the Casket Letters?* and is thus peculiarly qualified for the task of investigating this singular incident of the seventeenth century. Some of the papers relating to this conspiracy have already been privately published by the Perth Literary and Antiquarian Society, but these, together with other additional material, are placed before the public for the first time. In our opinion, Mr. Cowan fully establishes his case against James I. The evidence is almost entirely circumstantial, but, none the less, no one reading James's own official report of the occurrence and the evidence collected by Mr. Cowan, together with his own criticisms, can fail to be struck with the overwhelming force of the indictment he makes against the king. We have not space to deal with all this evidence, but we may point out that James's own explanations, contained in his official report, entirely failed to satisfy his contemporaries, who were evidently convinced that, so far from the king being the victim of a plot, he was the instigator of the whole affair; and that instead of it being a plot to assassinate the king, James was himself the assassin of the two unfortunate Ruthvens. As Mr. Cowan clearly shows, James's narrative entirely breaks down upon critical examination. It utterly fails to show any attempt by the Ruthvens upon his life, or any conspiracy between any of the parties accused for that purpose. The alleged plot is too silly for words. Neither is any sufficient motive shown. Gowrie, it is true, was in the line of

[1] *The First Bible.* By Colonel C. R. Conder, LL.D., M.R.A.S., R.E. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. 1902.

[2] *The Gowrie Conspiracy and its Official Narrative.* By Samuel Cowan, J.P. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Ltd. 1902.

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succession to the English throne, but he had never shown any inclination to avail himself of his rights, and, from what is known of his character, he was quite unlikely to have put himself in competition with James. On the other hand, James had, for a man of his jealous temperament, an overpowering motive to get rid of Gowrie. Apart altogether from Gowrie's great wealth—a strong attraction for the needy James and his unscrupulous courtiers—Gowrie was a greater favourite with the people than James, and whenever Gowrie was present at any great function James had to be content with second place. As we have said, after a careful perusal of Mr. Cowan's clear and able handling of the evidence, we have not the slightest hesitation in denouncing James as the murderer of Gowrie and his brother Alexander Ruthven, and there is nothing anomalous in such conduct. This is the monarch who personally interfered in the infamous nullity suit brought by the Countess of Essex against her boy husband, the Earl, in order that she might marry Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, the first favourite of James and murderer of Sir Thomas Overbury. This is the monarch who condemned Sir Walter Raleigh. This is a monarch who, whilst making the greatest show of religion, followed a life of sexual depravity the most vicious and degraded that it is possible to conceive. In all his dominions there was no greater scoundrel or first-class blackguard than James I. Bad as the Stuarts were, he was the worst of a worthless line.

Mr. Alexander Colin Campbell has opened up an entirely new field in the study of sociology by his *Insurance and Crime: A Consideration of the Effects upon Society of the Abuses of Insurance, together with certain Historical Instances of such Abuses.*[1] In illustrating his subject, Mr. Campbell has confined himself to English-speaking countries. Insurance is peculiarly an Anglo-Saxon institution, and as Mr. Campbell truly says, "the devilry attending insurance among people of our language has been as varied, as shocking, and as demoralising as anything of the kind that is likely to be known among others." Mr. Campbell's object in writing this book has not been to decry insurance, but to call attention to the undoubted evils which attend all forms of insurance. He is the first to recognise its beneficial effects in promoting thrift and forethought for others. "One can hardly study the nature and history of insurance," he says, "without seeing that it is an invaluable element in social life." His treatment is distructive rather than constructive. His main object is to attract public attention, without which nothing can be done to introduce changes in the law which shall prevent the recurrence of the abuses of the past and

[1] *Insurance and Crime: A Consideration of the Effects upon Society of the Abuses of Insurance, together with certain Historical Instances of such Abuses.* By Alexander Colin Campbell. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, The Knickerbocker Press. 1902.

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correct the abuses of the present. In the law of child-insurance much has already been done to stop the ghoulish practices of unnatural parents and baby farmers, but much yet remains to be done. Insurance touts are still allowed to go amongst the dwellers in the slums whose parental instincts are of the faintest, and tempt them to insure their children's lives in order to gain sufficient for them to live in chronic drunkenness for a few months. Mr. Campbell is especially down upon the prevailing system of agents canvassing on commission. Business conducted upon such a system is obviously, as he says, based upon a wrong principle. It is the agent's interest to get as much business as possible, regardless of whether it is good business or bad. Much of the remedy lies in the hands of the people themselves. Mr. Campbell has appealed to the public sense of right and wrong rather than to the legislature. He looks for a minimum of good only from legislation and a maximum of good from the direct force of public opinion. This is true of all progressive advance, especially in criminal matters. The public morality of one generation become the law of the subsequent one. Before you can legislate with success you must have the force of public opinion behind your legislation, otherwise, however wise the latter may be, it will be largely ineffective. In this work Mr. Campbell has covered the ground generally, leaving the details to be filled in by subsequent investigations. But he has sufficiently illustrated his main lines, and although this is a serious work, his illustrations are so graphically drawn that no work of fiction could be more exciting. Mr. Campbell is to be warmly congratulated for having produced a work of real value to students of sociology, as well as a readable book which will appeal to that general public he seeks to attract.

The latest edition—the fifth—of Taswell-Langmead's standard text-book, *English Constitutional History*,[1] is edited by Mr. Philip A. Ashworth. The two previous editions were edited by the late Mr. C. E. H. Carmichael, who contributed numerous historical foot-notes; together with an appendix. Many of these notes, in the present editor's view, hardly come within the narrower limits of constitutional history, and accordingly those of a more purely historical character have been eliminated. The appendix has been omitted altogether, whether wisely or not we have considerable doubt. The original text has not been touched, but Mr. Ashworth has brought the last chapter up to date. The present editor has laid recent writers, such as Professor Von Gneist, Mr. Hannis Taylor, Mr. L. O. Pike, and others under contribution, and has incorporated fresh matter derived from the works of those authors in his foot-notes. We are surprised, however, to find no reference to Mr. Round,

[1] *English Constitutional History from the Teutonic Conquest to the Present Time.* By Thomas Pitt Taswell-Langmead, B.C.L., Oxon. Fifth Edition. Revised throughout with Notes by Philip A. Ashworth, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1896.

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whose recent researches have done so much to clear up controverted points in our constitutional history. The book is in a handier form than formerly, but owing to the smaller type a greater body of matter has been rendered possible. The editor has taken full advantage of his opportunities, and the present edition on the whole compares favourably with the earlier ones. For all students it still remains indispensable.

Mr. T. Baty's *International Law in South Africa*[1] was an opportune contribution to some of the burning questions of the day, and although some have now been settled, we hope, for ever, by the stern arbitrament of the sword, others still remain open to discussion. Chapter I. deals with "Contraband for Neutral Ports," in which Mr. Baty pleads for the maintenance of the rights of neutrals against the forward school of international lawyers which is anxious to discourage neutrality and force neutrals, if possible, to take sides in the hope that they will side with the right. The question of suzerainty is now purely historical, but the questions of "The Passage of Troops over Neutral Territory," "The Conduct of Warfare," "Limited Companies in the War," are still matters of present interest, and upon all those Mr. Baty writes with suggestiveness and freedom from party bias.

Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Education*[2] has so long held its place as one of the most important contributions to the study of the education of children that to attempt to criticise it would be a work of supererogation. The first cheap edition at 2*s.* 6*d.* has reached its forty-first thousand, and now we have a sixpenny edition which brings it within the reach of the humblest reader. This reprint is issued by the express consent of Mr. Spencer under the auspices of the Rationalist Press Association.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

The Private Soldier under Washington,[3] by Charles Knowles Bolton, throws many vivid side-lights on the American Revolution. Training in arms had been customary with the Colonists from the days of Myles Standish and Simon Willard. So thoroughly had the work of army organisation gone on during 1773, 1774, and the spring of 1775, that an appeal for men when the siege of Boston began was immediately

[1] *International Law in South Africa.* By T. Baty, B.C.L. Oxon. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1900.
[2] *Education: Intellectual, Moral, and Physical.* By Herbert Spencer. London: Watts & Co. 1903.
[3] *The Private Soldier under Washington.* By Charles Knowles Bolton. London: George Newnes.

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successful. The British army found their Indian allies unmanageable: they demanded permission to pillage and torture as their reward for service. "A bounty on scalps of hostile Indians was the prize toward which a frontier 'centinel' looked to augment his income. As an instance among many the vote of the New Hampshire House of Representatives, May 7, 1776, may be given. "The tariff was fixed at seventy pounds for the scalp of each male Indian over twelve. . . . and of thirty-seven pounds and ten shillings for scalps of women and of *children under twelve years of age.*" Mr. C. K. Bolton has written with scrupulous fairness of the struggle, in which his own sympathies are naturally on the side of his countrymen. The format is excellent, and the illustrations are both good and numerous.

In *Umberto I. di Savoja*,[1] by Giuseppe Graziano, we have not only an historico-biographical sketch of the late King of Italy, but also a chronology of the principal events of his life; a list of his donations to charitable and public works (representing about £600,000); excerpts from his letters, speeches, &c.; description of the medals struck during his reign; and a comprehensive bibliography relating to him. This handsome book (dedicated to Queen Margherita, "the Jewel of Savoy") is written in a tone of perfervid admiration which falls little short of idolatry. Humbert I. held a lofty conception of the duties of his station; he was fearless of danger, and had a heart tenderly responsive to the cry of suffering: in short, he possessed in a marked degree most of the virtues, with some of the failings, of his race. Signor Graziano's work is admirable as an *éloge;* but history cannot be written on the lines of popular hagiography.

One very pleasing feature about *Lectures on the History of the Nineteenth Century, delivered at the Cambridge University Extension Summer Meeting, August* 1902,[2] is that five out of the seventeen subjects here treated were dealt with by foreigners of acknowledged European distinction: *Bismarck* and *The Transformation of Germany by Prussia,* by Professor Eric Marcks; *Austria and Hungary in the Nineteenth Century,* by Dr. Emil Reich; *The Reforming Work of the Tzar Alexander II.,* and *The Meaning of Present Russian Development,* by Dr. Paul Vinogradoff. *The Two Statesmen of the Third Republic,* by Professor Paul Mantoux, are Thiers and Gambetta, whose respective idiosyncrasies are fairly sketched with an impressionist brush. "Both of them were Southerners, with the Southern talent of easy and fluent speech: but Nature, which had given to Thiers a short figure and a thin silvery voice, had endowed Gambetta with powerful shoulders, dark hair, and a beard which he used to shake like a lion's mane, a voice that rolled like thunder, and could express the

[1] *Umberto I. di Savoja.* By Giuseppe Graziano. Torino: Libreria S. Lattes & Co.

[2] *Lectures on the History of the Nineteenth Century, delivered at the Cambridge University Extension Summer Meeting, August 1902.* Edited by F. A. Kirkpatrick, M.A. Cambridge; University Press.

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strongest emotion, scorn, or anger. He was, much more than Thiers, the type of the orator: oratory was his very life; his enemies malignantly hinted that when he was not speaking he was not thinking either. Thiers's manners and style of life were those of a well-to-do old *bourgeois*. Gambetta led rather an artist's life, and was a slave to his wild passions, as was another great orator whom he resembled in many ways, Mirabeau." M. Paul Mantoux's *France as the Land of the Revolution* is, first, a polemic against Mr. Bodley's pitiless dissection of the Republican motto: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity; secondly, against the sentiment, not wholly British, that:

> "The English have a scornful insular way
> Of calling the French light,"

whereas, France is a country of idealists endowed with relentless logic, or, to quote again from *Aurora Leigh*:

> "All, idealists
> Even too absolute and earnest, with them all
> The idea of a knife cuts real flesh."

The Arabic Professor at Oxford contributes a learned treatise on Pan-Islamism. The whole constitutes an informative work which no serious politician or student of modern history can afford to ignore.

Since 1837, when Thomas Carlyle's magnificent prose epic, *The French Revolution*,[1] saw the light, many fresh sources of information have been discovered. The wonder is that, when we bear in mind how comparatively scanty were the materials at his command, so great a part of his narrative will stand the test of modern investigation. Sins of omission and commission certainly abound. It has been the task of Mr. John Holland Rose to supply what was lacking on the one hand, and to correct inaccuracies on the other, by means of bracketed foot-notes designed to point the student to new but generally accessible sources of information. Carlyle's text is everywhere reproduced *verbatim*, together with his notes. There was need of a new edition of this English classic, and the execution of it could not have been entrusted to a more competent hand. The work is profusely illustrated.

Henry Grattan,[2] by Mr. Percy M. Roxby, is an essay which won the Gladstone Prize, on a highly important period of Irish history which gave rise to the great Irish problems of the nineteenth century. The noble story of a great patriot's life is told impartially, without any political bias. "It was not a life without

[1] *The French Revolution: a History by Thomas Carlyle.* With Introduction, Notes, and Appendices by John Holland Rose, M.A. 3 vols. London: George Bell & Sons. 1902.

[2] *Henry Grattan.* By Percy M. Roxby. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1902.

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blemishes or without mistakes. . . . The chief defects of Grattan were a proneness to precipitation in act and word, and a tendency to believe that the ideal is the real. They cannot detract from a patriotism as pure and disinterested as ever man possessed."

THE DRAMA.

THERE is an old Servian folk-song, given by Talvi in a German version, which tells how Maximus, on discovering himself to be hideously disfigured by small-pox, strips himself of his princely dignity in favour of Milosch, the Moldavian vaivode, in order that the latter may marry the daughter of a Doge of Venice. *San Marcos Tochter*,[1] by A. Fitger, is suggested by the above legend, but, in the tragedy, Maximus makes the great renunciation in favour of his twin-brother Maximinus. But on seeing Lavinia, daughter of the Doge Urano, Maximus declares to her his passion; the brothers are only saved from crossing swords with one another by the timely appearance of their widowed mother, the Empress Irene. Maximus lies sick unto death, and Lavinia, now in love with the brother of her betrothed, determines to save him at the cost of her life. Her nurse tells her that bathing in the blood of an unsullied maiden is a sovereign cure for the plague-stricken. She approaches Palæmon, the Court physician, by night, and discloses her purpose. Maximus hesitates, but, on seeing the ghastly preparations for the sacrifice, refuses to accept his life on such terms; a voice from the garden discloses to him the identity of Lavinia. She confesses to Maximinus all that has happened; he would resign his rank, but the oath he has taken proves an insuperable obstacle. The Doge arrives with tidings of a victory over the Turks; for State reasons the marriage must take place at once, though the agonised Irene knows that Maximus will not survive it. He dies, from the effects of a potion given to him by Palæmon, in the latter's arms whilst the wedding-bells peal forth. Such are the main outlines of a somewhat complex plot, in which the tragic elements gradually commingle and deepen until the strain becomes almost too intense to be borne. The incident of a virgin's sacrifice has, in modern poetry, been utilised by Longfellow in the *Golden Legend;* but in that poem the cure is effected by another agency. *San Marcos Tochter* is a fine, but not faultless, play, and one which could only be appreciated by an intelligent audience.

[1] *San Marcos Tochter: ein romantisches Trauerspiel.* Von A. Fitger. Oldenburg und Leipzig: Schulzesche Hof-Buchhandlung und Hof-Buchdruckerei.

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BELLES LETTRES.

THE text of Mr. T. R. Mills' edition of *Plato: Euthyphro and Menexenus*[1] is based on that of Schanz. In the preparation of the notes, which are terse and scholarly, the commentaries of Schanz and Mr. Adam on the *Euthyphro* and of Stallbaum on the *Menexenus* have been consulted. The introduction contains a careful analysis and description of both the dialogues.

Critics are agreed in regarding *The School for Saints* as the most brilliant novel that John Oliver Hobbes has as yet written. By the enterprise of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin a reprint of it can now be procured for sixpence.

The Humour of Druid's Island,[2] by Archibald McIlroy, makes delightful reading, and the Ulster dialect of these short stories should present no difficulty to those unfamiliar with the rural districts along the north-easterly coast of County Antrim, in which these stories, each one racy of the soil, are laid.

The double section of *The Oxford English Dictionary*, LIEF—LOCK, *sb.*,[3] for which Mr. Henry Bradley is responsible, contains 1600 main words, of which 1086 are current and fully English. The articles on the suffixes -like and -ling are both novel and important; -like, with the sense of "so as to resemble," "in or after the manner of," *e.g.*, *gentleman-like*, may now be regarded as archaistic, apparent examples in recent use being explicable as quasi-adverbial uses of the adjective, and are employed only to characterise the subject of the sentence. This suffix is now nearly always hyphened. -Ling, which, since the sixteenth century, has been freely employed as a pejorative suffix, expressed, in O.E., the general sense of "a person or thing belonging to or concerned with what is denoted by the primary substantive, as *hyrling*, 'hireling.' 'Darling' (O.E., déorling) is a derivative from an adjective, as, similarly, 'underling,' is from an adverb." "Lifer," *i.e.*, one sentenced to penal servitude for life, seems here raised to literary rank on the authority of Dickens and Miss Braddon.

In the Isles of the Sea,[4] by Frances Awdry, is a volume compiled for those interested in the mission-field of Melanesia—a chain of island groups following the trend of the Australian coast, though some 800 miles distant from it—which, in the days preceding

[1] *Plato: Euthyphro and Menexenus.* Edited by T. R. Mills, M.A. Oxon. London: W. R. Clive, University Tutorial Press.

[2] *The Humour of Druid's Island.* By Archibald McIlroy. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co; Belfast: W. Mullan & Son. 1902.

[3] *The Oxford English Dictionary.* LIEF—LOCK, *sb* (vol. vi.) By Henry Bradley. Oxford: The Clarendon Press.

[4] *In the Isles of the Sea: the Story of Fifty Years in Melanesia.* By Frances Awdry. London: Bemrose & Sons.

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School Boards, were vaguely referred to as "the Cannibal Islands." The early missionaries must have had a bad time, on the whole; if the natives were hostile, they were greeted with showers of arrows, sometimes poisoned; if friendly, they had to rub noses. "As they have awful-looking mouths, full of black teeth disfigured and distorted by chewing betél and other such disgusting habits, this probably was more agreeable to the mind than to the senses." Folk-lorists will be interested in the *Huqë*—secret societies of varying degrees of exclusiveness—to which "everybody who is anybody" must belong, and in which no member could eat with those of lower rank. To leave the *Huqë* one had to "eat his way down" the degrees—a long and disagreeable process imposed on Christian converts. Head-hunting, it seems, is still commonly practised throughout the Solomon Islands. The book is copiously illustrated.

Volume XXXI. of the Tenth Edition of Encyclopædia Britannica[1] opens with a brilliant essay by Mr. Frederick Greenwood, entitled "The Influence of Commerce on International Conflict." "He (*i.e.*, every intelligent Briton) may doubt whether the great 'world-movement,' continued from the nineteenth century into the twentieth is for trade for the sake of empire, or empire for the sake of trade; but he sees that in either case the upshot is that British commerce needs the sword of defence more and more . . . and we shall see that many things which were the luxuries of a well-remembered generation have now become absolute needs." "Philology" is handled in a somewhat popular style by Mr. P. Giles, his article being chiefly valuable for its bibliography —almost exclusively German—of the latest authorities on the subject. Sir E. Maunde Thompson is only allowed seven pages for "Palæography," whereas sixty-one are devoted to "Pathology," which subject is treated by about a dozen specialists. "Physiology" and "Palæobotany" are both lengthy articles. "Pawnbroking" and "Neutrality"—the latter by Mr. T. Barclay—are the chief legal topics here discussed. Biography is perhaps best represented by "Parnell," in which Mr. J. R. Thursfield evidently strives to do justice to a complex personality with which he is not in sympathy. In his short but wholly admirable notice of "Walter Pater," Mr. A. Waugh mentions that the latter's first essay (a brief one on Coleridge) was contributed, in 1866, to the WESTMINSTER REVIEW. Mr. A. W. Hutton lays stress on the sceptical nature of Newman's mind.

In the forewords to *What I saw in South Africa, September and October* 1902,[2] Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald says: "I should not have

[1] *Vol. XXXI.* (MOS—PRE) *of the Tenth Edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica.* London: *The Times*, Printing House Square.

[2] *What I saw in South Africa, September and October 1902.* By J. Ramsay Macdonald, L.C.C. London: *The Echo*, St. Bride Street, E.C.

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written this book had I not felt that our comfortable optimism and our evident desire to banish S. Africa from our minds are likely to lead to dire results. The war is ended, but the settlement has only begun, and the settlement has placed new responsibilities on our shoulders which necessitate greater watchfulness on S. African affairs than ever." This pamphlet is composed of odd letters contributed to the *Echo* and the *Leicester Pioneer*.

Ivresse d'Amour, or the Bliss of Love,[1] by G. Nikral, is the most eccentric book that we have come across for many a long day. Apart from its eccentricity—a dubious charm at best—this "literary variety entertainment," with its "programme" of eight parts (termed respectively overture, ballet, songs, living pictures, dramatic sketch, orchestral selection, ballet, tragic sketch) is as flat as it is pretentious and absurd.

Those who have read Mr. James M'Grigor Allan's *Wild Curate* will no doubt enjoy that author's latest study of clerical life, *Where Lies Her Charm?*[2] This is decidedly a strong novel, though marred by a certain carelessness in technique. The main interest centres about the scapegrace heir to a baronetcy—gambler, drunkard, and debauchee—who, by the connivance of a worldly bishop who had himself secretly married his deceased wife's sister, is ordained curate in order to qualify for a family living. Charming as the heroine is, she plays a comparatively minor part, and Clodde, it must be confessed, seems to us to be a wearisome prig.

The Slaves of the Padishah,[3] by Dr. Maurus Jókai, excellently translated by Mr. R. Nisbet Bain, forms a sequel to *Midst the Wild Carpathians*, the two tales forming together one great historical romance, which centres round Michael Apafi, his noble-hearted consort, and his Machiavellian Minister. "Jókai," writes his translator, "had no need to invent his episodes. . . . He found his facts duly recorded in contemporary chronicles, and he had no temptation to be unfaithful to them, because the ordinary humdrum incidents of everyday life in seventeenth century Transylvania outstrip the extravagances of the most unbridled imagination."

The eighteenth volume of *Palæstra* consists of a critical edition of *The Gentle Craft*,[4] by Dr. Alexis F. Lange, of the University of California. For five generations at least *The Gentle Craft* enjoyed considerable popularity. The first part was ready for printing by October 1597; the second part came out a year later. Their author, Thomas Deloney—nicknamed by Thomas Nash, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, "the balletting silke-weaver"—wrote exclusively

[1] *Ivresse d'Amour, or the Bliss of Love.* By G. Nikral. London: Henry J. Deane.
[2] *Where Lies Her Charm?* By James M'Grigor Allan. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1903.
[3] *The Slaves of the Padishah.* By Maurus Jókai. Translated from the sixth Hungarian edition by R. Nisbet Bain. London: Jarrold & Sons. 1903.
[4] *The Gentle Craft.* By Thomas Deloney. Edited by Alexis F. Lange, Ph.D. Berlin: Meyer X. Müller. 1903.

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for the lower middle-class during the fifteen years covered by his extant productions. His acquaintance with colloquial French lends colour to the presumption that he came of a family of Walloon or French refugees. That he read Latin, however he acquired the ability to do so, may be inferred from the fact that now and then he made use of material accessible only in Latin, *e.g.*, William of Malmesbury's *Chronicle*. To the student of the English drama *The Gentle Craft* possesses a special interest as the source of *The Shoemakers' Holiday* (1599), by Thomas Dekker, and of *A Shoemaker a Gentleman* (1608 ?), by William Rowley. Deloney's story-writing is essentially an outgrowth of his ballad-writing. From the standpoint of fiction his stories may be said to contain the germ of the historical novel; anyhow they are a prolific mine of folk-lore, acquired during his *Wanderjahre* from chapmen, beggars, and vagabonds of all sorts, whence he derived the picaresque element that pervades his prose. He became the literary spokesman of a class distinct from that for which the University-bred dramatists of the Elizabethan period catered.

Shakespeare's acquaintance with heraldry—the fashionable science of his age—is at least as uncontestable as his acquaintance with contemporary medicine and law; but whilst the subject of his pedigree has been investigated by Mr. G. F. French in *Shakespeareana Genealogica*, we cannot call to mind any English monograph on him as a herald. In *Heraldik in Diensten der Shakespeare-Forschung*,[1] Herr Alfred von Mauntz (writing especially for the instruction of his countrymen, who regard our national dramatist as the typical representative poet of the Germanic race) has published a series of studies on Shakespeare's pedigree and employment of heraldry which no student can afford to pass by. Very ingenious, if not wholly convincing, is the author's interpretation, by means of emblems, of *The Phœnix and Turtle* (divided by him into two separate poems, of which the second—termed the *Anthem*—begins with the sixth verse) and *Threnos*. The former thus becomes a defence, first of Marlowe's blank-verse and, secondly, of his prose and poetry; the latter an elegy on Marlowe. Herr Alfred von Mauntz's treatise is an indirect refutation of the Baconian theory (*jene exotische Amerikanische Pflanze—die Baconfrage*) which, he tells us, is gaining adherents in Germany.

In *A Lady's Honour*,[2] by Bass Blake, most of the scenes are laid in the Low Countries during that campaign of Marlborough which ended with the battle of Oudenarde. It is a stirring story, well told, and containing some very dainty love-making; but the psychological interest centres about the unscrupulous physician, Sir Peter

[1] *Heraldik in Diensten der Shakespeare-Forschung.* Selbstudien von Alfred von Mauntz. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 1903.

[2] *A Lady's Honour.* By Bass Blake. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1902.

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Crighton, and his base-born, base-hearted son. We anticipate a successful career for this fourth volume of the *First Novel Library*, of which *Wistons* and *The Searchers* are already in their third edition.

Many changes have taken place, during the last four years, in British West Africa, the most important of which are as follows:—the charter of the Royal Niger Company has been revoked, the Crown has assumed the administration of the whole country, the limits of the Niger Coast Protectorate have been considerably extended, new names have been given to the Protectorates, the discovery of malaria germs in the mosquitos which infest the swamps, &c. *British Nigeria*,[1] by Lieut.-Col. A. F. Mockler Ferryman, is an exhaustive work by a recognised authority on a land acknowledged to be a hundredfold richer than any other portion of West Africa. Punitive expeditions will be necessary, no doubt, in Southern Nigeria so long as the pagans adhere to their inhuman practices, and in Northern Nigeria until slave-raiding has been abolished. Political officers know that the future of the country depends on the friendship of the natives; "that in Negroland the white man, though he may rule, can never supplant the black man; and that in all probability Great Britain will always have to govern the country through the native chiefs." This important work is well illustrated and provided with a map.

POETRY.

Limelight Lays,[2] by Albert Chevalier, is a clever booklet of distinctly original verse, which is partly humorous, partly pathetic, and, occasionally, satirical, *e.g.*, *The Man in the Street*. It is nicely illustrated, and should form a pleasant addition to the smoking-room library.

[1] *British Nigeria, a Geographical and Historical Description of the British Possessions adjacent to the Niger River, West Africa.* By Lieut.-Col. A. F. Mockler-Ferryman. London: Cassell & Co. 1903.

[2] *Limelight Lays.* By Albert Chevalier. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith & Co.

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THE

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THE NEW NAVAL BASE AND RUSSIAN DESIGNS.

IN the dark days shortly before the Crimean War there was a great deal of significant talk by the overt and covert agents of the Emperor Nicholas, and in the public Press at that despot's command, that "Russia must obtain an ice-free port in the Northern Sea." The Baltic, it was urged, is frozen during a part of the year; the way round the Cattegat and the Skager Rack frequently full of danger. So Hammerfest, on the Norwegian coast, was openly pointed out as the harbour which must be acquired by Russia. The Czar was to get a naval base in convenient proximity to this country, in a direct line to its shores—at the expense, it need scarcely be pointed out, of the security and independence of Norway-Sweden.

The fulfilment of this plan would have enabled the Autocrat, who had waded through blood to the throne, during the rising of December 1825, at St. Petersburg, to let his fleet come down upon Eastern Scotland at a moment when it would have suited him to make a diversion against England in that direction, whilst his armies were marching forth for an attack upon Constantinople. How many remember, to-day, that situation in the early 'fifties?

The Continent lay, at that time, under the pressure of Czardom in a manner which the present generation scarcely understands. In Germany, in Hungary, in Italy, national and democratic risings had been drowned in blood by perjured princes. In France, the Republic had been overthrown by a midnight plot and massacre organised by a pseudo-Bonaparte. An enormous mass of political

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prisoners filled the dungeons everywhere. Hundreds of thousands of champions of freedom had to "tread the hard stairs of exile" in countries beyond the sea. The monarchs of Central Europe, who in 1848 49 had cowered before the popular storm, now lay prostrate before the Muscovite tyrant, whom they looked upon as the mainstay of dynastic "order."

Those whose recollection can go so far back, know well that it was both the onslaught upon the Ottoman Empire and the strange movements made by the Autocrat's tools in reference to Hammerfest, which convinced public opinion in England of the necessity there was to oppose Nicholas I. All the Liberal and Democratic parties of Europe were at one in this respect, both here and abroad.

The overthrow of the Czar freed the Continent from an incubus. It stopped Russian designs in the Mediterranean for nearly a quarter of a century. It finally led to reforms in Russia herself—notably to the emancipation of the serfs, and even to a certain loosening of the shackles of the Press. All this was so far to the good. Russian Progressists and Democrats themselves had wished and hoped for the defeat of their oppressor.

Had Nicholas I. succeeded, neither Hungary could have regained her self-government, nor Austria maintained her parliamentary institutions; nor Italy obtained her national unity and constitutional liberties. Lord Salisbury made a strange mistake when saying, some time ago, that England, in the Crimean War, had "put her money on the wrong horse." Would Nicholas I. have been the right horse?

It is the fashion now to decry the Crimean War. It would be more sensible to say that it was, unfortunately, not carried on efficiently enough; being made, under Whig and Bonapartist influence, as a mere "Cabinet war." Otherwise, the results would have been better even for the freedom of the Russian people.

II.

To-day, under Nicholas II.—who is the figure-head of a military and bureaucratic ring which has resumed the old aggressive designs of Universal Empire—Russia stands at the gates of India. Within our remembrance she has overrun all the Khanates of what was once independent Tatary, from the Caspian shores to the confines of Afghanistan. True, Lord Salisbury once satirically declared that those who warned against Russian designs upon India "had better buy large maps, to see how far she is still away from England's Asiatic Empire." But since that geographical remark was made, some events have occurred which slightly affected the value of that curious information.

First, the remaining independent Tatar Khanates, which lay before

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Afghanistan, were seized upon, one after the other. It was done in spite of the most solemn promises of the Russian Government—their solemnity being of the kind which may be described as "with the tongue in the cheek." As to Afghanistan, similar grand promises were made. "His Imperial Majesty looks upon Afghanistan as completely outside the sphere within which Russia may be called upon to exercise her influence. No intervention or interference whatever, opposed to the independence of that State, enters into his calculations." This was said to Queen Victoria on the word of an Imperial gentleman.

Only a few years passed, when the same Imperial "gentleman" endeavoured, by a secret envoy, to gain over the Ameer Shir Ali to a treaty of alliance, in which the following points were contained. The Ameer was asked to allow the location of Russian agents at Cabul and other places; to accord permission for the quartering of Russian troops in Afghanistan; to let roads be constructed by the Czar's Government from Samarcand to Cabul, from Cabul to Herat, and from Herat to Candahar; to allow passage, when necessity arises, by routes it may be desirable to follow, *to Russian troops proceeding to India;* to set up telegraph-wires wherever Russian troops or agents were to be stationed; and to furnish supplies to the Russian troops on payment, "if it became desirable that the Russian Government should send an expedition to WAGE WAR IN INDIA." On these conditions the Russian Government would allow the continuance of the administration of Afghanistan to the representatives, successors and heirs of the Ameer.

The details of all this may be read in an English blue-book. Shir Ali came to grief after the plot had been fortunately detected.

Nevertheless, not many years passed before Russia returned to the charge. She then actually invaded Afghanistan, put General Lumsden to flight, who had come as an envoy for frontier regulation, and tore a piece of territory from Abdur Rahman's dominions. Mr. Gladstone's original show of resistance quickly collapsed, though the honour of this country was at stake. The late Ameer, England's ally, never forgot or forgave that. Who knows whether the same remembrance may not linger in, and influence, the mind of the present ruler, Habib-Ullah, who shows himself strangely slow in meeting the advances of the Viceroy of India?

A very remarkable statement was made in the last debate on the Army Estimates by Mr. Balfour. "Of course," he said, "if there is always to be a strong, and friendly, and untouched Afghanistan between us and the Russian border, I admit the difficulty of a rapid Russian advance is very great, and the number of troops which she could use in that advance would probably not be very considerable. *But we may have to deal with a much more difficult state of affairs* . . . and I do not think we should be wise—I am sure we should

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be insane—if we were to lay the flattering unction to our souls that never in defence of India should we have to send a single soldier from these shores."

Surely it would have been impossible to throw out a more alarming hint. It is not the custom of a Premier to do so without serious cause.

III.

Need I speak of Russia's attempt to get round India over the "Roof of the World," and by way of Persia? Or of her forcing the Sultan Abdul Hamid to allow ingress and egress to her warships through the Dardanelles? Is it necessary to expose the farcical pretexts with which the Government of St. Petersburg, whose diplomacy always enjoys a joke and a satire, covers for the nonce its manifest game by means of a so-called "Volunteer" fleet, and of vessels of war "not armed" yet? Must the significance of the many articles be explained, in which Russian journals of various descriptions boldly assert that the former agreements in regard to Afghanistan, Persia, and the Dardanelles are no longer binding?

Again: is it a secret what is going on, in regard to naval affairs, on the northern Murman coast of the Czar's Empire (called "Murman" from the old Norman founders of Russia), on which coast there is also a tolerably ice-free harbour?

Perhaps I may be allowed to say here that I have been one of those who predicted and warned against the designs of Russia upon Constantinople, Afghanistan, and India from the days before the Crimean War, in numberless writings in Germany, England, Italy, France, and America. These writings were begun in this country almost as soon as I made my second home in it. One of the publications, consisting of a series of historical articles (entitled "The Universal Empire of the Cossacks"), appeared in the early 'fifties in a Liberal London paper, and attracted then the attention of a former English ambassador at Constantinople. The predictions in question were certainly—unfortunately—better fulfilled than the assertions of those who made light, even as some make light now, of that persistent aggressive policy of the Czars in two parts of the world.

In the years immediately preceding the attack Russia made upon Turkey in 1877, I had an interview of an hour's duration with Mr. Disraeli at the House of Commons. It was brought about, at his request, through a common friend, a Liberal member with whom I was dining there, and it took place in presence of that friend. I was astonished to see, through the questions the Tory leader put, how little acquainted he was with the ramifications of the Pan-Slavist movement in Eastern Europe, and how much he trusted Russia as regards her Asiatic policy, with which he had to find no fault. I

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distinctly gave it to him as my opinion, that the Russian Government was bent upon a new war against Turkey in the near future, and that its final objective was even India. Mr. Disraeli listened with eager attention, but evidently unconvinced. Soon afterwards the war against Turkey was proclaimed. Now we have Mr. Balfour's hint about Afghanistan and India.

Often enough I have directed attention both to the "ice-free port" aspirations of the Government at St. Petersburg and to the characteristically crafty, see-saw manner with which, all through history, Russian monarchs have alternated between aggression in the North-west of Europe on the one hand and in the South-east and in Asia on the other. How many politicians and statesmen in England are aware still of the real inner meaning of the London Protocol of 1852, by which, thanks to the cowardice and the treachery of our own kings and princes, Schleswig-Holstein was then put back under foreign dominion? Under Russian influence, that Protocol had been so framed that a number of eventual claimants to the throne of Denmark and of the Elbe Duchies were eliminated—to the final advantage of claims of the Imperial House of Russia! In such a contingency, the German harbour of Kiel would have fallen into the hands of the rulers of All the Russias, which now comprise 120,000,000 inhabitants. A canal between the Baltic and the German Ocean, as it is constructed now, would thus have become a sally-port of Czardom.

IV.

Sometimes Russian encroachments have been simultaneous in Europe and in Asia. At other times, the puzzling see-saw game was played to confuse antagonists, to make them doubtful as to the quarter in which the next blow would fall. In the Baltic provinces, where non-Muscovite races live—with a German element in the towns as an efficient factor of intellectual progress—the ancient guaranteed privileges of those towns have of late been ruthlessly set aside. Russification is the order now there to such an extent that even the old German university of Dorpat was not spared. The very name of that town was changed into "Jurjew."

In our present days, under a Czar-Emperor who is praised as a paragon of peacefulness, the famous see-saw policy of encroachment is practised in the North as well as in the Near East and the Far East. Finland, of old a bulwark of Sweden, is being Russianised in its civil administration and in its army. The Finnish constitution, sworn to by Nicholas II., even as by his predecessors, is shamelessly violated. A copy of that monarch's oath as Grandduke of the Principality has for a long time been hung up near every altar of the Protestant churches of Finland. It has not kept back Nicholas II. from becoming a perjurer.

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Through the Russification of Finland, the Scandinavian countries —in which Norwegians and Swedes stand towards each other with no "union of hearts"—might some day all the more easily be overcome. Then the Czar's Empire would directly face England in the German Ocean. Meanwhile the war-fleet of Russia is rapidly increasing in an extraordinary degree, though there is no important trade and commerce of hers to be protected by it, as is the case with this country, with the United States of America, and with Germany.

To Russia's naval budget of more than 98,000,000 roubles (for 1902) a supplementary 17,000,000 roubles has just been added, as may be seen from a report of the Finance Minister, M. Witte. The Czar's navy far surpasses that of the German Empire. In the number of ships, crews, and guns, it comes immediately after the French and American fleets. Then follows Italy. Behind even Italy is the naval strength of Germany. It is only in the sixth rank after the unmatched English fleet.

If, then, any cry were to be raised, such as: "There is the enemy!"—to which Power would that cry most aptly apply?

But there are men in England, I regret to say, who, whilst provably serving the cause of Muscovite aggression in Europe and in Asia, try to mislead public opinion into a ridiculous belief that the small German fleet constitutes, and is destined to be, a means of attack against this country. Here and there, some one is active in this sense, who hates Germany with the well-known bitter *odium theologicum*, because her educated, and even a large portion of her popular classes, are deeply imbued with free-thinking propensities, and because Germany at the same time holds a prominent position as a political and industrial Power. Others there are who raise a hue and cry against Germany from a wish to promote French "revenge" for Alsace-Lorraine.

Yet, what could be more calculated to promote the designs of the military and bureaucratic ring which practically represents Russian Autocracy, designs really hurtful to English interests, than if the two kindred nations on both sides of the German Ocean—from the eastern part of which the founders of England once came—were to engage among themselves in a deadly struggle? Then the hands of the well-known aggressor in the North-east would be free in Europe as well as in Asia.

V.

What is this frightened talk, this pitiful, un-English nervosity about the "great" German fleet, and the danger it portends to the security of England? Have those who utter such doleful lamentations and terrible prophecies ever looked at a diagram giving the proportions of the English and the German navy?

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If they did, they would see at a glance that in vessels, in crews, and in guns, the German fleet is only about one-fifth of the navy of this country, whilst Germany is closed in on the West and the East by great allied military and naval Powers, hostile to, or rival of, her newly acquired status. Those Powers possess, each of them, fleets far larger than Germany. In the North Sea and in the Baltic, Germany has, therefore, to guard against possible perils.

To allay incomprehensible fears, William II. recently presented to Parliament a statistical table, showing the respective naval strengths of Great Britain and Germany.[1] A look at those statistics ought to bring a blush to the face of those who, from lack of knowledge, if not from malign intention, charge Germany with an intention of invading this country. Setting aside all other considerations: cannot Englishmen be made to see that Germany stands in sore need of protecting herself at sea? Would they not, if their own fatherland were pressed in on land and on sea, as we are, regard it as an act of downright brainlessness, or of treachery, on the part of their rulers, if even so inconsiderable a naval force were not established as we now have?

The idea of a navy is not the creation of any princely house of Germany. It has not sprung from the brain of a Kaiser. In the darkest days of our political disruption and oppression, before 1848–49, Liberal and Democratic leaders and poets tried to rouse the nation to the restoration of a fleet such as we once possessed, at least in the North of Germany, through the Hanseatic League. I have been among those who, before and during our Revolution, and ever since, have called out for the formation of a navy. It was begun in those years of storm and stress. Our kings and princes, shamelessly enough, destroyed the germ of that fleet after the sanguinary overthrow of the popular movement, even as they dissolved the National Parliament and surrendered the German people of the Elbe Duchies to a foreign yoke.

With the revival of the national spirit these misdeeds had to be undone. Much has yet to be striven for. In the meantime, Germans cannot forget the terrible lessons of their history. They have had the Thirty Years' War. They have had French, and Russian, and other hostile armies on their soil. They have had the wars of Louis XIV. and of Napoleon I.; the utter overthrow and disorganisation of their fatherland; even the loss of nearly one-third

[1] The figures are as follows: "Battleships—Great Britain, 35; Germany, 8, Armoured cruisers: Great Britain, 12; Germany, 2. In Reserve: Battleships—Great Britain, 7; Germany, 4. Armoured cruisers: Great Britain, 2; Germany, 0. Protected cruisers: Great Britain, 43; Germany, 5. Totals of each class: Battleships—Great Britain, 42; Germany, 12. Armoured cruisers: Great Britain, 14; Germany, 2. Protected cruisers: Great Britain, 109; Germany, 17. Vessels building: Battleships—Great Britain, 12; Germany, 6. Armoured cruisers: Great Britain, 20: Germany, 3. Protected cruisers: Great Britain, 8; Germany, 6." I may add that, whilst the English fleet has now 127,000 men, the German one has 36,000. The number of guns in the English fleet is nearly five times more than that of the German navy.

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of their country through the internal, fratricidal war of 1866, by which they also lost their footing in the Adriatic. And again they have had the terrible last war with France. They are now between two great military and maritime Powers in close alliance.

Is that not enough to explain their efforts at sea?—efforts made with great reluctance, so far as the Reichstag is concerned, in which the existence of so many contending groups acts as a disturbing element, though in the nation at large there is a far better appreciation of the necessity of a fleet. Even whilst I am writing this, the Budget Committee of the Reichstag has once more made large retrenchments in the proposed Navy Estimates. And yet the bugbear of a German invasion is continually trotted out!

VI.

All nations increase their maritime forces. The United States of America, albeit not threatened in any way, have just done so, immediately after having enlarged their military organisation also to the verge of universal service. Do the antagonists of Germany mean to say that she alone, though wedged in between possible strong enemies, is to neglect the simplest measures of safety in the seas that wash her own shores—namely, in the Baltic and the German Ocean, where her coasts have a greater extent than the whole eastern sea-coast of England and Scotland?

Much has been said recently in this country about the necessity of protecting its food supply by an enlarged fleet. But is it to be expected that Germany, which from her former condition as a pre-eminently agricultural nation has changed into a largely industrial one, should look calmly upon the possibility of being starved out through blockades far more severe than she had suffered in 1870–71, when the French fleet was by no means so well organised as it is now?

It is not provocation that lurks in a German navy. Its very smallness forbids the thought. Self-preservation is the sole motive power. You need only read the memoranda of men like General Verdy du Vernois, the former German Minister of War, and of Lieutenant-General von der Goltz, to find it clearly stated in so many words that it is from the experiences of the last war with France, and in view of a possible combined struggle with France and Russia, that the necessity for a stronger German navy has urgently arisen. By those memoranda the alarmists, who point in the wrong direction, are practically convicted of a deception which is the result either of their want of information or of their evil-minded purposes.

In referring to such writers and speakers the *Daily News* rightly

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said in an editorial article:—"A North Sea squadron and a naval base on the East Coast may be of the first importance for the future safety of the country. But we wish the consideration of this serious problem were not approached so obviously as a reply or a warning to Germany." And of those who declare that Germany's naval developments place a very formidable weapon in the hands of the German Empire, and that "it was impossible to doubt that it was being created to use against England," the *Daily News* further observes:—

"We believe language of this sort to be utterly irresponsible and mischievous. . . . 'A Watchful England' is necessary; but a watchful England does not mean a snarling England; and if the promoters of the North Sea movement desire to have the problem of East Coast defence dispassionately considered, they must dissociate it from the pernicious group of German-baiters whose wearisome iteration and venom are at once a nuisance and a peril to peace."

Yes; let England be watchful—in the proper direction. To imagine that Germany is bent upon a raid into this country is the height of absurdity. It is one of the most extraordinary errors in point of fact; and it is strange policy, too, to express such hostile intentions towards a nation guiltless of the alleged plot. For, must not the consequence of the false charge necessarily be that Germany, forewarned, will think a further increase of her own strength on sea to be all the more requisite?

Why should Germany be singled out as a would-be active enemy, even in spite of her recent naval co-operation with England, the merits of which procedure may be very questionable, but which, at any rate, is an act that does not show hostile intent?

Here that other strange cry is uttered against the German nation, that it showed its sympathy with the South African Republics. Certainly it did. So did the whole civilised world; and, in it, the best former friends of England. Great and small nations were unanimous on that point. Among the small free countries, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and Republican Switzerland may be noted. The German, French, and Italian press of the Swiss Confederation spoke out with no uncertain sound. In America, too, the same feeling was expressed throughout the length and breadth of the great Transatlantic Republic. The opinions thus uttered, north, south, east and west, were, after all, only the same as those which Mr. Chamberlain himself had propounded in notable speeches before he suddenly turned round. Could it be expected that other people should turn round in the same way because he did?

From Russian diplomacy, it is well known, came a proposal of common action against England during the South African War. It was the Government at Berlin that declined the proposal. Strong and hearty as the sympathies of the German nation were with the cause of the Boers, nobody ever dreamt of active intervention.

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At this moment the prevailing opinion of the German press is, that if England thinks she has occasion to improve her coast defences, nobody has a right to blame her, but that Germany on her part must be allowed to think of her own, far more urgently required, protection. A vulgar "saucy" proverb might here be quoted.

VII.

In the March number of the WESTMINSTER REVIEW, after showing how deeply tainted even the Republican party of France was, before the war of 1870, with the hankering after the whole Rhine frontier, I said in conclusion:—

"All this tends to show how important it is to learn from clear facts whether the French Chamber really means to turn over now a new leaf, or whether we must still be prepared for sudden, contradictory movements, so frequent in a country which, within a hundred years, has had arbitrary government; three times Parliamentary institutions of a more or less weak type, under different dynasties; twice a despotic Empire; and three times a Republic, whilst for centuries the aggressive spirit of conquest has ever been alive under every form of rule."

The doubts I thus was unable to keep back, in spite of the better attitude of Professor Jaurès and his election as one of the Vice-Presidents of the Chamber of Deputies, have, I am sorry to say, rapidly been confirmed anew. The former President of that Chamber, M. Deschanel, lost no time in making a deplorable counter-manifestation, in opposition to M. Jaurès' wiser attitude. When occupying, a few years ago, the post of Speaker in the House of Representatives of the People, M. Deschanel had the foolish audacity to declare, in a speech before the Academy, that on the death of the Emperor-King Francis Joseph there would be a collapse of Austria-Hungary, which would enable France, in alliance with Russia, to regain Metz, perhaps even the Rhine frontier. Now, a few days back, at a banquet in remembrance of General Marceau, M. Deschanel went a little farther. He quoted Danton, Carnot, the Convention, and the Committee of Public Safety, with these words:— "The frontiers of France are indicated by Nature herself. We shall obtain them at the four points: at the Ocean, at the Rhine, at the Alps, and at the Pyrenees."

That means, as I have explained in the previous article on "French Republican Leaders and European Peace:" All the German lands on the left bank of the Rhine, the whole of Belgium, and a portion of Holland are to be annexed to France, in spite of the opposition of their inhabitants!

When M. Deschanel afterwards seemed to attempt interpreting this last speech of his in a somewhat milder way by a letter to the *Temps*, the *Gaulois*—the organ of Royalism and Boulangism—

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immediately and violently insisted on the same four-cornered demands, and again claimed the Rhine frontier, It will thus be seen with what difficulties more sensible men, like M. Jaurès, have to contend.

But can it be wondered at that Germany, threatened over and over again by responsible French statesmen, should try to guard herself against the danger of invasion at sea, her fleet being so much inferior, not only to that of France and Russia combined, but inferior even to the navy of each of them individually?

And cannot Englishmen see that all this has nothing whatever to do with any plot against their country? Can they not think even of contingencies in which it may be useful to their own interests that Germany should have greater naval strength?

KARL BLIND.

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PARTIES AND POLITICS IN IRELAND.

To understand how far beyond the pale of English affairs the interests of the Irish people lie, or how opposite in direction are the main streams on which float the respective national ideas, seems to be in the case of many outsiders an intellectual reach attended with difficulty. They will not admit the real gravity of the Irish Question, nor the importance of dealing with it with open and innocent minds. They prefer to remain in the mists of prejudice and an exterior darkness, which their imaginations have furnished with a spectre. It may be said of them that in the ways of the Irish world they are but as children. It must be a scandal to such minds that Irishmen persist in taking themselves seriously and indulge in the luxury of forming political parties, as Mark Twain made the drawings for his book, "without any outside assistance," and utterly unrelated to the various "isms" which are occupied in alternately demolishing and building up the British Constitution. To have a skeleton in a closet is bad; but when it is a skeleton of irregular habits, which will not remain decently quiescent but keeps a latchkey so to speak, and claims to be *sui generis*, it must be unendurable. Of course, it might be said that an absorption in local affairs indicates a narrowness of outlook and savours of the parish. When it is found, however, in conjunction with an ambition which grasps at a self-governing State, and when it is in itself a constituent part of the machine by which self-government is to be won, it ceases to be measurable by the parochial rule. John Redmond bulks larger to the eye of an Irishman than does Mr. Balfour or Lord Rosebery. This he may be entitled to on account of his own striking personality, but he actually does so because he is the chosen spokesman and the political head of the vast majority of the people. Ireland is only nominally within the Empire. She pays taxes, recruits British regiments, and keeps up the supply of generals and statesmen and diplomatists. In return she is governed by permanent officials and as many Boards, to quote an old story, as would make her a coffin. But in spite of this give and take Ireland remains a distinct political entity, living a life apart and sufficient unto herself. We go to the polls in Ireland indifferent to the matters which during a General Election agitate the electors of Great Britain, and it is in the polling booths, on the register of

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the nation's will that the yawning hiatus in political sentiment becomes as obvious as the Channel. Agitations in newspapers and heroics on platforms can be liberally discounted, but there is no discounting the totals of the polling papers. The fact stands that three-fourths of the Irish electorate have entered a solemn protest, in the sustainment of which they show no signs of weakening, against the methods by which they are governed, and to re-echo that protest in the councils of the Empire there has been formed the most compact, homogeneous, and in many respects the ablest, political party within the realm.

Compared with the Parliamentary Party and the people whom they represent, every other section or association of Irishmen is insignificant so far as voting power is concerned. Outside a few constituencies in the north-east corner of Ulster and the gates of Trinity College, there is not a single county in which a Unionist candidate could be found to face the electors. Nor can the advocacy of any other means of regenerating the country dull the keen perception of the value of the Home Rule issue on the part of the voters. The work of the Agricultural Board is looked upon with favour and sympathy, and Mr. Horace Plunkett is personally popular but to save his soul he could not induce a Nationalist constituency to send him to Parliament. The language movement is an immense force, and carries along with it the flower of the nation, but, single-handed, it could not return a single member to Westminster. Irishmen have set their hearts on Land Reform. Their past history shows what extreme measures they have adopted and would adopt again in the struggle with landlordism. Outside the ranks of the Irish Party, Mr. T. W. Russell is almost the one man in the country of first-rate political reputation identified with the latter-day fight; but Mr. Russell, a convinced Unionist, would be beaten in every polling station in Munster, Leinster and Connaught. This attachment to the Home Rule principle is such a familiar feature of public life, is of such a strength and so widespread, that the statesman who hopes to make Ireland peaceable and prosperous without taking it into account is reckoning without his host. So long as Ireland continues to send to the Imperial Parliament upwards of eighty representatives pledged to the Home Rule principle, it is only folly to attach no significance to the fact or to regard the clean sweep the Home Rule party makes of the constituencies as of no political account.

The present Party differs substantially from any of its predecessors. It is the inheritor of the aims and policy of O'Connell, Butt, and Parnell, but it has to deal with changed times and changed manners. To go no further back than the days of the Parnell leadership, we find that native criticism was as a voice crying in the wilderness. Parnell himself was taken as a heaven-sent prophet-leader, and his chief lieutenants as statesmen and orators of

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surpassing genius. The newspapers glowed with eulogies of the character, the abilities, and the work of the members, and the country seemed to have entered into a conspiracy of glorification. When a Home Rule Bill passed the second reading in the House of Commons in 1892, it looked as if the Promised Land had appeared. From that moment dates the decline of enthusiasm and hero-worship as factors in Irish politics. The return of the Conservatives to power, in conjunction with the fall of Parnell in the noon-day splendours of his fame, and his untimely and miserable death, brought the nation with a shock to its political senses. The removal of Parnell—after O'Connell the most notable Irishman of the past century—was bound under any circumstances to profoundly influence public life. The wretched squabbles over his name and memory, and the declension into the mire of personal feuds which marked the next few years, almost extinguished the last spark of the old fire. But a better day was at hand. Superhuman efforts were made to restore unity in the ranks, and to form out of the skirmishing parties one effective commando. The accomplishment of this work, the results of which have been very evident in recent Sessions of Parliament, furnishes a splendid denial of the charge of unfitness for public affairs so often levelled against Irishmen. But although unity was restored and the head of faction crushed, the old circumstances did not repeat themselves. A dictatorship is now impossible in Ireland. Parliamentary representation is no longer an affair to be taken on trust, and a well-directed fire of criticism, sometimes good-natured and sometimes not, is constantly levelled against the Parliamentarians; election candidates are chosen in free convention of representative delegates; the Parliamentary Fund is in the hands of three trustees, two of whom are not members of the Party; and the Press no longer hesitates to point out cases of neglect of the National duty on the part of public men. The flamboyant style of oratory once so popular is held cheap to-day; something more is expected on a platform than "sunburstery," and a calmer and more judicial estimate of work done, a more scientific appraisement of the value received from constitutional efforts, is substituted for the old unreasoning faith. Whether these things are due to an inevitable weariness of the struggle or to the disappearance of the towering genius of Parnell or to actual political changes is not clearly determined. It is certain, however, that the Parnell movement was independent of two forces which are determining the direction of the current of present-day politics. One is the operation of the Local Government Act; the other is the educational work of the Language Revival.

When a Conservative Ministry passed the Local Government Act, it gave, perhaps without taking thought, a magnificent electoral machine to the people. A vast system of councils established for

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the control of local affairs, elected on a register substantially the same as the Parliamentary, bringing into its ranks in every district the best energies and intelligences, who thus acquire an aptitude for the business of politics, and which is to the electorate a standing object lesson in self-government, is bound to be, from the sheer force of circumstances, a powerful engine in a great political engagement. The fighting value of the Irish Party must be gauged largely by its reserve forces in the country. During the Parnell movement, public opinion was as strongly in favour of the Party as it is to-day, but it was not an organised opinion in the modern sense. In every Poor Law Union in Ireland there exist representative bodies entitled to send delegates to national conferences, entitled to approve or condemn the action of the Parliamentary representatives, admirably situated for the organisation of public meetings, and being permanently in focus and thoroughly acquainted with their districts, their members have the work of registration completely in their hands. It is evident that these local councils, popularly manned, afford the Party at Westminster an invaluable leverage in electioneering, in providing the funds for the campaign and in keeping recalcitrants in order. Within a short time they will recruit the Party with men whose fitness and capabilities have been proved in local legislation. It is no exaggeration to say that in every district and County Council in Ireland there could be found men thoroughly qualified as to ability, character, and acquirements to discharge the duties of an earnest Parliamentarian with credit and distinction. In the early stages of the present movement it was difficult to get men of the right stamp for the constituencies. If the wrong men are selected nowadays, it will not be through any lack of material so long as the Councils provide such a splendid training ground for the level-headed men of business and sound Nationalists of whom they are composed. The working of the new Act has given an unwonted precision to the constitutional game. It has given it security of tenure by stereotyping organisations which heretofore depended for their existence on the perseverance of unreliable conditions, it has supplied every district with an efficient caucus, and it is largely responsible for keeping the intelligence of the country directed to the study of political conditions.

The responsibility for the new interest in politics is not wholly chargeable to the Local Government Act. There is an interest shown in another quarter not unfriendly to the Parliamentarians, but more critical and exacting. A generation has sprung up convinced of the all-importance of preserving the national language and literature, re-introducing native customs, and as far as possible promoting an industrial revival. This programme is advocated with eloquence, energy and the hot flushes of a magnificent fervour. The institutions which mark a nation are worthless forms unless the

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soul of a nation animate and sustain them. It is held that this soul exists in the language which has precipitated the memories, the experience, the traditions, the passions, the poetry and the music of the race, the mould in which the soul of the race has been cast, and the only medium in which the spirit of the nation can find expression, the only road by which the nation can follow its vocation, the arena in which alone it can prove its prowess. Through the means of the new movement Ireland is undergoing a thorough noviciate for the duties of nationhood. Its adherents and the disciples of the political cult regard each other with rather mixed feelings, but both in their ways follow high ideals which are bound one day to coalesce. In the meantime nice distinctions are drawn between politics and patriotism, as if the one excluded the other and the zephyrs of criticism blow wheresoever they list, clearing the air of many erroneous conceptions as to the real meaning of Nationality and as to what constitutes the real business of nation builders.

At the present moment every Irish concern is dwarfed by the prospect of a settlement of the Land Question. If ever a great chance of achieving enduring fame came to a statesman it has come to the man who in generous and statesmanlike spirit will place on the Satute Book an Act which shall be the means of rooting in the soil which he tills the Irish agriculturist. The name of Gladstone is deeply engraved on the hearts of the Irish people. His memory is revered because of the noble efforts of his last years to close for ever the dismal chapter of misgovernment, but it is held in benediction for that he had the courage and the genius to free the bondsmen of a horrible slavery and confer on them the great charter of their rights, the Land Act of 1881. Agriculture is the staple industry, and on its condition depends the economic fate of the nation. Landlords and tenants through carefully chosen representatives have agreed that dual ownership must cease. A truce has been proclaimed which may be converted into a lasting peace. The question for Englishmen to decide is the amount which a settlement of the land war is worth. The Dunraven treaty provides on the one hand that the yearly instalments towards repayment of the purchase money shall be less by from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. than the second term rent, actual or estimated; that future tenants and caretakers be treated as ordinary farmers and admitted to the advantages of the scheme, and that the restoration of the evicted tenants, "the wounded soldiers of the fight," and the re-distribution of the grass lands of the West, become matters for legislation. On the other it provides that the landlords bring securely out of the settlement their present incomes. The Treaty leaves undefined the exact number of years' purchase which the tenants will be called upon to pay, and as a

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consequence the length of the term of instalment-paying years which must ensue prior to their complete emancipation. Since its publication the Irish Press has simply rained calculations to show how the points which have been fixed, viz. an immediate reduction for tenants, a well-secured equivalent of income for landlords, and the ultimate satisfaction of the British Treasury, stand related. On all sides it is agreed that the difference between what the landlords expect to receive and the last shilling the tenants are prepared to give must be bridged by the Treasury; if not, guarantees are forthcoming on all sides that the last state will be worse than the first. The Irish administration is costly to an incredible extent. Agrarian agitation is made the pretext for the upkeep of an expensive police force out of all proportion to the needs of a crimeless country. Government expends an immense revenue simply in the business of rent collecting. Surely it would be wiser to make a present in ready money to the landlords than to support an army in their ill-omened cause. The Land Courts are another heavy charge on the estimates, which would be abolished under a settlement. The saving in the cost of Irish Government has been placed by sound authorities as high as fifty per cent. By no mathematics yet discovered can we estimate the moral value of a peace. Will the wealthiest of nations hesitate to adopt a great healing measure of reform because of the cost? Will it hesitate to bind up the gaping wounds through which the life blood of a dependent province is flowing? Will Englishmen, whose proudest boast is that of even-handed justice, hesitate to make some recompense to a country which they have bound protesting to the grinding wheels of Empire, and which has known but decay and death in the contact? Will a nation of lawgivers hesitate to adopt a measure which shall ensure the supremacy of equal laws and range on the side of law the peasant equally with the peer? Peers and peasants have now grounded their arms and stated their terms: it remains for the predominant partner to clinch the bargain. One thing at least is certain. The tenants are prepared for either peace or war. They have made a bold and liberal offer. They are perfectly arrayed and organised and they are determined to obtain justice which they will have by friendly contract if possible, or if not through the fires of an agitation potential to shake the empire to its foundation. It is a grim and blood-stained story which tells of agrarian war in Ireland, and Englishmen might well at a great price guard against its repetition. It is not only what many are pleased to consider the fatalistic unrest of Celtic Ireland which has to be dealt with: there is also the ingrained hatred of an infamous system which is the ruling passion of hard-headed Ulstermen differing by race and religion from their brethren of the South and West. These considerations may seem untimely at such a hopeful

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juncture, but if they are pretermitted the hope which has been kindled in literally every Irish homestead may be quenched, and the passing of a great opportunity will be followed by an immeasurable discontent.

As a political experiment the transference of the ownership of the land by a huge purchase scheme would be intensely interesting. The best working argument in favour of Home Rule is that Englishmen cannot or will not govern Ireland with justice. If justice is done in the matter of the land, and if prosperity attends the peasant proprietors, the case for Home Rule will be weakened in the same proportion as the previous evil plight of the agricultural industry strengthened it. It will be seen then if the removal of one gigantic national grievance will make for a more general acquiescence in the Legislative Union. The ownership of fee-simple is generally found associated with a high and dry Toryism and a strong dislike to change. It is just possible that the Irish farmer entering into the absolute ownership of his domain may look unkindly on the disturbing ways of politicians, and the laws which secure peace and the enjoyment of the fruit of his industry he may consider good enough for him. It is a good rule not to prophesy unless you know: in Ireland prophesying is safe only after the event. Increased wealth and a fuller measure of independence mean greater political weight and a higher co-efficient of political expansion. The removal of one great evil allows a greater concentration of energy on those that remain, and one victory is often the warrant for another. Looking at the matter from the inside it seems likely that the Home Rule cause will acquire momentum from a land settlement. As has been indicated, the perfect organisation of the Nationalist party is founded primarily to further the agitation for repeal, and this organisation remains constant through every change which falls short of a native Parliament. The powerful opposition to the Home Rule idea shown by the landlords will in all likelihood cease when the doors of the rent offices are nailed up. The problem of good government will engage a deeper attention amongst men undistracted and unharassed by lawsuits about rents. As the material concerns of the country advance the question of taxation for Imperial purposes will assume noteworthy dimensions, and for the same reason the cause of higher education receives an increased importance. The intellectual renascence associated with the language revival may readily furnish forth a sound title to self-government through a development of which self-government is the only natural completion. But the case is such that one might argue plausibly from either the Unionist or the Home Rule standpoint, and the chances are that the measure now to be introduced will be unaffected by either hopes or fears concerning a movement which most Englishmen are content to believe is as dead as Julius Cæsar.

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To go back to the Irish Party; they stand to win on every possible result. They have gained in prestige already by showing that they have an honest case which they are not afraid to discuss, and that, to quote the words of Mr. Harrington, the leaders of public opinion in Ireland are not men who love agitation for agitation's sake. Once for all they have disposed of the slander which attempted to fasten upon them the charge of trading on the wretchedness of their fellow-countrymen. If the purchase movement be now carried to a successful issue they have behind them a long and honourable record of legislative reforms won by their efforts. Speaking of victories they will have again vindicated the sound principles of constitutionalism by which they hold, and they will have cleared their decks for the final action. Stripped of all support which was awarded to it through the uniting of a great economic issue with a high political ideal, through the confusion of the struggle for land with the struggle for a measure of liberty, the cause which civil war left undecided, which has wrecked powerful Governments, which has for generations involved in its toils men of all ranks, talents, creeds, and conditions, and lured them to exile, to the loneliness of the prison, and to the shame of the scaffold, will be put to a peaceful hazard and brought to a determination, perhaps for ever.

THOMAS MCCALL.

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THE BYE-ELECTIONS AND LIBERAL PROSPECTS.

THE Parliament elected in 1900 has now run more than half its course, and a sufficient period since the last General Election has therefore elapsed to make it profitable to enter upon an examination of the results of the bye-elections. It then becomes possible to attempt a forecast of the probable trend of events in the future. As to be fore-warned is to be fore-armed, it will also be useful to take a backward glance at the last General Election, with a view to pointing out some elements which interfered with the prospects of Liberal success on the last occasion, and which there is every inducement to steer clear of again.

A list of the contested bye-elections from 1900 onwards may here be given :

CONSERVATIVE SEATS.

COUNTY SEATS.	BOROUGH SEATS.
Hants (Andover)*	Bury (Lancs)
Lancashire (Blackpool)*	Liverpool (E. Toxteth)*
,, (S. E.-Stretford)	,, (West Derby)
Shropshire (Oswestry)*	Leeds (N. Yorks)
Warwick (Stratford-on-Avon)*	Sheffield (Eccleshall)
Cambridge (Newmarket)	Wakefield*
Kent (Sevenoaks)	Monmouth District
Sussex (Rye)	Hampstead*
Orkney and Shetland	Belfast, S.
Down, East	Galway
	Woolwich*

LIBERAL SEATS.

Lanark, N.E.	Dewsbury
Yorkshire (Cleveland)*	Maidstone
Essex (Saffron Walden)	Devonport

* Uncontested 1900.

From 1900 to the present there have thus been (excluding the recent Irish contests) contested bye-elections in twenty-seven cases. Analysing these, it will be found that the seats in question were held, in consequence of the General Election, by twenty-one Conservatives or Liberal Unionists and six Liberals, the Unionist seats consisting of ten county and eleven borough seats, the six Liberal

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seats of three borough and three county seats. Nine of the total number were uncontested in 1900.

The Liberal gains comprise four borough and three county seats, Bury, Leeds North, Galway, Woolwich, Cambridge (Newmarket), Orkney and Shetland, and Sussex (Rye). The effect is that the twenty-seven seats are now held by sixteen Conservatives and eleven Liberals, the Unionist victories in Devonport (1900), and N.E. Lanark, both of them due to special causes, making the figure eleven instead of thirteen. The nominal Government majority, which was 134 in 1900, stands now at about 120, owing to the Liberal gains above noted, and one or two changes of side in the House.

As regards the seats in which the representation was unchanged, decreased Conservative majorities fall to be recorded in the following: East Toxteth, Blackpool, Eccleshall, Andover and Sevenoaks. Liberals also retained Maidstone and Saffron Walden by increased majorities. The figures, taken in the case of seats uncontested at the General Election, are those of the preceding election.

It will thus be seen that, roughly, every twenty-fifth seat in the House has been contested since the General Election, and that (putting aside the results in North-east Lanark and Devonport, which depended on special causes), one seat in every five contested has been gained by Liberals. A simple calculation will show that on the same basis there might reasonably be a transfer of 100 seats at the next General Election, and this would mean the obliteration of the present Conservative majority, and the substitution of a Liberal majority of at least seventy or eighty if not more, looking to the form the party showed at Woolwich and Rye. Everything, in fact, points to the conclusion that the reaction in favour of Liberalism has been gaining in momentum and volume ever since the last General Election.

Before going on to consider the results at the General Election of 1900 it may be useful to glance at the General Elections which have taken place before and since the Reform of the Franchise, and to explain how the fluctuations in the strength of political parties resulting from these came about.

At the election of 1885, the Liberals scored heavily in the counties, but were not correspondingly successful in the boroughs. At the present time it is important to notice the reason of this. In the towns there was undoubtedly much dissatisfaction with Mr. Gladstone's policy in Egypt and the Soudan, which had resulted in the addition of £20,000,000 to the Budget. Besides this, they had against them the Irish vote, and the agitation for Fair Trade influenced many voters. Notwithstanding, the Liberals in 1885 counted as many representatives as did the Conservatives ten years later.

Surprise has often been manifested at the fact that Liberals did

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so badly in 1886. In the *débacle* on that occasion, however, the Unionists gained, or retained, a number of strongly Liberal seats owing to the unprepared state of the latter party. At the next election, accordingly, these seats were regained. What happened in 1886 was simply that the constituencies, which had not up to 1885 been very firm in their allegiance to either of the great parties, voted Conservative.

Much has been attributed to Mr. Chamberlain's influence in the Midlands in 1886 and subsequently; but, as a matter of fact, Staffordshire and Warwickshire were never, prior to 1885, very Liberal in their proclivities. This may be gleaned from the *Handbook* which is in print, giving the polls since 1832. From that publication the important facts may be derived that, before 1885, parts of the Home Counties, *e.g.*, Kent, Surrey, and Sussex, were Liberal. Belfast and Antrim showed Conservative leanings long before 1885. The Nationalists, too, are the lineal successors of the Liberals who sat for Irish seats prior to the rise of the Nationalist Party. Before 1885, Yorkshire and Lancashire, including Manchester and Liverpool, were divided in allegiance. The Redistribution Act gave the "Cotton County" a much-increased representation. In 1885 the Conservative radius included also parts of Cheshire and Shropshire, the counties lying south of Lincolnshire, Eastern and North-Eastern Devonshire, and Northern Somerset.

In 1892 Devonshire and Cornwall were in part regained by the Liberals, with the addition of most of the smaller boroughs. These latter were lost again in most cases in 1895, as well as a number of county seats. Yorkshire, though, made a better stand than Lancashire. At the present time, the former is represented by 17 Liberals and 9 Conservatives, and the latter by 16 Conservatives and 7 Liberals, the county seats only being taken into account.

A glance may now be taken at the 1900 election, with the object of drawing some conclusions from it which may be helpful for the future. On looking closely at the result of that election, it will be noticed that the Liberal successes were to a greater degree in the counties, while those of the Conservatives were rather in the boroughs. The feature of the Liberal gains was the number in the Midlands, taking this term in a wide significance, and in the West of England and in Wales. On the other hand, the Conservatives scored specially in the border English counties, a circumstance, however, owing to special reasons, and in Scotland. Ever since the extension of the franchise, it may be noted, Conservative gains in the boroughs have been noticeable in the elections unfavourable to Liberalism.

It may be well to give here the gains of both sides in 1900, with the county added in the case of boroughs, for facility of reference:

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LIBERAL.

BOROUGHS.

Hartlepool (Durham)
Derby
Stockport (Cheshire)
Grantham (Lincoln)
Wolverhampton S. } Staffs.
Walsall }
Northampton
Gloucester
Maidstone (Kent)
Hastings (Sussex)

LONDON.

Camberwell (North)
Haggerston

WALES.

Carmarthen
Cardiff } Glamorgan
Swansea }

IRELAND.

Dublin (St. Stephen's)

COUNTIES.

Westmorland (Appleby)
Lancashire (Radcliffe)
" (Lancaster)
Derby (High Peak)
Yorkshire (Otley)
" (Skipton)
Cheshire (Crewe)
Lincoln (Spalding)
Warwick (Rugby)
Northampton (Mid.)
Cambs. (Wisbech)
Gloucester (Stroud)
Wilts (Westbury)
Devon (Torquay)
" (Barnstaple)
Cornwall (Camborne)

WALES.

Radnor

SCOTLAND.

Invernesshire

IRELAND.

Dublin (South)

The Conservative gains were :—

BOROUGHS.

Cockermouth (Cumberland)
Sunderland } Durham
Stockton }
Middlesbro' }
Leeds, E. } Yorkshire
Sheffield }
Oldham } Lancashire
Burnley }
Leicester
Hanley } Staffs.
Newcastle }
Monmouth Dist.
Plymouth (Devon)
Portsmouth (Hants)
Southampton (Hants)

LONDON.

Bethnal Green (N. W.)
Stepney
Shoreditch

SCOTLAND.

Glasgow, Blackfriars } Lanark
" Bridgeton }
Edinboro' (South)
Wick Boroughs (Caithness)

IRELAND.

Galway City.
Londonderry City

COUNTIES.

Cumberland (Eskdale)
Durham (S. E.)
Northumberland (Tyneside)
Lancashire (Middleton)
" (Southport)
Staffs (Burton)
Lincoln (Gainsboro')
Essex (Walthamstow)

SCOTLAND.

Aberdeenshire (E.)
Sutherlandshire
Dumfriesshire

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Looking more closely and in detail at the results, among the boroughs won (without corresponding losses in these counties to counterbalance them) by Liberals, were seats in Cheshire, Northampton, Gloucester (here there were also wins in the county), Derby, Carmarthen, Glamorgan, and in the Home Counties, Kent and Essex. Among seats in the counties similarly won may be mentioned those in Westmoreland, Radnor, Wilts, and Cornwall. A seat won in Cambridgeshire was followed by another at the recent bye-election.

Similarly glancing at the Conservative wins, we notice among the boroughs one in Cumberland and two in Staffordshire (in each case there was a win in the county), one each in Leicester, Monmouth, Caithness, and Edinburgh, and two in Hants and Lanark. Among the county gains were seats in Northumberland, Essex, Sutherland, Aberdeen, and Dumfriesshire.

Taking now the counties in which both parties gained successes, we find that the Liberals gained one borough seat in Durham and lost two, losing also a county seat. They gained two Yorkshire counties, but lost three borough seats. They gained two Lancashire counties, losing two counties and two boroughs. In Staffordshire, &c., they gained one county and two borough seats, losing one county and two borough seats. In Lincoln they won a borough and lost a county seat. In Devonshire they won two county seats and lost a borough seat (Plymouth), losing another (Devonport) at the bye-election.

The two latter losses may fairly be set down to the war feeling existing at the time, along with Portsmouth, Sunderland, Stockton, Middlesbro', and Sheffield. It is also noticeable that several seats, such as Stockport and Hartlepool, gained by Liberals in 1892, were regained in 1900.

A few concrete illustrations of types of the seats left uncontested in 1900 may be given here. In the Penrith Division the Tory majority in 1895 was only 600, and in the Biggleswade Division it was only 267. Woodstock (Oxfordshire) was Liberal in 1892, and Hampshire (Petersfield), Kent (Faversham), Somerset (East), and Yorks (Ripon), afford other instances of opportunities not made use of. Among the unopposed boroughs, a London newspaper, the *Daily News*, at the time of the election gave a list of over fifty which had "wobbled" at preceding elections. Cheltenham, where the majority had been steadily diminishing till, in 1895, it was only 469, remained unfought, and so were Chatham and Rochester, the latter only requiring 479 votes to win. It was the same, again, with Birkenhead, where the majority was only 204. Hereford City, Liberal in 1885 and 1892, was another instance of a possible victory lost.

It is worthy of notice that in 1900 the turnover of seats (73) was much smaller than in 1892 and 1895.

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On the eve of the election of 1900 the writer (who was successful in forecasting a number of the Liberal gains) pointed out in a London daily newspaper, that a certain proportion of the constituencies could always be confidently expected to go Liberal, and that the party, after having faced the ordeal of three general elections since and including 1886, would not fall in its numbers below its strength at the dissolution of 1900. The result justified the prophecy.

Two double-member constituencies were also left uncontested in 1900. These were Norwich, which returned a Liberal and a Conservative in each election from 1885 to 1892, returning two Conservatives in 1895, and York. The record of York is, perhaps, less favourable, as in 1885 and 1886 it returned Liberals, in 1892 and 1895 the representation was divided, and at two bye-elections it returned Conservatives. On the other hand, the Liberal victories in Swansea and Northampton made their representation consistent. The Conservative victories in Sunderland and Plymouth had this result also. The representation is divided in Halifax (a traditionally Liberal constituency), Ipswich, Devonport, since the bye-election; in Oldham, a Conservative win in 1900; and Derby, a Liberal gain at that time.

A feature of the 1900 election, therefore, was the large number of members who were returned unopposed—243, or more than one-third of the 670 members comprising the House of Commons. Only 22 of these were Liberals, 153 Conservatives sitting for British constituencies being so returned. In other words, there was a balance against the Liberals of 131 before a seat had been contested. Of the 153 Conservatives, 59 sat for boroughs, 87 for counties, and 7 for Universities. The fact that so many county seats were uncontested seems remarkable in view of the fact that, as the event showed, the Liberals did best there. In 1895 matters were only a little better, the figures being 134 and 16 respectively, an adverse balance of 118. In 1892, however, only 54 seats in Britain were not contested, a fact which accounted to a large extent for the Liberal majority of 40 at that election. If the next election is to be won, it seems clear that Liberals should endeavour to reduce the balance in favour of the Conservatives of uncontested seats to vanishing point. The moral effect of the appearance in the public prints of a large number of Conservative unopposed returns is very bad on electors while the General Election is proceeding. At the last election, for instance, the worst day of all for Liberals was the fourth day of the elections.

If the locality of the seats not contested at the election is looked to, it will be found that London, the Home Counties, such as Kent and Sussex, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cheshire, Staffordshire, Gloucester, Hampshire, and Devonshire accounted for a goodly proportion of these. Yet even among the Home Counties, Hastings

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and Maidstone were won by Liberals (as Woolwich and Rye have been quite recently), notwithstanding the fact that in 1885 and subsequently, these had consistently returned Conservatives. Other constituencies similarly won included Devonshire (Torquay), Derbyshire (High Peak), Westmoreland (Appleby), Grantham, and South Wolverhampton. This shows that the policy of contesting seats time and again produces good results if persisted in. In this connection the fact should not be forgotten that, as has been pointed out, before 1885 parts of the Home Counties, *e.g.*, Kent, Surrey and Sussex, were Liberal; London, north of the Thames perhaps especially, is also well worthy of the attention of the Liberal forces.

J. SHIRLEY.

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THE HOLOCAUST AT COLNEY HATCH.

THE great fire at Colney Hatch pauper lunatic asylum, on January 27, 1903, with its ghastly holocaust of victims, an occurrence absolutely without parallel in the history of the insane, furnishes an appropriate, though dismal, text for returning again, so soon, to the distressful subject of the continuous increase of insanity, the reality and magnitude of which many readers may, perhaps, think was sufficiently proved in an article entitled "The Skeleton at the Feast," printed in the January number of the WESTMINSTER REVIEW. It could not possibly be predicted that, before the month was out, over fifty skeletons, consigned to a common grave in the Great Northern cemetery, would testify to the progress mental disease is making in our midst, and to the fatuity which has promulgated the "apparent increase" paralogism. If this terrible event shall have the effect of throwing the search-light of truth upon the fallacy, presented to the public for so many years, through the medium of Blue Books, the catastrophe, so sad and so horrible in its results, may after all prove a blessing in disguise and may clear away for ever the fog in which, what may euphemistically be called unintentional sophistry, has hitherto surrounded the question. It was stated, in the article referred to, on the authority of the Commissioners in Lunacy themselves (56th Report, p. 3), that the numbers of the insane in England have advanced from 36,762 on January 1, 1859, to 110,713 on January 1, 1902, an increase in the period, in even figures, of 74,000. The "unintentional sophistry" consists in calling this an "apparent increase." I think it was Locke who wrote: "He that first discovered the use of the mariner's compass did more for the supplying and increase of useful commodities than those who built workhouses." As will appear in the course of these pages, the discovery of the compass of common-sense would be of the greatest use in regard to the building of pauper lunatic asylums and the administration of lunacy affairs.

The moot point, then, being is the above increase real or only "apparent?" The WESTMINSTER REVIEW went on to say:

"If the awful consequences of evading the issue could be driven home, with electric suddenness and force, to the minds of those who are charged with, and who are responsible for, the control of lunacy affairs, some reform might be hoped for; but the expectation seems rather shadowy while

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officialism continues on in the old jog trot, in the old groove, to the cuckoo-cry of 'apparent increase'—a cry repeated with wearisome monotony in every report issued from the Lunacy Offices for the last half century."

Who could foresee that this sentence would directly be punctuated by a tragedy so sudden and so awful in its results; a tragedy which has knocked the bottom out of the ridiculous theory of "apparent increase" for good and all. "Coming events cast their shadows before." As to how the tragic occurrence bears upon the question of the increase of lunacy, it must be remembered that the burning of these fifty-one poor insane women happened in a temporary building, technically called an annexe, constructed a few years ago to make accommodation for the overflow number of patients, who, for want of room, could not be received into the asylum proper. Moreover, it has to be noted this was only one of many such temporary makeshifts erected from time to time, under extreme pressure from without, to relieve the congestion at divers public asylums throughout Great Britain, and to meet the constant demands for admission from the ever increasing numbers of the insane poor. Let me here state *in limine*, my sole object is, and always has been, by focusing all the facts and figures obtainable and putting them in evidence as strongly and fairly as I can, to bring before the public and the authorities the verity of the large annual increase of insanity. By the authorities I do not mean the administrators of the lunacy laws, the attempt to carry conviction in that direction appears to be hopeless; I mean those higher authorities who possess legislative powers to deal effectively with this great public evil, the source of so much misery to the human race. If I succeed in demolishing the rampart, or rather the frail "zareba," by which the Commissioners in Lunacy have surrounded the subject, and in demonstrating the falsity of the "mirage" they have so appropriately named an "apparent increase," my mission will be accomplished. The endeavour, sustained for half a century without ceasing, thirty years in one of the lunacy departments and twenty years in Parliament, will have achieved its object, and I can retire from the field with the consciousness that, as an Emeritus, I have not laboured in vain in the cause of humanity and truth.

A brief reference to the history of an institution in which such an appalling disaster has just happened may be of interest at the present moment. According to the Report of the Select Committee of 1859 on the subject of lunatics (Appendices vi. and vii., pp. 306–318), Colney Hatch was erected to accommodate about 1220 lunatic poor, at a cost of £290,000, and was opened in 1851. The report goes on to say: "Almost immediately it was filled with a mass of chronic patients, and now, within a period of five years, it has again become necessary to appeal to the county to provide further accommodation for its pauper lunatics." A very acrimonious correspondence there-

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upon took place between the authorities; that is to say, on the one hand the Home Office and the Commissioners in Lunacy, and on the other hand the local committees of Visitors of Colney Hatch and Hanwell Asylums, Government contending that a third asylum should be built, and the local committees insisting that both Colney Hatch and Hanwell should be enlarged.

The logomachy, which fills nineteen folio pages of the Appendix to the Report of the Select Committee, lasted for many months, and wound up with a strenuous letter, in which the Chairman of the Committee of Visitors, Mr. C. H. Cottrell, addressing the then Home Secretary, Sir George Grey, made the following remarkable forecast as to future possibilities:

"Taking, however, the experience of the last five years as a guide, your committee would not feel justified in holding out any promise that the demand for the accommodation of lunatics will stop here. The real or apparent increase of this fearful malady has been so great within a few years, and the causes of such increase are involved in so much uncertainty, that it would be absurd to contend that the measures now proposed may fairly be expected to be final."—Report of Select Committee, 1859. Appendix 7, p. 324.

Be it observed this singular premonition was written at a time (1857) when the number of pauper lunatics in the district were returned at 3350. As indicating how well the local authorities appraised the situation, and how completely their apprehensions have been fulfilled, the figures are here given in parallel columns:

Report of Select Committee of 1859. Appendix 7, p. 317.		56th Report of Commissioners in Lunacy. Table XI., p. 234.	
Asylums.	No. of Patients at end of year 1855.	Asylums.	No. of Patients January 1, 1902.
In Colney Hatch	1223	Banstead . .	2458
In Hanwell .	1009	Bexley . .	2104
In various Licensed Asylums .	490	Cane Hill . .	2173
		Claybury . .	2401
		Colney Hatch .	2508
In Workhouses.	553	Hanwell . .	2545
With friends .	75	Manor . .	810
		Middlesex .	1413
Total . .	3350	Total . .	16,453

Of course a considerable amount of the increase here shown is due to the increase of the London population, and another portion of it to "accumulation," but, making all due allowance, these two

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items only go a short way towards accounting for the quintupling of the number of the insane in the period. So much, then, for the increase of pauper insanity in the London area are as disclosed in the official records from which I have quoted.

The account of the conflagration as it appeared in the newspapers, with all the harrowing details—the patients locked in their dormitories shrieking with terror; the suffocating fumes and smoke; the fire raging in the corrider; the heroic endeavours of officers, nurses, and attendants, amid the horrors around them, to save life; the alleged want of water; the readiness of resource with which the Hornsey Fire Brigade, the first upon the scene, dammed up a stream 400 yards away from the burning building and pumped water upon the flames, but unfortunately too late to be effectual; the finding of the charred remains of the hapless victims—all this is pitiful in the extreme and need not be enlarged upon. Dr. Seward, Medical Superintendent of the Asylum, who evidently did all that a brave and humane man could do to save the lives of the patients under his charge, stated at the inquest: "Although he went to the rescue immediately on receiving the alarm, he was met by a dense volume of smoke which spread with enormous rapidity through the various dormitories, the long corridor acting as a flue." Another witness said: "Three hundred and twenty patients were asleep in the burning portion—two hundred and sixty-nine were saved. In every case death was due, in Dr. Seward's opinion, to suffocation." There is a sad satisfaction in being thus assured that, in all probability, these poor lunatics were rendered insensible to suffering before the flames reached them. It is not my intention to attribute blame to any one for the outbreak of the fire. All the precautions in the world cannot prevent occasional accidents. The coroner's jury, however, have given their verdict upon it, and apportioned the blame equally between the London County Council, the Lunacy Commissioners, and the Home Office. It seems to me, however, that the Secretary of State for the Home Department should not have been included in the censure. No one supposes he can make personal inspections of such buildings to satisfy himself beforehand of their safety and suitability. The real responsibility, therefore, lies elsewhere. The member of the Lunacy Board, who was examined at the inquest, admitted candidly that "The Commissioners in Lunacy advised the Secretary of State that he might approve the plans." The annexe erected, as stated in the Commisioners' 50th Report, p. 15, at a cost of £18,000, was, according to the evidence at the inquest, built, as the result proved, of most inflammable materials; here is the description of the structure given by the engineer of the Asylum Committee before the coroner, as reported in the *Times*. He said: "The inside was lined with match boarding. The outside was formed of rough boards covered with felt, and over the felt was corrugated

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iron. . . . There was some resinous compound on the felt, and it would burn readily as well as increase the density of the smoke. There were similar temporary buildings in other asylums." The foreman engineer of the asylum produced a piece of the felt with which the building was covered, and, on a match being applied, it ignited immediately and burned rapidly. With such evidence before them the jury could not conscientiously come to any other conclusion than that at which they arrived as expressed in the following extract from their verdict: "Notwithstanding the fact of the plans being sanctioned by the London County Council, the Lunacy Commissioners, and the Home Office, the jury considered the building, both in construction and in the materials used, was unsuited for the purpose—even as a temporary building—for which it was intended; and they consider that the authorities named are greatly to blame for sanctioning such plans." I have already said, in my opinion, the Home Office should not have been included in this grave public censure, the formal sanction of the Secretary of State being given, as a matter of course, on the recommendation of the responsible administrative authorities, the Commissioners in Lunacy.

On the general question of the growth of the malady it is obvious those temporary structures were called into existence by the rapid increase of the insane poor who could not otherwise be provided for, the permanent asylums, of which there are now, in even numbers, 140 in the United Kingdom,[1] being for the most part full to overflowing; many of them are officially reported to be overcrowded. On the point of increase in the London area, Mr. Hubbard, Chairman of the Asylum Committee, stated at the inquest:

"Since the County Council had been in existence they had provided permanent structures for 7684 patients. They had also temporary accommodation for 700 at Orton Asylum, 400 at Hanwell, and 300 at Banstead. Owing to the great demand for additional accommodation in 1895, the temporary structure, which had been destroyed, was erected. In 1890 the number of patients in the county asylums was 10,104. In 1902 the number was 16,286."[2]

The *Builder*, a paper of authority, commenting, after the inquest, on the fact that the sanction of the Secretary of State had been given to the extemporised structure, which has proved a death trap to so many human beings, observed upon "the extraordinary want of uniformity prevailing in the control exercised by the public authorities over the construction of buildings." This leads up to another practical proof of the reality of the increase of lunacy, namely, the increase of expenditure in connection with the housing and maintenance of this abormal class of poor vacuous humanity, especially during the last half of the nineteenth century. Judged by

[1] Ireland and Scotland are embraced in the term.

[2] The number given in 56th Report of Lunacy Commissioners, p. 234, Table XI., is 16,453.

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the magnitude of the expenditure the control, if wanting in uniformity, as above suggested, is unlimited in extent, and has led to an outlay out of all proportion to the advantages obtained, which appear to be in inverse ratio to the disbursements. It is a case of the maximum of cost and the minimum of benefit. If the cost, however great, had the effect of lessening the number of lunatics and putting a limit to the spread of insanity, it goes without saying the burden would be patiently, if not cheerfully, borne by the tax-paying public, but when it is found that, *pari passu* with the great annual increase of expenditure, there is a continuous increase in the number of the insane from year to year, and from decade to decade, one may well feel sceptical as to the soundness of the present system of conducting the lunacy affairs of the country.

As indicative of the great interest taken in the subject, when the insane in the United Kingdom were, in round numbers, 100,000 less than at present, a very important return, the first of a series, was moved for in the House of Commons by Mr. Alcock, which put the cost for England and Wales:

Of buildings and land up to January 1, 1856, at .	£2,936,848
The Right Hon. Stephen Cave obtained a similar return in 1878, which included Ireland and Scotland, and brought the cost from the beginning up to 1878 to	9,603,231
A return obtained ten years later, viz., in 1888, brought the cost for buildings and land to . .	15,250,435
A return obtained in 1895 showed up to December 31, 1893, under these two heads, an expenditure of	18,291,790

Attempts were made to get a similar return, to bring the figures up to the present time, but unsuccessfully, so an estimate has to be made. Considering then that in the fifteen years, from 1878 to 1893 the total increase was, in even figures, £9,000,000, it is not an excessive estimate to put the increase for the last nine years, at four and a half millions, making, in round numbers, a total expenditure of £23,000,000 on account of the insane poor for land and buildings alone. In the summary at the end of the last Parliamentary return, viz., that which brings the expenditure for land and buildings up to December 31, 1893, the total cost is thus stated:

For England	£14,659,523
For Scotland	1,981,397
For Ireland	1,650,870
Gross total	£18,291,790

No returns could since, as just stated, be obtained in continuation, but on referring to the 56th, or last, Report of the Commissioners in Lunacy, some very elaborate figures appear under the

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heading "County and Borough Asylums" (Appendix B, Table VIII.). This digest has, amongst many others, a column headed "Total Cost of Buildings and Land up to January 1, 1903," divided into two sub-heads, identical with the headings in the return ending December 1893 above quoted, which gave the total cost up to January 1, 1894, for England, at £14,659,323. There is no summary given in the Commissioners' Report, nor are the columns totted up, but the Commissioners' figures for the intervening period of nine years up to 1903 show an increase for land and buildings of only £337,180. The whole series of the reports from 1893 to 1902 show a great increase in the expenditure under the head of buildings and land; but in the absence of a summary it is very difficult to arrive at the exact figures.

To sum up, it is quite evident conspicuous incapacity has characterised the conduct of lunacy affairs, not only in sanctioning the erection of structures in which, for cheapness, highly combustible materials were used, but in sanctioning the erection, at the expense of the ratepayers, of permanent buildings of an imposing and superfluously ornate character at a cost out of all proportion to the necessities of insane paupers. To these evidences of administrative weakness must be added the unaccountable clinging to the "apparent increase" theory in the face of persuasive facts and convincing figures. The Special Report of the Commissioners in Lunacy to the Lord Chancellor in 1897 was intended to establish the soundness of their theory of "apparent increase" beyond all future cavil. It was preceded by the following paragraph in their previous annual report presented to Parliament in 1896:

"The question whether there is, or is not, a disproportionate increase in the newly occurring cases of insanity to account for the continuous increase in the number and ratio to population of officially known lunatics is at present the subject of inquiry by us, and we propose to present to your Lordship a separate report upon it."—50th Report, p. 6. This Special Report was mentioned in previous articles, but it is necessary to refer to it again in order to make plain in their own words the position the Commissioners have taken up, and how they endeavour to maintain it, in regard to what they call "the alleged increase of insanity in England and Wales." Here is what they say (p. 1, paragraph 3) in their Special Report:

"Whereas in 1859 the number of lunatics, idiots, and persons of unsound mind in England and Wales, reported to our department as resident in asylums and other establishments for the insane and in workhouses, or with their relatives or others, was 36,762, the number had increased in 1896 to 96,446, showing a ratio to every 10,000 of the population of 31·88 as compared with 18·67 at the previous period.

"The importance of inquiry as to what this enormous increase is to be attributed to is, therefore, obvious. Has it arisen from the development of insanity-producing causes, and is it therefore a true increase of the

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disease itself, or only a multiplication of numbers, the result of other influences? Is insanity, in fact, occurring out of proportion to the increase of population and so bringing with it a serious menace to the race, or are we feeling the necessary burden of accumulation only, with its small social but great financial importance?"

The proposition could not be put more clearly or forcibly. Now as to the sequel. The Commissioners in Lunacy give in Appendix A. Table I. of their Special Report a most comprehensive return "showing the number and distribution of all reported lunatics, idiots, and persons of unsound mind." From this it appears the annual increase of numbers ranged from 1641 in 1860 to 2365 in 1896. Table II., Appendix A., shows the ratio per 10,000 of the population to have increased as before referred to from 18·67 in 1859 to 31.38 in 1896. Having compared the ratios of increase as between the pauper and the private classes, they go on to say:

"It is obvious, . . that the increase in numbers and ratios has been almost entirely confined to pauper patients, and that the class upon which some of the *insanity-producing causes*, already referred to, would have been most likely to operate severely, have scarcely suffered in any degree. Indeed, as will be seen from the Table of Ratios, that for private patients is actually lower than in 1879 and is still undergoing an annual diminution. The increase in the ratios of paupers is, however, strikingly large, and *out of all proportion to that of the population.*"

This is an important contribution from the Commissioners in Lunacy, in confirmation of the reality and magnitude of the increase of pauper lunacy, though highly paradoxical when read in the light of other statements contained in their official reports. It is on record they have repeatedly declared "the increase is not out of proportion to the increase of the population." How great the paradox is will appear from the following quotation from their 49th Report, p. 2, which deals with the figures of the year 1894:

"In our last report to your lordship we offered some considerations to *combat* the idea that insanity was largely on the increase in England and Wales; and we reiterated our opinion that the undoubtedly large increase in the number of known lunatics was mainly due to causes other than an increase of the disease of insanity in its more active forms, and we endeavoured to indicate some of those causes."

It may be here observed that the introduction of the word "combat" in this connection is very significant of the sentiments entertained by the Commissioners towards the idea of an actual increase of insanity. In their 48th Report, p. 1, they stated the total number of the insane on January 1, 1894, is 92,067, and added:

"This number is 2245 in excess of the corresponding number on January 1, 1893, and shows the largest annual increase we have had yet to record."

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Having, on p. 2 of the same report, said:

"This large increase calls the more for some special consideration because it follows an increase of 1974 in the preceding year, that being far above the average for the ten years 1882 to 1892 which was only 1300."

They add, in the next paragraph on same page:

"The increase seems to have been fairly general throughout England and Wales, forty-two counties showing an increase as against an average of thirty-six counties for the previous ten years."

The Commissioners next deal with the London area; they say (p. 2, 48th Report):

"The predominant feature of the figures is the great increase shown for the county of London, its pauper lunatics numbering on January 1 last 800 more than they did a year previously. . . . This increase is undoubtedly serious . . . but a little consideration may lead us to conclude that it is, to some extent at least, abnormal."

The Commissioners then proceed to "endeavour to demonstrate" this by some very abstruse decimal figures (p. 4, 48th Report) premising that "regard must be had to two factors, namely, the death rate and the recovery rate in county and borough asylums." Upon this they say;

"We observe that in 1893 the former rate was 10·1, the same as in the previous year, and 0·1 per cent. lower than the average of the five previous years. The recovery rate was 37·3 of the number of admissions, excluding transfers and re-certifications, and this was 1·7 lower than the corresponding rate for 1892, and 2 per cent. lower than the average rate for the five years 1888–1892."

The Commissioners then have recourse to hypothesis in their endeavours to sustain their theory of "apparent increase." They say:

"If the recovery rate had been the same in 1893 as in 1892, 260 more patients would have been discharged; if it had been equal to the average of the above five years, the number discharged would have been 304 greater; the difference of 0·1 per cent. in the death rate for 1893 from the average rate for the same five years represents fifty-nine fewer deaths than would have occurred had the rates been the same, the result of the operation of the two factors being an addition of some 360 to the ordinary annual accumulation of patients in the asylums."

"Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus."

The line, written by Horace two thousand years ago, is hackneyed, but the quotation will probably be excused, it seems, in this instance, so appropriate. The official mountain has been in labour and has brought forth a little mouse. There has been an increase of 2345 in excess of the corresponding number on January 1, 1893, the largest annual increase the Commissioners have had yet to record, and by an elaborate combination of hopothesis and decimal arithmetic they try to demonstrate that the increase for this particular

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year should be reduced by 360. How, even if proved, this could affect the main question is more than the wit of man can conceive. Their elucidation is quite on a par with the demonstration on p. 20 of their Special Report, when, after giving elaborate figures to show the ages of the whole population of England and Wales contrasted with "the ages of idiots, imbeciles, and lunatics," they proceed to say:

"These tables prove that, while in the general population there has been a considerable increase in those ages in which the greatest liability to attacks of insanity is known to prevail, namely, from twenty to forty-five, there has been a marked diminution in the ratios among the insane in those ages, and a large increase in the numbers and ratios of the more advanced ages, the obvious inference being that accumulation and not fresh production has been the most influential factor."

Having delivered themselves of this lucid exposition they continue (p. 23, Special Report):

"We have thus, *we think*, by means of the figures within our reach, demonstrated, at least *the probability*, that much of the apparent increase of insanity has been due not to an increase of the incidence of that disease, but to the aggregate of the persons affected by it, and to their distribution; in other words, that insanity *has not greatly increased, out of proportion to the increase of the population*, but that the numbers of the insane have greatly so increased and that they have been so distributed as to give an impression of an actual increase of the disease."—Q.E.D.

This demonstration may be very well intended, but it imposes an undue mental strain upon the ordinary reader. The most remarkable feature in this Special Report to the Lord Chancellor of England is the way in which the Commissioners treat of the etiology of insanity or what they term insanity-producing causes. They say (p. 23, Special Report): "It now only remains for us to suggest the causes which have been at work to produce this continually augmenting accumulation of the registered insane." These "causes" they specify under eleven separate heads, not one of which relates to causation, or, to use their own definition, insanity-producing causes at all.

Here is their list, abbreviated for reasons of space:

(1) The greater accuracy of registration.
(2) Extended views as to what constitutes insanity.
(3) The retention in workhouses of a diminished proportion of pauper lunatics.
(4) The four shillings grant.
(5) The increased popularity of asylums.
(6) The gradually increasing ratio of transfers from the unregistered to the registered class.
(7) The increasing proportion admitted of old and broken down cases.
(8) The greater density of population in the large towns making it less and less possible to retain at home persons suffering from even the less severe forms of insanity.

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(9) The increased treatment in asylums of temporary attacks of alcoholic insanity.
(10) The opening of new asylums.
(11) A material diminution in the percentage of persons discharged from institutions and single care as not recovered.

I will not presume to obtrude upon the province of the alienist physician, but I believe etiology is defined as "that branch of medical science which treats of the causes of disease." It will be observed, the Commissioners in Lunacy in proposing to give the "insanity-producing causes" which they think have been at work to produce this continually augmenting accumulation of the registered insane have enumerated, not insanity-producing causes at all, but only a number of elements that have tended to the ingathering of existing pauper lunatics into asylums. The Commissioners have laid great stress upon two factors: "the death rate and the recovery rate" as contributing to the accumulation of numbers; but they have omitted all allusion to the *causa causans* of the increase of insanity, hereditary transmission, which alienist authorities are agreed is responsible for 75 per cent. of all occurring cases of the disease. There are, I believe, many moral causes that are said to operate directly in the production of insanity, and the physical causes are, it is stated, still more numerous; but, strange to say, the Commissioners in Lunacy appear to have left them entirely out of consideration in their specification of insanity-producing causes.

W. J. Corbet, M.R.I.A.

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BISHOP SPRAT.

THE name of Bishop Sprat, partly, to quote Mr. Swinburne, "through that malice of accident by which so many reputations worthy of a longer life have been casually submerged or eclipsed," and partly through certain compromising associations for which its owner's bad judgment is alone responsible, has not descended to later time in the literary estimation it deserves. Two incidents in his career, which have gained a notoriety out of all proportion to their real significance as representing the man and his work, have been sufficient entirely to destroy his good fame with posterity. He published what the warmest of his admirers cannot deny to be one of the worst volumes of poetry that any educated man has ever put forth in England, and he demonstratively showed to all the world his critical insensibility by pronouncing a condemnation on the greatest of all English poets, his contemporary, John Milton. Sprat's verses, instead of being allowed out of respect to their author's memory to fall into oblivion, were foolishly included in Chalmers' Collection, and most people, who have known anything of him as a writer during the last hundred years, have taken their idea of him from that work. The unfortunate judgment on Milton, which seems to have been the outcome in great part of political and ecclesiastical prejudice, has been immortalised by the essayists of the early part of the last century. It was the decision made by the bishop as Dean of Westminster that the great poet was not worthy to have his name inscribed in Westminster Abbey. It was, indeed, owing to Sprat that Milton's name did not appear on the walls of the Abbey for thirty-eight years after his death, and until Poet's Corner displayed monuments to Nicholas Rowe and John Philips.

Bishop Sprat has indeed been altogether unfortunate in the impression which he has left behind him. Not only has his name become a byword for poetical incompetence and a subject for the wit of such a poet as Southey—who has pleasantly written that it aptly describes its owner's literary standing—but posterity has taken its idea of his private character from the part he played in the political transactions of a period of storm and stress in which he was entirely unfitted to act with credit. He was neither a poet nor a political hero, and it is with poets and political heroes that his character has had to stand comparison. The bishop was simply a man of letters

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and an ecclesiastic of the old high church aristocratic type, who made no pretence either to the saint's unworldliness or to the hero's sternness of fortitude, and if he had been born in the eighteenth instead of the seventeenth century, when no great demands would have been placed on his capacity for heroism, his character would no doubt to-day be classed with those of Bishop Berkeley and Dean Addison as particularly beautiful to contemplate and as greatly adorning the Church and age. As it is, the impression which it makes, as it appears in the masterly and authoritative sketch of Macaulay, is mainly one of painful deficiency in a certain order of high qualities which the times imperatively demanded that it should exemplify. Macaulay has, however, several times in his history borne testimony to Sprat's literary greatness and the injustice of the neglect into which his name has fallen. Indeed it is rather surprising that the eulogies of such an authority have not caused a general recognition of the considerable place which ought to be allotted to Sprat in English literary history. "He was," says Macaulay, "a great master of our language, and possessed at once the eloquence of the preacher, the controversialist, and the historian." Yet his name is still to be found in most histories of English Literature only in the company of the poets.

The two of Sprat's works which achieved the highest reputation, and in which his title to be considered a great writer is most clearly seen, are his *Life of Cowley* and his *History of the Royal Society*, though he wrote many others, "each," as Johnson has justly said, "of a different kind and having its characteristic excellence." The first is only a short work, making some thirty folio pages of large type, but it is a perfect example of craftsmanship in a species of writing which is more common now than in the seventeenth century. Its union of charm of style and feeling, artistic completeness, and finish of execution, makes it quite a model of brief biography. Within the limits of his narrow canvas Sprat gives us an outline sketch of Cowley's career, a general account of his works, and a character picture, all in faultless proportion, and blended into perfect artistic agreement by wearing the common mark of the writer's own gentle, fascinating, and thoroughly sympathetic personality. As long as Cowley's reputation lasted, which was until the middle of the eighteenth century, this short biography was regarded as one of the treasures of English literature. When Cowley's star set the *Life*, which supports the highest claims on his behalf, went down into obscurity with it. Apart from its higher artistic qualities, what is specially remarkable about this work of Sprat's is the essential modernness of its style. In those four characteristics of "uniformity, regularity, precision, balance," which Matthew Arnold has declared to be the "needful qualities for a fit prose," the *Life of Cowley* is, it is perhaps not too much to say, in advance of

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anything that had preceded it in the language. This is, of course, not to assert that Sprat is the equal of such men as Hooker or Bacon as a master of English. What he can claim in virtue of this essay and the *History of the Royal Society*, written both of them before 1670, is to have given the world an example of a prose style better fitted to fulfil the average purpose than any that had been offered by earlier writers.

A stranger phenomenon than the difference between Sprat's verse and his prose is hardly to be found in literature. Johnson declared that no one ever kept his verse and his prose at a greater distance than Cowley; but Sprat's works abundantly disprove this assertion. Sprat far outwent Cowley in the absurdities of the metaphysical style in his poetry, and his prose is as sane and temperate in thought and as regular in movement as Johnson's own. As the *Life of Cowley* is now so little known, a short quotation may perhaps be interesting, both as evidence of its Augustan neatness and brevity of style, and for the fascinating picture which it draws of one of the most beautiful characters that English literature holds record of:

"He (Cowley) had indeed," writes Sprat, "a perfect natural goodness which neither the uncertainties of his condition nor the largeness of his wit could pervert. He had a firmness and strength of mind that was proof against the art of poetry itself. Nothing vain or fantastical, nothing flattering or insolent, appeared in his humour. He had a great integrity and plainness of manners, which he preserved to the last, though much of his time was spent in a nation and way of life that is not very famous for sincerity. But the truth of his heart was above the corruption of ill examples, and therefore the sight of them rather confirmed him in the contrary virtues. There was nothing affected or singular in his habit or person or gesture. He understood the forms of good breeding enough to practise them without burdening himself or others. He never oppressed any man's parts, nor ever put any man out of countenance. He never had any emulation for fame, or contention for profit with any man. When he was in business he suffered others' importunities with much easiness. When he was out of it he was never importunate himself. His modesty and humility were so great that if he had not had many other equal virtues they might have been thought dissimulation."

With all its finish of style the *Life* retains much of the quaint old world delight of earlier biographies. Though Augustan in structure its spirit is essentially of the seventeenth century, and it would not be at all out of place if bound up with the more famous portraits of those five other seventeenth century worthies, whom the imagination will figure for all time as

> "satellites burning in a lucid ring,
> Around meek Walton's heavenly memory."

Some of its sentences in their epigrammatic completeness seem worthy of Pope himself, but unlike anything of his, they have the charm of being obviously written in simple sincerity without any thought of their effect. For example: "His virtues," says Sprat,

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"were never troublesome or uneasy to any. *Whatever he disliked in others he only corrected it by the silent reproof of a better practice.* His learning was large and various, but it sat exceedingly close and handsomely upon him. It was *not embossed on his mind but enamelled.*"

The narrative formed the preface to all the editions of Cowley which appeared in the eighteenth century. It is surely surprising, and much to be regretted, that Dr. Grosart in his monumental edition of twenty years ago should have cast it overboard.

If any one wants to feel the full amount of truth that there is in the theory expressed by Bishop Atterbury in his preface to the 1690 edition of Waller, that English came to its full perfection in Charles the Second's reign, and "had had its Augustan age as well as the Latin," a theory which has also for its support the authority of Goldsmith, a study of Sprat's prose style is perhaps the best preparation. Soon after the Restoration, as Atterbury adds, English began, in the writings of the Cavaliers who returned from France with the King, to become "mixt with foreign languages as far as its purity would bear and to be quite sated with the infusion." Both in structure and vocabulary it underwent a radical alteration. Sprat's writings show no trace of this decadence. He retains the nervous idiomatic Anglo-Saxon strain of language of the older writers, and his style has the compactness, regularity, brevity, and balance in which they were lacking. Its most noticeable faults are that the Roman gravity and dignity, which is one of its chief qualities, is too sustained, and that it is rather lacking in rhythmical variety, and in the lightness, ease, and delicate grace of which Addison and the Queen Anne writers mastered the secret while following the type of style offered by Sprat as their general model.

The music of the noble and long drawn out rhythms of Taylor, Hooker, Raleigh, and the Cromwellian Puritan Divines is heard no more. We have instead a shorter but still a nervous and masculine movement, which, if a little monotonous, is nevertheless as yet far from resembling too closely the "short-lunged" pointed utterance of the writers of the rising French school. With the stately rhythms the old poetical splendour of thought and imagery which required long measures to exhibit it whole and unbroken has disappeared in favour of shorter and plainer illustrations taken almost wholly from fields of common experience.

The *History of the Royal Society* (1667), Sprat's *magnum opus*, is a book of a very different kind from the *Life of Cowley*. Though a much longer and more laborious performance it has, and could from its plan have, none of the artistic perfection of the shorter work. It consists really of three works united only by an external bond of connection and by the common mark of the author's Ciceronian style. Only the second of the three sections deals with the subject

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of the title. The first is an outline history of ancient and modern philosophy—the word being used in its wide contemporary sense—and the third an apology for the Society's work and the pursuit of natural science in general, with particular reference to the opposition made to its advance by orthodox divines of all persuasions who feared the effect of scientific discovery on the received theology. Sprat was one of the first fellows of the Society, and must always be the chief authority on the history of its early days. The work is dedicated to Charles the Second—"the first of all the Kings of Europe who confirmed by your own example this noble design of experiments"—in a fine illustration of the old style of high rhetoric and lofty compliment which men of letters adopted in their addresses to monarchs and "the great."

The first section of the work, after giving an account of the philosophy of the Greeks, the Schoolmen, and the Renaissance, concludes by describing "five new ways" of scientific investigation which were followed in the author's own time. These ways were represented: (1) by "the modern dogmatists," who, while disregarding Aristotle's authority, "have established a new tyranny of logical methods" over the mind; (2) the philosophers who, renouncing Aristotle, had restored some of the rival ancient sects; (3) "the modern experimenters" of the school of Bacon; (4) "the chymists," or "such as look after nature in general or seek out and prepare medicines or search after riches by transmutation and the great Elixir"; and (5) the specialists in single departments of investigation who are "afraid of the design of a universal philosophy."

Under the third head, Bacon, who is the only philosopher mentioned by name in any class, is warmly eulogised. "If," says Sprat, "my desires could have prevailed with some excellent friends of mine who engaged me to this work, there should have been no other preface to the *History of the Royal Society* but some of his writings."

In the second section, Sprat, to use his own summary, gives "the narrative itself out of the Society's own registers and journals, the occasions of their meetings, the encouragement and patronage they met with, their patent, their statute, the whole order and scheme of their design, and the manner of their proceedings."

The Society had only been in existence five years when Sprat sat down to tell its story. The first meetings, "which laid the foundation of all that followed," took place at Wadham College, of which he was later a fellow, immediately after the close of the Civil War. At the end of this section is the most curious part of the *History*, a series of accounts of the chief experiments of the leading members of the Society, accompanied by diagrams, lists of the questions debated at the meetings, and narratives of the travels of members

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and reliable delegates of the Society in little-explored regions. Among the subjects of the Society's inquiry, which Sprat has recorded, are such as these: "Whether diamonds and other precious stones grow again after three or four years in the same place where they have been digged out?" "Whether horns take root and grow about Goa?" "What river is that in Java Major which turns wood into stone?" Whether the King of Macassar possesses a poison, the taking of which makes the flesh so rotten that, "in less than half an hour, it will fall like swivel from the bones."?

A very vivid narrative of a recent ascent of the Peak of Teneriffe, with a description of the inhabitants of the island and their history and customs, is one of the most interesting papers which were laid before the Society. The story of the ascent, and the hardships undergone in making it, is told with charming simplicity and detail, and quite transports one out of the twentieth century into a time when the world was wider than it is to-day, and its remoter parts still appeared to the imagination invested with a cloud of mystery and romance. The natives of the island, though even already beginning to show signs of decay, were then a fine race of men, their chief characteristic being their marvellous agility. They were able to leap with the aid of their poles ten fathoms down the rocks in a single descent. Their method is described thus:

> "First they tertiate their lances, that is, they poise it in their hand, then they aim the point of it at any piece of rock upon which they intend to alight (sometimes not half a foot wide). At their going off they clap their feet close to the lance and so carry their bodies in the air. The point of the lance first comes to the place, which breaks the force of their fall; then they slide gently down by the staffe and pitch with their feet on the very place which they first designed, and from rock to rock till they come to the bottom."

It is added that "their novices sometimes break their necks in learning."

They could whistle, we are told, so loudly, that the sound could be heard at a distance of five miles. A European who was in a cave with a native who whistled in this way was made deaf for fifteen days. The writer gives in conclusion a curious account of the burial customs of the natives and their methods of embalming, the secret of which was known only to the priests.

One paper drawn up by the Society, which Sprat has preserved, is a most horrible account of the vivisection of a dog "by Mr. Hook," the celebrated surgeon. The reading of this narrative alone is almost enough to make one a zealous anti-vivisectionist. Perhaps the gentle divine included it for the special delectation of Charles II., who found one of his chief amusements in vivisection.

The discussion of the objections to natural philosophy in the last section of Sprat's work throws a curious light on the religious

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prejudice and bigotry of the seventeenth century. Many even of the more tolerant and enlightened divines seem to have had a nervous fear of the results of scientific investigation, and made a curious mental association of "experiments" and atheism. Sprat has to prove, to begin with, that the existence of secondary causes is not inconsistent with theism, and to assert that if some contemporary philosophers were atheists, it was probably by way of reaction against recent "extravagant excesses of enthusiasm" and "the infinite pretences to inspiration and immediate communion with God that have abounded in this age," and not a necessary result of their studies. He claims that an application to natural philosophy is the best of all checks upon "mystical enthusiasm," and of religious extravagance and scientific ignorance he affirms that "the one extreme will decrease proportionably to the lessening of the other."

Finally, he feels called upon to devote sections to the establishment of the following theses, that "experiments are not injurious to worship"; "not prejudicial to the gospel, nor to the doctrine of the Primitive Church"; "not destructive of the doctrine of prophesies and prodigies"; and finally, "not dangerous to the Church of England."

The strangest of all the objections to natural philosophy which he deals with, is perhaps the contention "that it makes the mind romantic." "Every schoolboy" of the twentieth century would feel competent to take the work of answering this proposition out of Sprat's hands if the learned doctor were preparing his book to-day. The defence of scientific study in the last section of the *History of the Royal Society*, needless as it must now seem to the most orthodox churchman, does not appear to have satisfied the more zealous of the conservative theologians of the seventeenth century. Several bitter attacks upon its conclusions appeared, and a controversy raged round them for some time. Within the next few years Sprat's opponents, foolish as they were to imagine that religion could in any way be served by ignorance, had the satisfaction of being able to boast that the results of the scientific activity promoted by the Royal Society clearly showed the justice of their protest against "experiments," through the rise of the Deistic school of thinkers, men whom the study of nature did indeed lead to some of the conclusions which Sprat had affirmed would not follow from it.

By the literary world Sprat's volume was received with great admiration. His poems at this time were enjoying the highest popularity, and his new work raised him to a position among living writers second only to that of Cowley. The great Cowley himself, in his Ode to the Royal Society—the poem which has been described as the whole *Novum Organum* in verse—eulogised the Society and its historian in his quaint and delightful memoir thus:

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"None e'er but Hercules and you could be
At five years' age worthy a history:
And ne'er did Fortune better yet
The historian to the story fit.
As you from all old errors free
And purge the body of philosophy,
So from all modern follies he
Has vindicated eloquence and wit:
His candid style like a clear stream does glide
And his bright Fancy all the way
Does like the sunshine in it play;
It does like Thames, the best of rivers, glide,
Where the god does not rudely overturn
But gently pour the crystal urn
And with judicious hand does the whole current guide;
It has all beauties Nature can impart,
And all the comely dress without the pride of Art."

There was no one in England whose praise Sprat would have preferred to that of Cowley, whom he always seems to have regarded very much as Steele regarded Addison, or Pope Bolingbroke, as a man who was something a little more than human both in his virtues and his talents.

One more of Sprat's greater prose works, which was held in the highest esteem during his life, *The Observations on Sorbière's Voyage to England*, is interesting, apart from its own conspicuous merits, on account of its connection with one of the most extraordinary men and one of the most curious books of the middle part of the seventeenth century. Samuel Sorbière was one of those writers of brilliant and versatile parts, great vanity and passion for distinction, but little solid application and steadiness of character and purpose, who often dazzle their contemporaries and achieve a fame in their own age out of all proportion to that of greater men, and the position which history allots them finally. His character—not his fortune—seems to resemble very closely that of John Toland on this side the channel. He wandered restlessly, like Toland, in most parts of Western Europe, and wrote clever and vivid accounts of several of them, including England, Holland, and Italy. He made a name as a philosopher of the school of Gassendi, a physician, a literary critic, a theologian, and as an expert in several of the physical sciences. Born a Protestant, he was in middle life converted to the Catholic Church and gained the favour of the Pope by writing an account and defence of his conversion. Men of his order seldom in those days achieved great success in a material sense, but Sorbière, thanks mainly to the fact that he was born a Protestant, became a highly successful man. The King appointed him historiographer royal and gave him two or three pensions, the Pope pensioned him, and, though a most unecclesiastical character, he received several valuable church benefices. After successfully pursuing his own interests, and luxuriously warming both hands at the fire of life all his days, he

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took laudanum when the physician gave him over in his final illness, true to his philosophy of avoiding pain to the last.

His *Voyage to England* gives the impressions which the country and people made on him during a tour undertaken in the year 1663, and few more entertaining volumes can be found among the old rows of brown-backed leather tomes which occupy the dusky recesses of second-hand book shops. The descriptions of London, which the tourist found so vast that it would require a year "to grasp a complete idea of it," and of Oxford are specially interesting. Sorbière was received by the King, taken over the Oxford colleges by Dr. Wallis, the mathematician, and other great men, and was elected a member of the Royal Society.

Though he was delighted with the honours paid him, and was not unwilling to admire, his descriptions of the English character and institutions are not, on the whole, complimentary. He is particularly satirical at the expense of the boasted British courage. He saw, he says, no other sign of it "than that their butchers are delighted with the noble combats of bears, bulls, and dogs." "There is nothing so crouching," he adds, "as an Englishman if once you can find the means of making him afraid. If you take away their insolence you take away their courage; they make but one leap from the greatest huff of pride into the basest cowardice."

Of the nation generally he declares concisely that "they have skimmed all the vices and disdained all the virtues of other countries."

Sprat's reply to the book, though composed like Milton's then recent reply to Salmasius, in a controversial style which seems perfectly brutal to-day, is a masterpiece of satirical writing. The comparison of what he considers Sorbière's real scientific attainments and political importance with the vain Frenchman's own copious boasts, at the outset, is particularly biting, and there is much humour in his descriptions of the narrow materials on which Sorbière based his wide conclusions. Sorbière, though a very prejudiced critic, was, however, a really keen and shrewd observer, and in spite of Sprat's ridicule many of the traits and customs he condemned are just those which make a bad impression on foreigners in our own day. Among the minor and not discreditable characteristics of English life which offended him two hundred and fifty years ago, and which have not been modified since, was our pronunciation of Latin. His conversation with our scholars was, he says, of little profit to him, "for all the English pronounce that language in so odd a manner as renders it almost as difficult to foreigners as their own tongue."

One of Sprat's happiest retorts is to Sorbière's condemnation of the English style of eloquence as flat and unimaginative. If, he says, a certain passage in Sorbière's description of Hatfield, which affirms that "the fishes in the lakes did often leap out of the water into the

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air to behold and delight themselves with the beauties of that place," is to be taken as an example of the French eloquence, he rejoices that the English have not risen to it. Sprat, however, has forgotten that in his poems—the ink of which was hardly dry when he made this retort—his imagination had in fact risen to even higher flights.

So much having been said in vindication of the high position which Sprat's own contemporaries gave him among our writers, the subject of his verse may be approached without any endeavour to minimise its enormities. Sprat was the chief of all the followers of Cowley in that double Pindaric and "metaphysical" heresy which flooded England from the early part of the seventeenth century to the time of Congreve with the most ridiculous verse that the country has ever admired. His poetical career, it is noteworthy, began precisely at the same time as Dryden's, the volume that contained that writer's poem on Cromwell containing also Sprat's first verses. Without any of the real poetical genius which is so marked in Cowley, or the wonderful fertility of invention which reconciles us to some extent to Cowley's metaphysical aberrations, Sprat merely imitated the bad characteristics of his master's style without either poetical inspiration or dialectical subtlety, and the result was stanza after stanza full of the most dismal conceits and the most laboured exhibitions of remote and absurd analogies, without a single passage that is either clever or quaint or humorous. Moreover, he copied all Cowley's unpleasant metrical peculiarities. He thought that the rougher his lines and the more irregular the structure of his stanza the nearer he approached perfection and Pindar. Rochester's irresistible couplet about another Pindarist:

> "Flatman, who Cowley imitates with pains,
> And rides a jaded muse whip't with loose reins,"

might be applied with at least equal justice to Sprat. For some thirty years he imposed on the public as a true successor of the Theban bard, and rejoiced in the emphatic title, that now only raises a smile, of "Pindaric Sprat." The work by which he gained this honour was the *Plagues of Athens*. One short extract will suffice to show how far it resembled the "deep-mouthed" Greek:

> "Upon the head first the disease
> As a bold conqueror does seize,
> Begins with man's metropolis
> Secures the Capitol, and then it knew
> It could at pleasure weaker parts subdue.
> Blood started through each eye,
> The redness of that sky
> Foretold a tempest nigh.
> Then down it went into the breast
> There all the seats and shops of life possessed,
> Such noisome smells from thence did come
> As if the body were a tomb.

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Congreve finally killed the "Pindaric" style in 1706 by a preface to a volume of his own Odes, as completely as Gifford destroyed the Della Cruscans by the *Baviad* a hundred years later. But Sprat should be allowed the excuse at least of having sinned in very illustrious company. It is strange to think that in his earlier days Swift—a man one would have imagined, from his eminent common sense and his satirical genius, the last to be smitten with the Pindaric fever—was one of the imitators of the *Plagues of Athens*. "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet," was Dryden's reply to Swift's request for an opinion on one of his Pindaric outpourings. It is a pity that Sprat had no sane relative to give him the like early information. Milton would no doubt have been glad to advise him if he had condescended to seek advice in such a quarter, but Sprat, with his aristocratic instincts and his Divine Right theories, would have scorned to be taught in anything by a Puritan and a Republican.

Sprat's remaining works were chiefly of an occasional character, springing from incidents in the troubled political life of the age with which it was his misfortune to be associated from the beginning of his career. Charles the Second set him to write the history of the Rye House Plot, and communicated to him all the private documents—the sworn depositions and confessions—bearing on the subject, but it was a work he undertook very unwillingly. "Though," he says in his first letter to the Earl of Dorset, "I often received earnest messages and some sharp words from that gentle King to quicken my slowness, yet more than twelve months had passed before I could be brought to put pen to paper out of my natural aversion to any business that might reflect severely upon any man."

It was not, however, until the struggle between King and Church in the reign of Charles's successor that Sprat became a principal actor in the political drama of the age. Macaulay has drawn for us in his history a vivid picture of the part the bishop played in that crisis, and accompanied it by what cannot be denied to be, on the whole, a just interpretation, unfavourable as it is to Sprat's character, of the motives which directed it. His conduct throughout the contest seems, it must be admitted, too much like that of a man anxious, first of all, not to stand consistently by fixed principles of conscience, but to maintain his ease and peace, and if possible to make the troubles of the time serve to promote his own advancement. Sprat had at the outset of his life been an admirer of Cromwell, but it would be unfair to question the sincerity of his later devotion to the Stuarts on this ground, for even Cowley, who had thrown away the best years of his life in toiling for Charles the First, conformed peaceably to the Commonwealth when the royal cause was lost. Sprat seems indeed to have been sincerely devoted

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both to the abstract doctrine of the Divine Right and to the persons of the Stuart sovereigns. He obtained his first church preferment, a canonry at Windsor, in 1680 by upbraiding the House of Commons in a fast-day sermon for their lack of obedience to the King, and he stood by James until it was obvious that the King's cause was hopeless. When in July 1686, James, with the object of removing Catholic disabilities, revived the illegal Court of High Commission for the government of the Church and made Judge Jeffreys its president, he chose Sprat, who two years before had succeeded to the see of Rochester, as one of the three clerical commissioners. The bishop accepted the position. The See of York was then vacant, and it seems that, tempted by the hope of gaining it, he obeyed the King without looking very carefully into the morality of his act. He voted, it is true, for the acquittal of the Bishop of London when the commission removed that prelate from his spiritual functions for his refusal to condemn Dr. Sharp, a clergyman, who had preached against the Roman claims, which the King was allowing priests to urge every Sunday in the royal palaces, and had forbidden the Anglican clergy to controvert. Once having accepted office he wished to do as little harm and to rouse as little detestation among the clergy as possible. It fell to him to administer the London diocese during the Bishop's suspension. Two years later Sprat was one of the few prelates who obeyed the King's order to read the Declaration of Indulgence. As Dean of Westminster it was his duty to recite it in the Abbey, which he did trembling so violently at the clamour which resulted, says Macaulay, "that men saw the paper shake in his hand." When, after the acquittal of the seven bishops who had petitioned against the Declaration, the Commission met for the prosecution of the vast body of clergy who had refused to accept it, Sprat saw at last that the King had gone too far and resigned his seat. "During two years," says Macaulay, "supported by the hope of an archbishopric, he had been content to bear the reproach of persecuting that Church which he was bound by every obligation of honour and conscience to defend. But his hope had been disappointed. He saw that, unless he abjured his religion, he had no chance of sitting on the metropolitan throne of York. He was too good-natured to find any pleasure in tyranny and too discerning not to see the signs of the coming retribution." The letter in which he communicated his decision to the Commission is an exceedingly dignified and polished piece of writing.

"Now my lords," it concludes, "the safety of the whole Church of England seeming to be exceedingly concerned in this prosecution, I must declare that I cannot with a safe conscience sit as judge in this cause upon so many pious and excellent men; with whom, if it be God's will, it rather becomes me to suffer than to be in the least accessory to their sufferings. I, therefore, earnestly request your lordships to intercede with the King that I may be graciously dismissed any further attendance at your board

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and to assure his Majesty that I am still ready to sacrifice whatever I have to his service but my conscience and religion."

He then acted with the Archbishop of Canterbury and the other bishops against the King. He was one of the prelates who took the famous ten proposals to James, at Whitehall, on November 6, 1688, and, later, as he has himself proudly recorded, the great petition for a "free and regular parliament" was agreed on and signed at his mansion in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. He joined finally with the Archbishop in opposing the resolution declaring the throne vacant in the Upper House of the Convention of 1688, but subsequently assisted at the coronation of William and Mary, and consented without further opposition to the new *régime*.

Sprat sought after the Revolution to defend the course he had adopted in two letters to the Earl of Dorset, the Lord Chamberlain of the King's household. His *apologia* is extremely eloquent and persuasive, but all his skill is unable to give his conduct a fair appearance. He believed at first, he says, that the Commission having passed the Broad Seal, and having "been approved by the King's learned council in the law," was a legal authority. When he began to have doubts of its legality, and was unable to approve its decisions, he stayed on "to make sure of one vote at least to lessen the blow which he feared was coming on the clergy, since it could not be altogether avoided," and because he saw that other men who would have felt no such desire were ready to step into his place. He was, he says, encouraged in this course by several "grave and worthy persons, but I forbear," he adds, "to name them that I may not involve any good man in my infelicity."

He claims, very unconvincingly, that in resigning his position on the Commission he took a step for the sake of conscience which seemed certain to call down on his head terrible calamities from the anger of the King, and indeed to involve him in greater loss than any of the prelates who had been opposing the King from the beginning. James, he urges, was all powerful at the time of his resignation, and no one had then "even dreamed" of "the glorious deliverance" of the Revolution.

"Upon the whole matter therefore," he declares in concluding his first letter, "though as to the legal part of the Commission which belonged to lawyers to judge of, I was mistaken for acting in it at all, yet in the conscientious part which properly concerned me as a divine to act in it honestly and sincerely according to the best of my judgment, in that if I shall not be thought to deserve thanks yet I hope I may obtain pardon from all men of candour and integrity."

In his second letter he deals with his acquiescence in the royal command to read the Declaration of Indulgence. "I doubted," he says, "from a rubric in the Common Prayer whether a bishop could

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lawfully deny the reading of whatever the King should ordain to be read in churches," and it was "merely upon that mistaken scruple of conscience," that he was induced "not to oppose" the command.

"I say not to oppose it," he proceeds, "for further than that I still say I went not in that business, for it is most true that the Orders of Council for publishing that Declaration in churches were dispersed through the places of my jurisdiction immediately from the King's printing-house without my injunction or so much as my knowledge. And after they were sent abroad, though I did not, it is true, revoke them as being not then well determined in the case, yet I no where insisted to have them obeyed. Nay, both in my own diocese and that of London, where I had then very unwillingly some inspection, there is no one clergyman who can upbraid me for urging any man to read or reproving any for not reading the Declaration."

He, himself, he says, read the Declaration only from the "dreadful apprehensions" he was under from the Jesuits at Court, who were lying in wait to take advantage of any of his actions that offered occasion to stir up the King to ruin him.

Every one who is acquainted with the charm of Sprat's character, its courtliness, dignity, and sensibility to the finer and loftier emotions, either from his writings or from the testimony of his contemporaries, must feel a strong inclination to accept his defence without examining too closely into its validity; but no serious student of history can, of course, give way to a sentimental feeling of this kind. The weakness and unworthiness of the bishop's part are clear even in his own account. He followed the course, originally, which he thought would ingratiate him with the King and lead to preferment, without whole-heartedly examining the moral character of the step he was taking. Finally, when he saw the injustice of the King's proceedings, instead of separating himself from them at once, he tried to pursue a *via media* by continuing to act officially in the unrighteous cause without consenting to definite acts of tyranny which would render him odious to the clergy and make reconciliation with them impossible in case they won the day. It was not, however, as Macaulay would represent it, a base or contemptible course that he adopted. Probably, indeed, few men whose minds were formed as his was for the pursuit of the finer literary arts, who had so much of that feminine impressionableness which Coleridge has told us is always an element in the highest genius, and who had risen through literary achievement to a position of ease and high dignity, would have had strength of will to risk ruin by acting differently. Macaulay has sought specially to withdraw our sympathy from Sprat's weakness on the ground of his religious profession. The time had, however, long passed in the seventeenth century when Christianity was thought to be incompatible with anxiety to gain the legitimate prizes of this life.

The last considerable piece of writing which Sprat undertook was

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his *Relation of the late wicked contrivances of Stephen Young and Richard Blackhead*, a narrative of which he is at once the author and one of the chief subjects, for the "wicked contrivances" were directed largely against himself. He composed the history of the plot as a thank offering for an extraordinarily narrow escape from final shipwreck, after all his subtle steering through dangerous political waters. Macaulay who has given a vivid account of the transactions which the *Relation* describes, declares that "there are very few better narratives in the language." The two plotters forged Sprat's name, together with those of the Duke of Marlborough, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of Salisbury, to a document purporting to be an "association" for the Restoration of the Stuarts. Blackhead deposited the paper in one of the flower-pots in the episcopal palace at Bromley, and the two men then gave information to the Government that a plot had been set on foot and that incriminating papers would be found in Sprat's house. Sprat, whose recent conduct, of course, gave a colour of plausibility to the tale, was at once arrested and brought before the Privy Council, while his house was subjected to close search. Fortunately the flower-pot which contained the paper escaped notice, and Blackhead, who was a mere tool in the hands of Young, becoming panic-stricken on being confronted with the bishop after the failure of the search, made a full confession. So great an impression did this escape make on Sprat that he composed a solemn form of thanksgiving, which he was accustomed to repeat on the anniversary of the occasion until his death.

The composition of forms of thanksgiving was an employment in which he was better skilled than any other prelate in England. He had the chief share in composing the office for the national thanksgiving of January 31, 1688, a form which Macaulay considered better worthy to be compared with the Book of Common Prayer than any that had been framed since; and he also composed the sentences which were added to the office used by the Church on November 5, in which "the second great deliverance wrought on that day," the arrival of William of Orange, was commemorated.

Several volumes of sermons, which are distinguished, like everything that came from his pen, for their Ciceronian fineness of style, but which do not seem to have much besides this quality, also exist as witnesses to the religious side of Sprat's character. "His talent as a preacher," according to Evelyn, "was a great memory, never making use of notes, a readiness of expression in a most pure and plain style of words, full of matter easily delivered." He was ranked with Tillotson, South, and Stillingfleet as one of the four greatest preachers of the day, and no one was more eagerly pursued by lovers of pulpit oratory. It is said that on one of the occasions when he preached before the House of Commons the members could

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not refrain from applauding him, but that he refused to gratify himself by enjoying this result of his eloquence and enforced silence by crying sternly "peace! peace!" Both parts of the story are to his credit. What is less so is the fact that his published sermons are full of long passages translated from the classical writers, especially from Cicero, which are unaccompanied by the slightest acknowledgment of their source. Dr. Doddridge, who was a great admirer of Sprat's sermons, and recommended them to the students of his academy as models for their "inimitable ease and dignity of style," seems to have been the first writer to make this discovery.

Bishop Sprat lived in the enjoyment of his two palaces and the first literary reputation in the country—to which he succeeded on the death of Dryden—until the year 1713. By that time he had probably seen the error of his ways in poetry, for the "metaphysical" style had long before his death sunk into discredit. It is certain that he wrote no poetry in the latter half of his life, though until the last he took an interest in the successive editions of Cowley, his poetical master, who had left him the charge of all his manuscripts. Sprat was succeeded in the See of Rochester by a man of very similar type, a brilliant though not profound scholar, a fine writer, an eloquent preacher, a high churchman, and a lover of the Stuarts in Bishop Atterbury. Atterbury, however, unfortunately for his career, had little of his predecessor's tact and caution, and his devotion to the Stuarts cost him his bishopric and very nearly cost him his head. Sprat lies buried, together with his greater friend, in Westminster Abbey, though not in Poets' Corner. It is not too much to say that few finer writers or more variously accomplished men are sleeping out the "Sabbath of the tomb" amid the peace of the great Temple of English Fame.

JOHN MAX ATTENBOROUGH.

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A TUSCAN HORACE.

IT is an open secret that Italy, our good friend and faithful ally, can only maintain her present position as a Great Power at the cost of tremendous sacrifices; her history, even in our own days, has been checkered with disasters, if not humiliations; but under all these discouragements the golden shell of poesy has never fallen from her grasp, and the swans of song have never utterly forsaken the banks of her Eridanus. The genius of Greece, the most splendid development of the intellectual potentialities of humanity that the world has yet witnessed, expired with her freedom—an Englishman acknowledged and deplored the fact in the burning strophes of a hymn worthy of an Alcman or a Pindar—but even when the haughty mistress of the nations, who had inherited, appropriated, and assimilated the arts of vanquished Hellas, bowed her own proud neck at last beneath the yoke of the barbarian conquerers, she still cherished deep in her heart the inextinguishable fire of the bardic afflatus; that sacred flame she has tended through subsequent ages of trial and affliction as lovingly and vigilantly as did the Roman Vestals the red spark that shone on the hearth of their goddess. Like the live embers which the careful housewife in the Homeric simile so jealously guards and treasures for the morning's needs, the germ of song which had been dormant, not dead, since the days of Boethius, sprang up into light and glory in the *Divina Commedia* of Dante; and since that period the *aurea catena* of poets has never been broken—the fair Hesperian land has never lacked a priest to stand before the altar of Apollo.

It is, of course, a truism that in every age the *summa* of human intellect is a constant and incapable of indefinite expansion. It follows, as an obvious corollary, that when the best energies of the *fin fleur* of the races are devoted, as they are at present, to vain attempts to scale the inaccessible heights of the real —for this, whether we like to acknowledge the fact or not, is what the quest of science amounts to—the lush meads of poesy and romance must of necessity grow dry and barren for want of cultivation, just as commerce and agriculture suffer in lands where conscription is in vogue. Italy alone, burdened with taxes, handicapped with debt in her struggle for national existence, groaning beneath the weight of her armour, which is no threat to others but an

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indispensable guarantee of her own safety, constantly menaced as she is by intriguing and restless neighbours—Italy alone, we repeat, seems to form a glorious exception to this melancholy rule. With all her disabilities, all her poverty, she can face Europe to-day, if not as her ruler, still as her teacher, model, and guide—as *facile princeps*, not alone in science, but in the arts as well. She has a a Lombroso and a Marconi; she has also a Verdi, a D'Annunzio, and a Carducci.

Giosuè Carducci, whom we have ventured to style a Tuscan Horace, bears a name which is illustrious in the artistic annals of Italy, for the Florentine brothers, Vincenzo and Bartolommeo Carducci, were painters of the seventeenth century. whose claim to be inscribed in the long list of worthies to whom the fair city of St. John has given birth has been recognised by posterity. He first saw the light at Val di Castello in 1837. Educated at Florence, his genius ripened at such an early age that he was actually appointed Professor of Italian Literature in the ancient and distinguished University of Bologna when only three-and-twenty. He had previously started, in 1858, a literary review, the *Poliziano*—named after the celebrated Politian of the fifteenth century—resembling the present *Rivista Politica e Letteraria* and the *Fanfulla*. Since then he has been a prolific writer. His principal works are: *Juvenilia Levia Gravia, Commentaries on Plutarch, Giambi ed Epodi, Rime Nuove, Odi Barbare, Nuove Odi Barbare*, and *Terze Odi Barbare*. This last collection includes what are perhaps the most characteristic, noteworthy, and beautiful poems of the great Italian.

Carducci is frankly pagan, and, like Schopenhauer and Leopardi, æsthetically pessimistic. He might well have lived and sung under the sage and elegant Octavianus, that "present Apollo" of poets and prototype of Lorenzo de' Medici, in the Augustan age of Rome; he might have fitly consorted, a kindred soul, with Horace, Propertius, and Ovid. His muse, however, is more robust and virile than that of the two latter poets, and he has far more in common with the bard of Venusia. Like him he can sing, it is true, of love and wine, of myrtle and roses; but, like him also, he can tune his lyre, inspired by "l'ardente Clio," to loftier themes than the facile charms of a Lalage or a Cinara; he can look forth with the eyes of a seer upon the momentous epopee of the world. Amidst the laughter and ripple of the crystal fount of Bandusia, Horace could hear the expiring wail of the last daughter of the Ptolemies, who chose death rather than the degradation of figuring, as Zenobia did in later days, a captive and discrowned queen, in the pomp of a Roman triumph. The spirit of Carducci, too, arrests its majestic flight for a moment above the "white town" of the Istrian Miramare, ere it follows the course of the "fatal Novara," which bears the doomed Maximilian to Mexico—and death.

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The epicurean proprietor of the Sabine farm—*parcus deorum cultor et infrequens*—and the poet-professor of Bologna, must stretch across a wide chasm of nearly two thousand years if they are to join hands; for all that, they have both dreamt the same dream, seen the same vision, and been haunted by the same mysterious triad—love and death and the world. Both are men amongst men, and for both the world is a stage whereon, amidst scenery and accessories of witching, if transitory, beauty, the tragi-comedy of love is played out; for both death is the old property-man who at the appointed time extinguishes the lights and takes charge of all the tinsel splendours till they are needed by fresh actors, who assume the *rôles* of generations past and gone with the same gaiety and enthusiasm which distinguished their predecessors.

In the midst of a charming song of the spring, the season of green leaves and reviving hopes, the cheery Roman poet is abruptly subdued by the apparition of the veiled spectre who lurks so incongruously amidst the violets and the daffodils, and breathes the sad confession, "We are dust and shadow"; while the Tuscan, as he muses on Monte Mario, looking down over the Eternal City, where the vast pile of St. Peter's soars into the turquoise air like some giant shepherd keeping watch over his flock, sighs forth:

"To-morrow we must die, as but yesterday died those whom we loved. Aye, even the brilliant ranks of future generations, who are destined to take up the torch of life which has fallen from our hands, even they must in their turn disappear into the infinite. A day will come when of all the teeming multitudes of the human race but one couple shall survive. Standing amidst the *débris* of the mountains, amidst a dead vegetation, they shall behold with glassy eyes and livid faces the sun as he sets over a boundless field of ice."

Yet again, in a spirit akin to the resignation of Horace when he says "Moriar; mors ultima linea rerum est," Carducci views the "serene image of Death" floating above the banquet, as seen in ancient days by the "divine Plato beneath the planes of Ilissus."

Amongst the *Terze Odi Barbare* are to be found compositions which in lyric splendour are not surpassed by the magnificent poems of the Fourth Book of the Odes of Horace. There is the same sustained and lofty march of thought, the same dignity and refinement of language, the same richness of allusion and illustration. You feel at once that the writer is not alone a poet *factus ad unguem*, but a scholar as well, thoroughly imbued with classical lore, which he reproduces, not as a slavish imitator, but with an added grace and modern significance which it has acquired in the glowing crucible of his own vivid imagination. His finest effort is perhaps the *Miramar;* but separated from this by no great interval are *Su Monte Mario, Alessandria,* and *Presso l'Urna di Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

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Miramar may be called a song of doom. Its weird majesty, its sombre and terrible imagery, its dire pursuing phantasmagoria of the raving Giovanna, the beheaded Marie Antoinette, the despoiled and murdered Montezuma, the grim Huitzilopotli, and the other vengeful Aztec divinities, remind us of the awful "Binding Hymn" of the Furies in the *Eumenides* of Æschylus. After a brief dream of wedded bliss, by the blue waters of the Adriatic, leaving his peaceful, cherished home and the quiet study, with his favourite pictures of Dante and Goethe, the master-minds who were the guides of his noble life—leaving, too, open and half-read, the chivalrous romance of the ancient Castilian writer, Maximilian, accompanied by his Charlotte, sails forth over the summer seas in the *Novara*, bound for the shores of the New World, there to expiate with his innocent blood the crimes of Spain and his ancestors. There is a distant reminiscence of Horace's

"victorum nepotes
Rettulit inferias Jugurthae"

in the conclusion of the poem:

"E a la grand' alma di Guatimozino
Regnante sotto il padiglion del sole
Ti mando inferia, o puro, o forte, o bello
Massimiliano."

The deep despair of *Su Monte Mario* and its no less deep appreciation of the Cyrenaic μονόχρονος ἡδονή, the fugitive *joie de vivre*, and the captivating glamour of the transient beauties of Nature, remind us forcibly of Leopardi's famous *Ginestra* and his almost equally striking *Canto Notturno di un pastore errante dell' Asia.*

As we turn to the *Alessandria* our thoughts insensibly revert to the warning Horatian Sapphics:

"Pindarum quisquis studet aemulari,
Iule, ceratis ope Dædalea
Nititur pennis vitreo daturus
Nomina ponto."

But Carducci, although he dares to rival the "Theban Eagle," has no cause to dread an Icarian fall. The spirited pæan which is chanted by the Macedonian soldiery as they march by the green papyrus beds of Mareotis and the banks of the mystic Nile is not unworthy of the conquering son of Philip whom it celebrates. A similar strain upon the Hellenic lyre, so ingloriously silent in those days, would as surely have elicited the gratitude and encomiums of Alexander—who was no mean judge of the beautiful—as the living bronze of Lysippus or the glowing canvas of Apelles. And then, the song ended, we can almost fancy we see the golden cuirass of the mighty founder of Alexandria flung down upon the lonely shore where in the after ages was destined to stand and flourish the great emporium of the Orient and the Occident.

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It is only natural that one who is pre-eminently a poet of *Italia redenta* should "love the name and revere the memory of that divine singer of the virgin brow and the Titan spirit," who was the apostle of the literary aufklärung in England and the writer of the inspired *Prometheus Unbound*—a creation as grand and unique as the Δεσμώτης of the old Athenian. And where shall we find a more glorious tribute paid by genius to genius than Carducci's *Presso l'Urna di Percy Bysshe Shelley?* His magic lines transport us with the celerity of an Ariosto to the resplendent Isles of Fancy, floating in distant seas—like Lucian's poetic conception of the νῆσος Μακάρων—where the heroes and the heroines of Classicalism and Romanticism wander side by side in strange but not uncongenial companionship. Siegfried and Achilles, leaning on their spears, roam together along the shores of the resounding ocean. Mary Queen of Scots and Clytemnestra, standing in the moonlight, lave their white hands in the waters; but the waves straightway become incarnadine and recede, as if in horror, from their guilty touch. Here, too, are Œdipus and Lear, Cordelia and Antigone, Helen and Iseult. To Shelley alone of modern bards, wafted hither by Sophocles from the embrace of Thesis, is it given to join the band of the elect in these newer Fortunate Isles.

The words of deepest pathos, addressed to the matchless *Cor Cordium*, with which the poem concludes may be thus paraphased:

> "O heart of hearts! above thy clay-cold urn
> Spring and her fragrant flowerets glow and burn.
>
> O heart of hearts! the sun, thy sire divine,
> Wraps thee in light—poor heart within thy shrine.
>
> Rome's pines, Rome's breezes sing of liberty!
> Where art thou, poet of a world set free?"

W. B. WALLACE, B.A.

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WHY ENGLISH LITERATURE IS DYING.

THE statement that English Literature is dying is likely to provoke a contemptuous smile on the countenance of the magazine reader. He will class it, no doubt, along with the jeremiads about the decline in British trade, the decadence of the British army, the exhaustion of coal mines, and the periodic microbe scares. And, indeed, at the first glance, such an assertion seems at striking variance with certain obvious facts; for the present flourishing condition of the book and newspaper press is constantly being forced upon our notice. Never before were writers of books or readers of books more numerous; never before have men of letters earned more princely incomes or stood higher in the public estimation. From a financial point of view we now live in the golden age of Art and Literature, and we have the satisfaction of knowing that talent of any kind is sure of a speedy recognition and liberal reward, provided it is suitably applied. Let a musician write a comic opera that will run three hundred nights in a London theatre, then, if his business acuteness is in any way equal to his musical ability, at the end of that time he will find himself the owner of a sum beside which the earnings of Mozart and Handel seem quite paltry. By supplying comic papers with sketches of smirking actresses or half-clad ballet dancers, a talented artist can count upon an income that Rembrandt might well have envied.

In Literature the same change is apparent; the man of letters no longer haunts obscure taverns or coffee-houses; he has transferred his *habitat* from Grub Street to Belgravia; he patronises the most exclusive clubs and gives entertainments to which the *élite* of the land are proud to receive invitations.

All this is very gratifying, but still an impartial observer is forced to the conclusion that future generations will look back upon the last decades of the nineteenth century as a blank in the annals of English Literature. It is not, apparently, that we lack great writers; we have too many of them. We have difficulty in conceiving the conditions that existed less than a century ago, when Keats was criticised out of existence and Byron stung to fury by "the chorus of insolent reviewers." Criticism has been robbed of many of its terrors, and every year appear many score of books, each of which, the reviewers assure us, places the writer in the

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front rank of literary fame. Naturally, the front rank is getting a little crowded, and we look in vain for the outstanding names that may serve as landmarks when the history of the period comes to be written.

The circumstance that has wrought, perhaps, the greatest effect is what we may call the widening of the literary electorate—a revolution which has had more far-reaching effects in the realm of letters, than all the Reform Bills have produced in the political world. Literature has become more democratic. Cheap printing and the spread of primary education have brought into existence a new class of readers, vastly transcending in numbers anything that the writers of the Georgian period could ever have dreampt of. At that time even authors of note sometimes found it necessary to secure subscriptions for their books before they could be printed, and most of them aimed at finding a "patron," whose main function seems to have been making up the too frequent deficit in the writer's budget. The circle of readers was small, but it consisted in a greater degree than at present of men of education and culture, and it is this fact we must thank if the writers of that age, despite their squalid life and their flunkeyism, kept before them a higher standard of literary excellence than do their brethren of to-day. It is not that authors, in seeking the best market for their wares, have become more sordid in their aims; but simply that the vastly increased demand for reading matter dangles before their eyes a temptation which is difficult to resist. An author, after all, is only mortal, and we must not be surprised should he prefer to write for the many rather than the few, even if he does so with his tongue in his cheek.

It is impossible to over-estimate the effects of this change. Men of letters are tried by a different jury, according to different laws, and these changes must leave an indelible mark in the literature of the period. When education, having spread to the utmost, begins to increase in depth rather than extent; when literary taste begins—as it almost certainly will—to rise, then we may hope for a gradual revival of the old ideals that are now regarded with such contemptuous pity.

We need seek no further for an explanation of the undeniable shallowness of everyday literature. The man in the street is essentially shallow; yet he is the arbiter of literary destiny. There is no appeal from his decisions. It is vain for authors to waste their time on anything that aims at improving or elevating him. "I don't want to be improved or elevated," replies triumphantly the man in the street; "I want to be amused, and if you can't amuse me I won't buy your books," which, of course, settles the matter. The man in the street—omnipotent and despotic—lays down the law just as effectively as if it were done through the medium of

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the ballot box, and the publishers and editors enforce it loyally. We can well imagine the reception Charles Lamb would meet with nowadays, should he steal into an editorial sanctum and timidly proffer his *Essays of Elia*. "Very nice little bit of work, Mr. Lamb," the magnate would reply patronisingly, "but not quite what's wanted. In fact, it won't go down with the public. If you could do us something good in the detective line, now, with plenty of sensation thrown in, I should be pleased to look over it. Good morning." And, perhaps, poor Charles Lamb, after a few rebuffs of this sort, would sorrowfully commit his beloved MS. to the flames, go back to his desk at the India House, and stay there like a wise man.

Some recalcitrant spirits there are who foolishly persist in turning out what they themselves regard as good work, and hope in time to secure recognition; but after a few years of trial of living on the income of a costermonger, looked on with pitying contempt by their more sensible professional brethren they generally end by falling into line with the others. All honour to those who, like Meredith, continue to produce volume after volume to stand in serried and unbroken array on the shelves of circulating libraries, and keep in countenance such works as *Clarissa Harlowe*, and other "classics"—as we term books which we all admire hugely but seldom read.

The modern editor or man of letters is haunted by no dreams of Parnassus, but he keeps a watchful eye on his balance at the bank, and speculates on the changes of public opinion with all the sharpness of an old Stock Exchange hand. Here is an extract from the first number of a new periodical in which the pious editor states his creed and sets forth frankly the *raison d'être* of his paper.

"Such, briefly, are our aspirations. That our ——, like Mr. Steele's, will ever become a classic we dare not hope. Ours will be written for the moment merely. So was his, you say. But our moment is of a very different kind from his. We live in an age of universal education (*sic*), an age of chatty scraps and snappy snatches. To write slowly and sedately would be to kill the paper for which one was writing. Even at the opening of the eighteenth century the *Tatler* lasted only two years. At the opening of the twentieth such a paper would not last two weeks. An immortal classic it might be—what there were of it. But for *our* —— we desire another kind of immortality—a lower but more remunerative kind of immortality. We wish our —— to take a permanent place in public esteem, living and dying week by week throughout the ages."

Critics of an exacting spirit might think this almost aggressively abject, but the tone of gay confidence in which the editor calls upon the public to watch him grovelling in the mire, shows that he knows his business as an editor, and will no doubt make his paper a success.

When the spirit of the modern bookman instead of soaring upwards is content to crawl along the ground, where he is more likely to pick up a few coins, we shall look in vain for any sugges-

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tion of sublimity in the abundant stream of printed matter that issues for ever from the Press. Yet there is one reputation which to-day is mighty. Among the blind Kipling is the one-eyed man; the world of letters hails him as King. And now, with the crown firmly screwed upon his brows, it matters not what he produces; the publishers vie with each other in writing cheques; his satellites write "Appreciations"; the reviewers zealously hunt through their dictionaries for new adjectives; the public applaud to the echo. We may hold what opinion we please about Kipling's merits as a writer, but there is no disputing his vast popularity. The secret of his success may lie in the intrinsic qualities of his works, or partly in the tendency of taste and opinion among readers; yet, though it is hardly sufficient to reckon an author's greatness by his popularity, that popularity must be accounted for. Logic warns us to be cautious in attributing important effects to trivial causes, and we would certainly err if we assumed that mere caprice on the part of the English-speaking peoples had placed Kipling on the pinnacle he now occupies. There must be some far-reaching influences at work, when, within little more than ten years, we see a writer rise from comparative obscurity to world-wide fame. As the growth of a plant depends jointly on the nature of the seed and of the soil, so an author's greatness is the product of the age and the man.

If we seek the literary characteristics of the present age, we must do so from the point of view of supply and demand; we must ask what is most likely to be palatable to a nation under given conditions. When literature is seen to stand on a democratic basis, with culture and education as yet at a low level, we may be assured that whatever flatters the national variety is sure to be welcomed. Every individual likes to feel himself even the forty-millionth part of a ruler and a conqueror. Thoughts he is conscious to himself of an unpleasant tightness in the money market; though to-night's bed and to-morrow's dinner are problems that press for attention, still, he can always declare himself to be a "Civis Romanus," a declaration which brings him no little comfort and consolation. And, after all, is there not something pathetic in the shabby, hungry street-corner man who cons his greasy newspaper in the coffee-shop, and forgets his misery in the dreams of empire conjured up by the hackneyed, bombastic outpourings of the leader column? Outcast, pariah, he may be; he might perish utterly from the face of the earth and none turn their heads to ask whither he has gone. Yet duns, policemen, all the machinery of social ostracism cannot deprive him of the feeling that he shares the nation's glories.

This is the chord that Kipling twangs so assiduously, and with such magic success; and as long as human nature remains what it is, so long will it prove a very reliable and lucrative chord to twang. Kiplingism existed before Kipling, and it will outlive him. In the

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Carlylean phraseology it was "inarticulate," but in him it found a mouthpiece and a prophet.

One may question whether the sentiments to which Kipling appeals are the best and truest in our nature. When we read, for example, of the canine fidelity with which the native soldiers regard their English officer, a stripling perhaps with the down scarcely showing on his chin; how they prostrate themselves before him, cowed by a look or tumble over each other in their haste to perform some menial office for him; our first feeling is one of pride and superiority. Part of the glory seems to belong to ourselves. We are apt to forget that superiority is a relative term, and may mean degradation on the one hand as much as surpassing merit on the other; and, if, as Englishman, we share the glory, so, as human beings, do we share the degradation.

The following incident, retated by Darwin, shows a different point of view.

"I may mention one very trifling anecdote, which at the time struck me more forcibly than any story of cruelty. I was crossing a ferry with a negro who was uncommonly stupid. In endeavouring to make him understand, I talked loud, and made signs, in doing which I passed my hand near his face. He, I suppose, thought I was in a passion, and was going to strike him, for instantly, with a frightened look and half-shut eyes, he dropped his hands. I shall never forget my feelings of surprise, disgust, and shame at seeing a great powerful man afraid to ward off a blow, directed, as he thought, at his face. This man had been trained to a degradation lower than the slavery of the most helpless animal."

Here a writer of the Kiplingistic school would have felt a cubit added to his stature, and would have seized this incident as a text whereon to hang cunningly worded eulogies on the white races in general and his own in particular; he would have related it exultingly as a striking tribute to the superiority of himself and his nation.

Darwin's, nevertheless, was the true feeling—shame and disgust, but human nature must improve before this is the common feeling. There is too deep-rooted a tendency, both among individuals and nations to compare themselves with others, and to enjoy to the full the satisfaction that such a comparison nearly always affords.

At present the public demand flattery; and it is supplied promptly and in the most business-like manner by the fraternity of authors. So long as the same conditions last it is vain to hope for much improvement. The improvement must come from a higher taste on the part of the readers. Then, and only then, the fulsome adulation that they now swallow with such avidity will pall, and end by becoming nauseous. Whoever helps to dethrone the "idols of the tribe," and to place in their stead the nobler ideal of humanity, will contribute to this end and bear part in establishing one of the essential conditions under which literature may emerge from the

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position of an "industry," and take its place once more among the arts.

Still more remains to be done. The appetite for sensation, the widespread and inane habit of reading only scraps and paragraphs, and avoiding like plague anything longer than half a column, point to a feeble power of concentration, a mental indolence, or lassitude whichever it may be may be, that are fatal to the existence of literature as an art. We read nowadays not to stimulate our thoughts, but "to rest our minds," to paralyse for the time our mental faculties. The students of present day literature will recognise therein an admirable adaptation of means to ends.

W. M. LIGHTBODY.

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MATTHEW ARNOLD AND HIS RECENT CRITICS.

A DISTINGUISHED critic speaking of another critic of Matthew Arnold said he was "like a hog judging Minerva." That, of course, was improper, and I am not about to repeat the expression in describing the work of the Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. But then the Professor talks of "orthodox bricks," and "disbelievers' tiles," and Oxford's enemies "sick with an agonised grin," and "gush," and "rigmarole," and "windy vagaries of mental indigestion," and "dustbin," and "straight over the crupper," and "wiping off," and "full-belly," and "thickhidedness" and "superlative sloppers;" and the following as a choice specimen of longer passages: "The most hopeless variance of all must come when we arrive at Mr. Arnold's championship of that ungainly and sterile mule, the English Hexameter, and when we review *the specimens of the animal that he turns out from his own stables for our inspection.*" Even supposing that this is all proper and permissible in a Scotch Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature, what, one asks, are "equivalenced" "enjambed," "morals" as a verb, doing in a literary critic, above all, of Matthew Arnold?

This is sad, because Mr. Saintsbury can rise to magnificent praise. We forget this, we forget the insight, the knowledge, the flashes of light, the play of an illuminated mind, the strong individuality which elevate his review of Matthew Arnold to a high place in English critical literature. Let us be fair, but let us be clear. Not his judgments, it is, that we object to, but his manners! Let Mr. Saintsbury bring out a new edition, and let the Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature appear.

In this respect Mr. Herbert Paul in his volume of the English Men of Letters Series on Matthew Arnold has done better, but, sorrowfully we add, in the other respect he has done worse. Mr. Saintsbury's genius and Mr. Paul's manners, that is what we want. The latter has written a book on Arnold which will on most points commend itself to the lover of Arnold. The lover of Arnold likes to see things as they are, and therefore he will read Mr. Saintsbury's cruel truths, but he wants also to see in a criticism of his master the signs of sympathy. He sees them in Mr. Paul. There

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was a spirit in Matthew Arnold's life which too many have missed, the missionary spirit, the irrepressible desire to hand on the light. He so covered it with banter, with graces of the world, with Stoic reserve, that men frequently passed it unheeding. Yet it was there, and in particular that chapter of his life which Mr. Saintsbury entitles "In the Wilderness" is only comprehended by realising that beneath the persiflage of bishops and dissenters there breathed the desire to restore a lost faith. To his great praise, Mr. Paul understands this. Consequently he has a key to unlock meanings which are closed for the "Great critical idiosyncrasy," as he himself would say, of the Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature. Mr. Paul never rises so high as Mr. Saintsbury, but he never descends so low. He never writes as finely as this: "But, once more, a poet is to be judged first by his best things, and secondly by a certain *aura* or atmosphere, by a nameless, intangible, but sensible quality which, now nearer and fuller, now further and fainter is over his work throughout."—P. 220. Nor on the other hand does he write anything like the Newmarket vernacular which we have already quoted.

Mr. Saintsbury is a veteran in literature. If we may say it, he has larger powers, he has penetration, experience and the critical apparatus. Consequently when he deals with the work which has its significance below the surface, he is at his best. Such a work as Matthew Arnold's *A French Eton* interests every one. Its matter and manner alike keep us attentive. Mr. Paul feels interested in it. But where he gives us, let us say, a *Daily News* article, Mr. Saintsbury gives us a study in literature. He apprehends its place in the progress of Arnold's style and fixes it clearly for us. So generally, disfigured as it is with unseemly thrusts, Mr. Saintsbury book nevertheless locates the genius of Matthew Arnold with justice and decision. Take this, as he himself would say, on Arnold's critical studies: "His function was to mark the special—perhaps it would be safe to say *a* special—tendency of his own, and to bring that out with all his devices of ingenious reduplication, fascinating rhetoric, and skilful parading of certain favourite axioms and general principles."—P. 97.

This is an illuminating judgment on a level which Mr. Paul rarely reaches. Then on some of the shorter essays Mr. Saintsbury has critical praise in the finest style. He gives us this in the Introduction (included in *Mixed Essays*) to the selection of Johnson's Lives. "The opening passage about the 'point *de repère*' itself, the fixed halting place to which we can always resort for fresh starts, fresh calculations, is one of the great critical loci of the world, and especially involves the main contribution of the nineteenth century to criticism if not to literature altogether."—P. 169.

For some reason Mr. Paul entirely omits notice of this, one of

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the best of Arnold's contributions to criticism. Indeed, to take the volume in which the Johnson paper appears, Mr. Paul relegates notice of it to the end of a chapter on what he calls "The Aftermath." The highest which Mr. Paul can say of it is that six out of the nine essays "are equal, if not superior, to any other critical work of Matthew Arnold's." His observation upon the two famous passages of the Shelley essay, "What a set!" "What a world!" and "The beautiful and intellectual angel beating in the void his luminous wings in vain," is, that the first "shows perhaps a lack in the sense of proportion," and the second "is impressive, and I suppose it means something." We turn to Mr. Saintsbury and give his admirable passage in full.

"From the moment of its appearance to the present day, this piece has been an unceasing joy to all who love literature with a sane devotion. Its composition is excellent; it selects just the right points, dwells on them in just the right way, and drops them just when we have had enough. In mere style it yields to nothing of its author's, and is conspicuously and quite triumphantly free from his repetitions and other mannerisms. No English writer—indeed one may say no writer at all—has ever tempered such a blend of quiet contempt with perfect good humour and perfect good breeding. Dryden would have written with equally fatal serenity, but not so lightly; Voltaire with as much likeness, but not nearly so much like a gentleman—which may also be said of Courier. Thackeray could not have helped a blaze of indignation, honest and healthy, but possibly just, plusquam-artistic, at the unspeakable persons who think that by blackening the unhappy Harriet they can whiten Shelley. And almost any one would have been likely either to commit the complementary error of being too severe on Shelley himself, or, if this were avoided, to underlie the charge of being callous and unsympathetic. Every one of these rocks, and others, Mr. Arnold has avoided, and he has left us in the piece one of the most perfect examples that exist of the English essay on subjects connected with literature. In its own special division of 'causerie' the theory is not only without a superior, it is almost without a peer."—P. 205.

That is the truth from a writer who is far from being an entire admirer of Arnold. On the purely literary side Mr. Saintsbury is at his best, and with all the disfigurements of expression and manner, his book is of surpassing interest.

Again on the poetry we find Mr. Paul deficient. He is deficient, as hitherto all Matthew Arnold's critics have been, in discovering the line of Arnold's poetic development. Criticism so far has been simply a string of comments showing no order of growth in the poetry. So far as we know, the only successful attempt to classify the poems has been made in an apparently unknown but invaluable article in the *Contemporary Review* of September, 1874, by Mr. Hewlett. Mr. Paul fails in the illuminating generalisation which really helps us to the inner significance of great poetry. Neither do we follow him in some of his detailed criticisms. His reference to Arnold's majestic Shakespeare Sonnet is something more than derogatory.

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And does Mr. Paul not see, or on the same point, does not Mr. Saintsbury see, that the lovely end-pieces of *The Scholar-Gipsy*, and *Sohrab and Rastum*, and *Empedocles on Etna*, have their place and use, as Shakespeare's strange insertions of comedy in the very heart of tragedy had their use, and as in Beethoven we suddenly pass from torrential passion to the loveliest peace? Then why does Mr. Paul quote the early versions of certain lines instead of the later?

"We stand to-day by Wordsworth's tomb"

is better than the 1852 version—

"What shall be said o'er Wordsworth's tomb?"

Yet Mr. Paul gives the latter, and not only thus gives a bad version here, but in giving the previous line makes an absolute misquotation, substituting "verse" for "voice."

Where, then, is the quality of Mr. Paul's work which will give it in the heart of the lover of Arnold a place prior to that of Mr. Saintsbury, with all the latter's strength and light? Mr. Paul's contribution is a juster estimate of the value of Matthew Arnold's political and religious ideas. Too long it has been thought that his proposals had no place or necessity in practical politics, because they came from a man of literature, and because they sounded a note which was strange amid the tones of contemporary politics. He criticised both parties, and paid the penalty in being distrusted by both. To a generation over-occupied with virulent party strife concentrated around one or two pre-eminent personalities, it was new and unwelcome to be told that there was an end in politics, not that of party gain, but of the higher welfare of the whole nation. He told the Liberals—the Liberals dominated by the Manchester doctrines—that the flourishing manufactures and the huge trade of England existed side by side with gross national deformities. He brought, moreover, for the measurement of his own country a standard of international judgment which sooner or later will be inescapable. Moreover, at a time when Individualism was triumphant, he foresaw and urged the extended operation of the State working as the organ of the best national self. Looking at the route of British politics since Arnold, the rise of a national sense which has flowed outside party channels, the recognition forced by events of the limitations of free trade and its actual modification by the country, and the disquieting hatred of foreign peoples, the application of State action in Labour, and, above all, in Education—looking at all this, we ask, is the common judgment of Arnold as a politician—such a judgment as that of Mr. Saintsbury—adequate, true, sensible? Mr. Saintsbury says that Arnold had "no ideas, no first principles in politics at all." Saying that, he has ruled

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himself out of court as a critic of politics. Mr. Paul has done infinitely better. He has for politics just the equipment which Mr. Saintsbury has for literature. Let us see what he finds in Arnold's politics. He points out that for twenty years Arnold urged the establishment of a national system of secondary education. Arnold has been dead for fourteen years and the nation still waits, although the pressure of facts is doing now what the voices of teachers have failed to do. He urged the establishment of local municipal authorities throughout the country, "not to the satisfaction of everybody," as Mr. Saintsbury says, meaning, we suppose, by "everybody" his Conservative friends. Writing of the essays in which Arnold advocated these reforms, Mr. Paul says:

"All these essays deserve the most careful study. They were written by a master of his subject, they are as full of knowledge as of zeal, they are eminently practical, and they have the most direct bearing upon the politics of the day. The course of events has in this matter fully justified Mr. Arnold, who was wiser than the statesmen and ahead of his time. In his address at Ipswich he took another dip into the future, which also showed his prescience. 'No one in England,' he said, 'seems to imagine that municipal government is applicable except in towns.' And he went on to suggest the policy since carried out by both political parties, in the form of Country and District and Parish Councils."

Mr. Paul refers to Matthew Arnold's proposals on the technical matter of Copyright with the United States, proposals which have since in the main been secured. The greater part of Arnold's political writings was devoted to Irish affairs. He advocated the establishment of a Roman Catholic University; urging this concession as a practical example of the principle of ruling Ireland in accordance with Irish ideas. Whether he was right or wrong in criticising the Land Act of 1881 and opposing Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, will depend upon our individual political views. On neither question was his attitude purely negative. He saw the need—and no one stated it more forcibly—of legislation to meet Irish grievances. He proposed to expropriate the offending Irish landlords. If this is ideal politics, it has been so far impracticable. But what way are events tending? Moreover, on the question of Irish government, the trend of events is more and more in the direction of Arnold's proposals. The trend of events is away from Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. What else is the meaning of Lord Rosebery's Liberal League speeches? Moreover, the trend of events is directly towards that larger local self-government which Arnold advocated under the form of two Parliaments, one for the Protestant North and one for the Catholic South.

But it was a high and unusual standard of national action which he brought, which it was his place and distinction that he did bring into politics. We think too often that we have done justice to Ireland by attempting to reproduce our civilisation there, by

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re-duplicating our political institutions and establishing the indispensable material basis. After all the thing does not come. It is Anglo-Saxon civilisation which we are attempting to reproduce on Celtic temperaments, and Protestant institutions on Catholic soil. So getting the material, the immaterial refuses. Arnold saw this clearly. He grasped this central fact, the absolute difference between the British and the Irish mind. Take the single example of the Roman Catholic University. Every instinct of the typical Briton sets him against this Irish demand. He never doubts that he is acting in the cause of justice. He thinks so just because his history is British and his religion Protestant. What Arnold told him is, that he has to think as an Irishman, or, what it will finally come to, he will have to let Irishmen act according to their own thinking. Govern Ireland according to Irish ideas. That was Arnold's maxim, and the formula which comprises all his proposals. So when Mr. Saintsbury says that Arnold had "no ideas, no first principles in politics at all" we say, Let him look again. The details of the political proposals of any man after fourteen years will seem unfitting, and perhaps Arnold on the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill and the Burials Bill appears to be of the past; but assuredly every fact of the Imperialist and Collectivist and Educational movements places him in the present and in the future. Mr. Paul, we said, sees this, and this has saved him. Truly he has not been overfull in saying so —about fourteen pages in all—scanty and hasty, but good and true. Mr. Paul's judgment of Arnold's politics being what it is, and Mr. Saintsbury's being what it is, their respective verdicts upon *Friendship's Garland* are explained. We give them and pass on. Mr. Saintsbury's is:

"In the first place, the thing was a falsetto, Mr. Arnold had plenty of wit, but not much humour; and after a time one feels that Bottles and Leo and Co. may be, as Dousterswivel says, 'very witty and comedy,' but that we should not be altogether sorry if they would *go*. Further, the direct personalities—the worst instances concerned Lord Elcho, Mr. Frederic Harrison, and the late Mr. Sala—struck, and strike some people as being not precisely in good taste. The constant allusions and references to minor and ephemeral things and persons were not, of course, then unintelligible, but they were even then teasing.

"In all these points, if *Friendship's Garland* be compared, I will once more not say with a *Tale of a Tub* but even with the *History of John Bull*, its weakness will come out rather strongly."—P. 150.

Mr. Paul's is:

"*Friendship's Garland* is by far the most amusing book he ever wrote, and, indeed, for anything better of its kind we must go to Voltaire . . . the fun is immortal and the criticism deep as well as sound. If the book can be said to have a practical moral, it is that Englishmen should practise the virtue of obedience, and improve the education of the middle classes. But the charm of these pages, the most vivacious that even Mr. Arnold ever penned, lies in the inimitable drollness of the social satire, and

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perhaps I can hardly do better than quote at full length the conversation between Arminius and the author upon the justices at Petty Sessions."—P. 126.

Whereupon Mr. Paul goes on to make the longest quotation in his book (more than two pages), and concludes: "I do not think that Matthew Arnold ever surpassed this dialogue.

"There was much in him of his father's literary zeal. He longed to make the world better." Thus speaks Mr. Paul. Now, that is the note too rarely heard in Matthew Arnold's reviewers. Yet it is the key to Arnold's character. *St. Paul and Protestantism, Literature and Dogma, God and the Bible, The Introductions to Isaiah,* were all written for a generation, as Arnold said,

> "Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
> The other powerless to be born."

When the secret history of inner lives is unrolled, many will be found who acknowledge Matthew Arnold as their spiritual father. He it was who in the dissolution of supernatural religion enabled them to keep steadily by faith and hope and love. The pure beauty of his poetry and the revealing light of his criticism are nothing compared with the personal and intimate service which he rendered to the youth of a generation whose faith was almost quenched in scepticism.

Arnold is sometimes studied as if he intended to set forth a systematic theology. As a matter of fact, he directed himself to the difficulties of earnest and thoughtful men. Born in a time of transition, it was hardly possible for his religious ideas to have that character of permanence which belongs to the work of periods of faith. For this time of transition and the minds disturbed in it, Matthew Arnold was a conservative force. He drew men to a loftier standard of conduct by attaching it to his own charming personality, and that is the best substitute when systems are failing. No man can judge Arnold truly unless he sympathises with this evangelical element in his work. Mr. Saintsbury, with "the exaltation of life and conduct *and all the rest of it!*" on his lips is disqualified. Of *Literature and Dogma* he says: "It was thus by far Mr. Arnold's most popular book; I repeat also that it is quite his worst."—P. 132. Against this we place Mr. Paul: "The book is one of great power and beauty, saturated with religious sentiment and inculcating the loftiest standard of morals."—P. 134. Notwithstanding his acid epigrams, the writer of the latter shows a juster measure of Matthew Arnold's work in religious and political spheres than does Mr. Saintsbury. But the latter is incontestably superior on the literary ground, superior in his judgments, superior in his apparatus of observation, comparison, and classification, while both fail, it must appear, to place Arnold, as he should be placed, in

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his own way with Ruskin and Carlyle, the trio of Victorian critics who in a measure exposed and destroyed the dark features of English life and in a considerable degree elevated our standard of social conduct.

Many minor points Mr. Paul might well in a later edition alter. Some hasty expressions should be improved: "After taking his degree, which would have shocked his father" (p. 16), is ambiguous. "Some of his unrhymed lyrics lead one to ask whether he had any ear at all" (p. 32) seems comical. It was Tennyson that Wordsworth prevented him from appreciating, not Byron" (p. 168), may be true, but is certainly cloudy. Why grumble at the Great Western Railway management? Has Mr. Paul suffered by the dividends? The printers also might spare an "h" for "armonised" on p. 99. Some of the extraordinarily dogmatic statements which appear in the book might well be omitted. That Matthew Arnold next to Milton was "the most learned of English poets" is doubtful. Some of the exaggerated forms of expression might go, too, *e.g.*, "The greatest writer of English prose is Shakespeare."—P. 77. Mr. Paul states that the French portion of the 1868 Report was never republished. —P. 110. It was republished in 1892 with *A French Eton* in the same volume. Then there are some inexplicable omissions. That of the Introduction to Johnson's Lives has already been noticed. One of the last and noblest essays, that on Emerson, is not even mentioned. The early and interesting article on "Dante and Beatrice," and those on "Obermann," on "Sainte Beuve," on "Tauler," and *An Eton Boy*, and the address on "Lucidity" are not noticed. Yet they contain some of Arnold's most significant work. Mr. Paul must add another chapter.

In short, if we could make these alterations and additions, and then if we could detach the literary portion of Mr. Saintsbury's book and add it to Mr. Paul's appreciation of Matthew Arnold's political and religious work, we should have a book of criticism in the best sense on a subject of the greatest interest.

CHARLES H. HARVEY.

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THE POSITION OF WOMEN IN RUSSIA.

THE present position which women occupy in Russia can only be understood by remembering the past history and geographical position of that country. Up to the time of Peter the Great Russia was a purely Eastern Power. It was governed with a truly Oriental barbarism, and both in character and habits of life reflected the immobility and despotism of the East.

It was given to Peter the Great—one of the very few men in history who truly deserve that title—to perceive that the future was with the West; and recognising this he not only conceived the daring project of altering the western hemisphere to include Russia, but he set about changing the character and customs of his people in order to make that change complete. When one remembers the immobility and hatred of change of the Eastern character, his only partial success is not so much surprising as that he should have had the daring to attempt, and the patience to pursue, such a project. Until his reign the position of women in Russia was largely what it is in those countries where Islam holds sway. For the conversion of Russia was but partial, and still remains so. Effected in a day, and at the command of a despotic Czar, it was not to be wondered at if much of the old leaven of superstition remained and became incorporated in the new. Amongst those things which remained was the exclusion of woman, and her treatment more as a slave than as an equal. That strange leaning towards despotism which runs through all Eastern peoples, and which still survives as an important factor in Russian life, has been the source of all the tyranny of women in the Orient. The husband, who submits uncomplainingly to the despotism of Sultan or Emir, is himself a despot by nature, and wields despotic authority in that smaller circle which owns him as lord and master. The place of women under these circumstances has always been one of degrading servitude. The object neither of her husband's affection nor respect, she either dreams her life away in idle seclusion, a prey to all the torturing jealousies of the harem, or has to bear the burden of cruel tasks, and a servitude without pity or redress. Without education or the means of enlightenment, she remains dwarfed in mind and stunted in character, neither capable of being, nor expecting to be, the companion or equal of her lord.

In the early days of Russian history, when, amid the countless

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enemies which surrounded her, Russia was lifting herself out of subjection into national life, the worst forms of Oriental seclusion held sway in the treatment of women. They were not allowed to appear in public at will, and were shunned as unclean when they did. In the church they sat apart and were not allowed to mix with the congregation. The marriage contract was arranged by the parents, and the engaged couple were allowed so little intercourse with each other before marriage that often when the suitor appeared tricks were played upon him by the wily parents. The bride would be made to stand on a stool in order to deceive him as to her height, and sometimes a more comely maiden was substituted to delight the eye of the lover. Once married, the woman entered into her heavy servitude and became the property of her husband; for her there was no redress for wrongs and no court of appeal. Her life was at the entire and uncontrolled disposal of the man who had bought her. She occupied a position little to be distinguished from a slave, held little or no intercourse with her husband, was not allowed to sit at the same table with him at meals, and had to be content with what he threw to her from his own plate. The Cossacks of the Don openly bought, sold, and pledged their wives for sums ranging from 15 to 20 roubles.

A curious light is thrown on the position of women in the days of Ivan the Terrible, by a work written by the monk Silvester, and entitled *The Domostroi*. In this curious book, written for the use of his son, the monk defines the duties of the wife. These show that but little progress had been made in the emancipation of women. The monk inculcates a modesty of demeanour and a submission to the husband on the part of the wife which comes little short of abject slavery. On the day of the marriage the bridegroom gave the bride a stroke over the shoulders in token of his power at all future times to administer correction. Of this power the wife was constantly reminded, as the horsewhip hung over the bed of the married pair. So accepted as part of the married compact was the application, that a story is told of a Russian maid who married a German husband, and complained after a short time that she was not loved by him since he had never once whipped her.

The princesses of the Royal House lived an even more secluded life. They were not allowed on any pretext to leave the country, nor could they marry except with one of their own rank. The only life open to them was the seclusion of the palace or of the cloister. In the palace the strictest supervision was exercised over them lest they should be seen by any of the attendants at court. A covered way led from the palace to the church, where they were screened from the vulgar gaze, while if they drove out the windows of the carriage were curtained.

Gradually Western ideas entered; but change, as in all Eastern

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countries, was slow. Wives of the nobles began to appear after dinner to offer the wine cup to the guests. On great occasions the Czarina was allowed to dine with the Czar, who otherwise sat alone. The second of the Romanoff line even went the length of permitting a foreign physician to enter the sick chamber of his wife. The utmost precautions were taken, however, the room being darkened, and the physician being allowed to feel her pulse only through a very fine handkerchief.

When Peter the Great ascended the throne he sought to clear away with one sweep the vast encumbrances which impeded the progress of his people. Never was a more thoroughgoing revolution conceived, or one carried through with more determination. It is amazing how, that a man brought up under the spell of Eastern despotism, and obsequiousness, surrounded on every hand by flattery, should have lifted himself clear of the enervating conditions, and flung the whole thing from him as if it were an ill-fitting garment. His efforts to change his country from Eastern to Western conditions of life were attended often with amusing results, and some of his laws—such as the ukase prohibiting courtiers from going to bed with dirty boots on—show the character of his task. The seclusion of women received from him its first staggering blow. He opened his court to them, and commanded them to present themselves. He himself selected his court ladies, and in doing so showed a fine contempt for birth and position. Empresses and ladies of the court were permitted to appear without attendants, a course of action so repugnant to the old Boyars, that it almost led to open rebellion. The innovations, however, were cordially approved by the fair sex, and Peter found in them his most cordial supporters. They adopted without murmuring the Western style of dress, learned the languages of Europe, and imitated foreign customs with the utmost readiness. The civilisation, however, was purely superficial, and Peter was barbarian enough to publicly flog the ladies of the court with the knout when they displeased him.

The schemes originated by his daring brain, and but inaugurated when he died, were developed under the masculine sway of Catherine; and as the throne for over half a century continued to be occupied by women, the emancipation of the sex from Oriental chains saw great advancement. For a century or more after Peter the Great's death the task of transplanting Russia from Asiatic to European soil continued. The French language, literature, dress, and habits were taken as the standard of excellence, and Russian ladies delighted in reproducing also some of the worst features of Parisian Society. The revolution indeed, which brought Russia into the European concert had rather a baneful effect upon public morals, and did little for the true emancipation of women. The old seclusion of domestic life was abolished, and the penalty for infidelity on the

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part of the wife, which used to be that the guilty person should be buried alive up to the waist, was struck off the statute-book by Catherine II., who had strong personal reasons for wishing it cancelled. The purity of domestic life disappeared, along with the old severe notions regarding female chastity, and a laxity of morals followed, the evil effects of which have not yet been eradicated. Woman attained a great amount of licence, but little real freedom, and the improvement in her position was much more apparent than real. An inevitable reaction also followed, and from that reaction emancipation is only slowly and painfully emerging. The position of women to-day remains far behind that which she has attained in Western Europe, and there are many battles to be fought before political and domestic freedom can be reached.

As a daughter the Russian woman is under the absolute sway of her parents. Her coming of age makes no alteration in her position. Until the day of her death, if she remain unmarried, the place she occupied in the family life is a place of dependence upon the will of her parents. The power which they can exercise over her, too, is of the most unqualified description. However harsh her treatment may be there is for her no redress. If her conduct proves displeasing to her parents, they can without any judicial process have her detained in a house of correction, or sent for a space of time to the seclusion of a monastery. A house of correction in Russia is all that the name implies, and the discipline of the monastery is scarcely less severe. Even after marriage the will of the father pursues the daughter. If he is sick he can summon her home to nurse him; while if his wife dies, he may claim her assistance as his housekeeper for three months. If her husband dies he can command her to return to the parental roof, and he becomes by law the guardian of her children. No daughter can marry without the parents' consent, though where the daughter possesses property an appeal can be made to the civil authority if the consent of the parents is withheld.

As a rule marriages in Russia are devoid of all romance or sentiment. When a young man reaches a marriageable age, the parents look out for a suitable partner. When she is found the real difficulty then arises in the arrangement of the dowry. When this is satisfactorily settled, the marriage is duly consummated. The engaged couple have during negotiations occupied the position of passive onlookers, and are hardly consulted in the matter. Nor do they often give any trouble. Love sometimes enters as a disturbing element, and no daughter can be forced to marry against her will. According to a law enacted by Peter the Great, marriage cannot take place where one of the contracting parties objects. The daughter's position at home, and the severe pressure which can be brought to bear upon her if she rebels, opens up an enticing field for the sentimental novelist.

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When a woman marries she changes the authority of parents for the no less unqualified authority of husband. As the Russian statute suggestively puts it, "one person cannot reasonably be expected to fully satisfy two such unlimited powers as that of husband and parent"! The "unlimited" power of the parent therefore is withdrawn, and that of the husband substituted. She cannot leave him even to visit a neighbouring town without a "pass" from him. He names the time she is permitted to stay, and at the expiry of the term she is bound to return, or get it renewed. A husband may appear in a court of law as a witness against his wife, but a wife is not permitted to appear against her husband. A woman's evidence is regarded also as of less weight than that of a man. "When two witnesses do not agree," the code runs, "the testimony of an adult outweighs that of a child, and the testimony of a man that of a woman." According to the tenets of the Russian Church marriage is a sacrament, and is theoretically indissoluble. There is no such thing as a civil marriage, and divorce, except in one case, is practically unobtainable by a woman. The exception is the deprivation of civil rights and banishment of the husband. If the wife choose she can follow her husband into exile; and Russian literature is full of pathetic stories of women, tenderly nurtured, braving the terrors of the long Siberian march. All children, however, born in exile are regarded as belonging to the lowest class of society. If, on the other hand, the wife seeks, on the plea of her husband's banishment, divorce, the Church in this case relaxes her discipline, and grants the plea. Although the statute recognises adultery and desertion on the part of the husband as grounds for divorce, the law is beset with such difficulties that it is never resorted to except by the wealthy, who can always make the tardy wheels revolve more swiftly.

While divorce is difficult to obtain there are other means resorted to which reach the same destination, only by a different route. Laws, in Russia, are made not to be broken, but to be evaded, and both the civil and ecclesiastical authorities have learned the art of evasion to perfection. Marriages may be annulled if any informality has occurred in them, and if parties are willing, the rest is only a question of money. In some parts of the Empire the marriage service is enacted with this contingency in view. The certificate may be left undated, or the age of the contracting parties omitted. In some parts of Little Russia, a relative during the ceremony gives the bride a slap, to prove in case of need that she has married under compulsion. Women who succeed in obtaining a separation from their husbands on the ground of informality are received into society, are allowed to marry again, and may even be separated again without loss of position. There is, however, a more healthy public spirit arising, which tends strongly in favour of an adjustment of the marriage laws, and nothing is more needed in Russia to-day.

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While the emancipation of women moves tardily, the successes which have been gained are almost exclusively confined to the educated classes. The lot of the peasant woman remains much as it was, and her life is full of hardships. Seldom does the bride enter a home of her own. She has been selected by the parents of the bridegroom with a view to her usefulness in the labours of the field. Strength, therefore, not beauty, is her charm. She enters her new home as a worker, and is put under the not always kind rule of her mother-in-law. Many of the marriage songs of the peasantry, instead of being bright and joyous, are tinged with melancholy, and dwell not on the happiness of conjugal ties, but upon their hardships. Nikrasov, a realistic poet, has thus expressed their griefs:

> "Three grievous lots has fate assigned;
> The first, to marry a slave,
> The second, to be the mother of a son that is a slave,
> And the third, to be till death the subject of a slave.
> And all these terrible lots lay
> On the woman of the Russian land."

For her, indeed, there is no redress. If the marriage prove unhappy, she has chosen her lot and she must abide by it; if her husband prove cruel, she meets with but little sympathy. Wife-beating in a Russian village is too common a thing to arouse surprise, and as to protest, has that not been the Moujik's prerogative from time immemorial? Nor have any ideas of the equality of women reached his brain. According to the peasant's proverb, "Seven women have only one soul," while another declares that "A woman has no soul at all, but only a vapour." As to a woman's intelligence, the sterner sex disposes of it thus: "Her hair is long, but the mind is short." Against all these depressing conditions, there are certain ways in which women in Russia may be said to be advanced, and which reveal that democratic feeling which runs through the most autocratic Power in Europe. There is no such law in Russia as that of primogeniture. At the death of the owner, the property is divided equally amongst the sons. If there are no male heirs, it is divided equally amongst the daughters, the mother receiving one-seventh of the real estate and one-fourth of the personal property. Women in Russia, too, are mistresses of their own fortune, and still retain control over it when they marry. They even have a voice in the selection of members of the municipal council and county assembly. They cannot exercise the franchise themselves, but are represented at the polls by a male friend or relative. No real advancement in the position of women in Russia can be expected, however, until the means of education are increased. The educational question in Russia presents great natural difficulties which are seldom remembered by those who delight in holding her Government up to the scorn of Europe. Russia is a vast country

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thinly populated. Her population is not gathered in large centres, but is scattered over the whole area in small and widely separated villages. There are difficulties of climate also to contend with. For weeks during the winter school cannot be held because of the intense frost. With the most zealous Government, therefore, education in Russia presents serious difficulties. It must be confessed, however, that the Government is not well disposed to the education of the people, and seems especially suspicious of the higher education of women. This is partly explained by the fact that the Nihilist movement had the emancipation and equal rights of women as one of its aims, and that many women threw themselves into that agitation. The struggle to obtain access to the higher branches of education and to the professions has been earnestly waged, but has met with but little success. From all those branches of activity in which women in other countries have shown themselves so successful, women in Russia are practically excluded. The truth is, there are other and more serious battles to be fought in Russia before the emancipation of women can make any definite progress. The real battle, which will test all the resources of her diplomatists and all the resources of her Empire, is the battle between the East and West—between the immobility and changelessness of the Orient and the freedom and liberalism of Europe. It is the clash of these two forces which is Russia's peril, and which her Government is seeking to stave off by artificial barriers of passports and secret police. The demands which women are making, "the liberty of marrying whom she will, of breaking the bond which binds her to an immoral husband, of enjoying every facility for earning her own livelihood, and of removing all obstacles thrown in her way of acquiring knowledge which may throw open to her the highest positions in life," are demands which are not only woman's due, but which advance the moral and social well-being of the country that is eager to grant them. Before they are fully granted to the women of Russia, however, the crises of its history will have been reached.

JAMES BURNS.

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THE MEDICAL KNOWLEDGE OF SHAKESPEARE

COMMENTATORS belonging to each of the learned professions have found in the writings of Shakespeare ample subject for admiration of the mastery which the intellect of the "myriad-minded" dramatist had obtained over the principles and details of their respective specialities. The less discriminating of the worshippers of "the foremost man in all literature" are always impressing upon their hearers that "Shakespeare has said everything, and said everything better than anybody else;" and, although this comprehensive assertion will not bear critical investigation in reference to the details of any of the progressively mobile sciences, such as those which go collectively to make up the body of medical knowledge, there can be no question in the mind of any one who is well versed in the medical literature of the Shakespearian age, that the writer of the immortal dramas gives the fullest evidence of a thorough mastery of the principles of the healing art as it was known to his contemporaries. Among the most instructive essays which have been written on Shakespeare's works are those that have been prepared to show his intimate knowledge of the sacred writings, of the English law, and of the theory and practice of medicine as it existed in his day. In the present communication I propose to indicate the more important headings under which the poet's knowledge of my own profession may be examined. I will, as I proceed, contrast it with the opinions and advices of some of the prominent medical authorities of the period.

Beginning with the simpler structures of the human organism, we do not meet with many allusions to the anatomy and surgery of the *skeleton* in the writings of the great dramatist. Nevertheless, and references which we do find are made with remarkable discrimination, the represent the best knowledge of Shakespeare's day. In *King Henry IV.*, Part I., we find the setting of bones and removal of the pain of wounds referred to as the principal functions of a military surgeon.

"How then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No."

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In *King Henry IV.*, Part II., is a reference to the well-known pathological phenomenon of the thickening and (at least apparent) strengthening of a bone after repair of fracture:

> "And therefore be assured, my good Lord Marshal,
> If we do now make our atonement well,
> Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
> Grow stronger for the breaking."

A statement referring to the surgery of the skeleton is made in *Winter's Tale*, Act 4, sc. ii., where Autolycus cries out to the clown:

> "O good Sir, softly, good sir, I fear my shoulder-blade is out."

Dr. Bucknill, the principal critic who has hitherto dealt with this subject, here corrects his author with an easy air of superior professional attainment. "The shoulder-blade cannot be dislocated." Curiously enough, as in so many other cases where commentators have undertaken to amend Shakespeare, the great poet is quite in accord with the most advanced knowledge of this subject in the present day, while the critic is absolutely wrong. The casual mistake of the latter is, I have no doubt, due to the fact that, in the ordinary text-books of the early portion of the past century, dislocations occurring at the joint between the shoulder-blade and the collar-bone were always spoken of as dislocations of the clavicle (collar-bone), as the projecting extremity of the latter produced the resulting deformity.

Of *muscles*, as distinct entities in the framework of the human organism, Shakespeare appears to have had no knowledge whatever. This was, however, a necessity of the age; any one who in those days wanted to learn the internal arrangements of the human body was obliged to go to Italy. The Italian Universities were then the only ones in which anatomy was systematically studied. Accordingly, the painters and sculptors of that country had opportunities of perfecting their knowledge of the human frame which the inhabitants of other nations had not. Still, like all other good gifts, this knowledge was subject to occasional abuse. Visitors to the Eternal City will seldom fail to carry away enthusiastic recollections of that splendid masterpiece of sculpture, the *Moses* of Michael Angelo, which is at present preserved in the church of *San Pietro in Vincoli*. Yet, in spite of the almost inspired skill presented by this wonderful statue, it offers two peculiarities which, in the eye of a skilled anatomist, reduce it almost to the level of a caricature. It appears that Michael Angelo prided himself on his knowledge of anatomy, to which, in connection with his art, he had given a great deal of attention. Accordingly, under the evident influence of this "idol of the cave," he always determined that the muscles of his subjects, whether in marble

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or on canvas, should not, metaphorically speaking, be hidden under a bushel. They always stand out in their places; and, as a muscle is prominent only when in a state of active contraction, we find here represented the physiological monstrosity of having all the muscles of the human frame in a condition of simultaneous and energetic action. On the back of the hand of the same statue, the metacarpal arch of veins stands out with vivid distinctness; but, horrible to relate, in the form of a regular mathematical curve, a mode of delineation of which, in this position, Nature knows nothing.

Of Shakespeare's vague use of the terms *nerve* and *sinew* it can only be said that he shared the indefinite ideas of his time. Dr. Bucknill speaks at some length of those names, illustrating his quotations from the works of the poet with extracts from medical writers, but does not leave the subject quite so clear as might be desired. The fact is, that all the elongated cords of whitish colour, discovered in dissection by the ancient Greeks, were vaguely designated by the term νευρόν (*neuron*). These include the *tendons*, which attach the ends of muscles to the bones on which they act; the *ligaments*, which tie bones to one another, and so complete the articulations (*i.e.* joints) of the skeleton; and the *nerves* (now so-called) which transmit the various forms of nervous energy to and from the centres in the brain and spinal cord from and to all the various tissues of the animal body. Sometimes the *arteries* appear to have been included under this heading, although more yellowish (or reddish) in colour, hollow in the interior, and (usually) empty after death.

Ideas of the *circulation*—hazy ones, of course, as all biological ideas were in those days—had existed among anatomists and physiologists before Harvey was born; and if any one man should receive greater credit than all others for enlightening the scientific world on this subject in a definite form, it, I think, should certainly be the ill-fated Spanish physician, Michael Servetus. What is, however, of special interest to us, on the present occasion, is the fact that there are various glimpses of some knowledge of the circulation scattered through the plays of Shakespeare. If not strictly definite or continuous, there is certainly enough to show that Harvey's "discovery," which was published after Shakespeare's death, would not have been a startling novelty to him if he had lived.

In *Julius Cæsar*, Act 2, sc. i., we read:

> "As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
> That visit my sad heart. . . ."

In *Hamlet*, Act 1, sc. v.:

> "The leperous distilment; whose effect
> Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
> That swift as quicksilver it courses through
> The actual gates and alleys of the body;

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And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
And curd, like aigre droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood."

In *Measure for Measure*, Act 2, sc. iv.:

"O Heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?"

A still more remarkable passage than any of the above occurs in *King Henry IV.*, Part II., Act 4, sc. iii.; where Falstaff, in discussing the good qualities of wine, goes on to say:

"The second property of your excellent sherris is the warming of the blood, which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm, and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who great and puffed up with his retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this value comes of sherris. . . ."

But the most clearly defined expressions on this subject occur in the first scenes of the play of *Coriolanus*. The stomach, replying to the attacks of its enemies, proceeds to say:

"True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house and the shop
Of the whole body; but, if you do remember,
I send it through the veins of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain;
And through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live."

If this passage does not indicate a distribution of pabulum by the circulating fluid to the various tissues of the body—distinctly foreshadowing the outline of what is known at the present day—I cannot suggest any other interpretation.

In connection with the subject of the circulation, perhaps attention can best be called to the fact that in Shakespeare's time and, indeed, from the time of Galen down to well within the present century, the most universally employed of all remedial measures at the bedside was the operation of *venesection*. This great panacea was used by Hippocrates, the "Father of Medicine," himself; and had been employed long before his time. It was still more praised by Celsus; and, in a superlative degree, by Galen. As there was no known method of appeal from the authority of those men during the Dark Ages, bleeding was an almost universal treatment. It

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continued down to the latter part of the first half of the pas century, when the *hæmatomania* of the French physicians was vigorously denounced by Schneider.

In Shakespeare's own lifetime, the Piedmontese Botal (who has given his name to the *ductus arteriosus* and *foramen ovale* of fœtal anatomy) preached freedom of bleeding with an enthusiastic zeal, to which I know of no parallel in the history of therapeutics, excepting, perhaps, the classic advocacy of the uses of *tar-water* by Bishop Berkeley. In either sex, in the young and the old, and in all types of disease, from the most acute down to the most asthenic, he advocated large and repeated bleedings:

"The young he bled freely on account of the rapid reproduction of blood in youth; the old, because he saw in the practice a conduciveness to rejuvenescence. He bled freely in low and wasting diseases, because richer and better blood was formed; in dysentery, because he recognised in it an affinity to inflammation of the lungs, in which all physicians bled; in all forms of flatulency, because of its power to relieve obstructions; in short, he had a reason for bleeding in every special distemper; and when reproached for the indiscriminate routine of his practice, he argued that the more water you drew from a well, the better and purer is that which filters in."

Such heroic treatment led to the natural result of a strong opposition in some quarters. Van Helmont, the famous alchemist, idealist, and mystic, was one of the most important (for a period) of the sceptics in this matter of medical doctrine. He became utterly disgusted with the practice of his *confrères* because they failed to cure him of the *itch*, which he had accidentally contracted from a young lady affected with that disagreeable complaint. The treatment had consisted of bleeding and purging, almost to death's door; as the phenomena of the disease were attributed by the pathologists of the period to a combustion of the bile, co-operating with a saline condition of the phlegm. After a considerable period of this fruitless martyrdom, Van Helmont was fortunate enough to fall into the hands of a disciple of Paracelsus, who had passed his life in revolutionising the pathology and therapeutics of his age. This notable practitioner adopted the views of the famous alchemist, Basil Valentine, who had taught his disciples that all bodies are ultimately composed of three elements—*salt*, *sulphur*, and *mercury*. To the first was assigned the material consistence of the body; to the second, its growth and animal heat; to the third, the conservation of its fluids. All morbid processes were now attributed by Paracelsus to certain chemico-physical operations, induced by certain mysterious *entities;* each of which produced either the effervescence of the salt, the combustion of the sulphur, or the coagulation of the mercury.

Whether by lucky accident or not, it is now impossible to say; but the fact is undoubted, that Paracelsus, "bombastic" charlatan as he was, was the lucky agent of introducing into general practice two

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of the most important remedial measures known to the therapeutists of his age—indeed, I may say, of any age. I allude to the use of *sulphur* and of *mercury*. The pathology of the "itch," as before mentioned, and taught by Paracelsus, was, of course, supposed to indicate the free use of sulphur; and the treatment was so successful in the case of Van Helmont, that the latter returned to the study and practice of medicine, which he had thrown up in a paroxysm of unbelief and disgust, and became so vigorous in the pursuit thereof, that his personal and professional qualities were thus summed up after his death by his biographer Lobkowitz: "He was pious, learned, famous, a sworn enemy of Galen and Aristotle. The sick never languished long under his hands, being always killed or cured within three days." After this, it need hardly be added, that he had become a convert to the practice of phlebotomy.

The influence of the quantity and quality of the blood on the physical and moral qualities of the individual is referred to by Shakespeare in the quotation given above from Falstaff's speech:

"the blood; which before cold and settled, left the liver white, and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice, . . ."

and in many other places; *e.g.* in *Measure for Measure*, Act 1, sc. v., we meet:

". . . Lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow broth. . . ."

Guy Patin, a French physician, born near the beginning of the seventeenth century, records of his personal experiences of venesection, that he was bled seven times for the cure of a cold in his head; and that he practised a similar operation thirty-two times in succession, on one of his colleagues, for the relief of a continued fever. The *Mercure de France*, of April 1728, and December 1729, gave the particulars of the illness of a woman named Gignault. She was aged twenty-four years, was the wife of a hussar, and resided at St. Sange, a town of the Nivernois. Under the direction of M. Theveneau, Seigneur of Palmery, M.D., of St. Sange, she was bled 3904 times in nine months (from September 1, 1726, to June 3, 1727). By July 15 of the same year, the bleedings had amounted to 4555. From September 6, 1726, to December 1, 1729, the blood lettings amounted to 26,230. An English writer, commenting on the case, asks, "Did this really occur? or was the editor of the *Mercure de France* the original Baron Munchausen"? Whether this case be a genuine one or not, there is no doubt whatever of the extravagances of phlebotomy as practised in those days.

Shakespeare's views of loss of blood are always expressed with exemplary temperance. In *Coriolanus*, Act 1, sc. v., we find Marcius saying:

"The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me."

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In *King Richard II.*, Act 1, sc. i., there is a reference to the general use of blood-letting; and an allusion to the fact that the operation was considered desirable only at certain seasons. One of the aphorisms of Hippocrates, the Father of Medicine, enjoins the practice that: "Persons who are benefited by venesection should be bled in the spring." Daring the summer months, more especially, bleeding—like oyster eating—was considered most objectionable practice. May-day was in some districts the limiting season, and the favourite one, for phlebotomy. Arnolde (quoted by Sir Thomas Elyot in the *Castell of Helthe*) prolongs the period "unto the eyght calendes of June." In the light of the above information we must look upon King Richard's advice as temperate:

> "Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled by me;
> Let's purge this choler without letting blood;
> This we prescribe, though no physician,
> Deep malice makes too deep incision;
> Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed,
> Our doctors say this is no month to bleed."

Another interesting reference to bleeding is made in *Love's Labour Lost*, Act 4, sc. iii.:

> "*Dumain.* I would forget her; but a fever she
> Reigns in my blood and will remembered be.
> *Biron.* A fever in your blood? why then incision
> Would let her out in saucers; sweet misprision."

This is in reference to the use of measuring vessels to prevent undue waste of the vital fluid: "Since the blood is so precious, it is to be well weighed what quantity is taken." In Italy, where the practice of venesection was carried out to a degree of extravagance even greater than that of the more northerly countries of Europe, a special glass was used in each of the houses of the nobles for the reception of the blood of the members of the family. These precious vessels were preserved as heirlooms; none but the "blue" blood of the house was allowed to stain their interior.

We have alluded to the principal passages in which Shakespeare's ideas of the course of the vital fluid appear to be decidedly in advance of those of most of even his medical contemporaries. Now, an interesting contrast is afforded by a passage in *Love's Labour Lost*, Act 4, sc. iii., in which he adopts the prevailing view of the period in which he wrote:

> "Why universal plodding prisons up
> The nimble spirits in the arteries;
> As motion, and long-during action, tires
> The sinewy vigour of the traveller."

The most famous medical contemporary of Shakespeare was Sir Thomas Mayerne, who enjoyed the rare privilege of doctoring five

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powerful kings in succession—two French, and three English ones. Like Paracelsus he was of Swiss origin. His swagger and self-assertion, as might be expected from one who had had so much experience of courts, were not so obtrusive as in the case of the celebrated Theophrastus Bombastus, but his therapeutics were quite as remarkable. One of his most important remedies was "raspings of an unburied skull," which on at least one occasion he administered to the "Merry Monarch" himself. His *balsam of bats*, strongly recommended to the sated hypochondriacs of the court, includes portions of the bodies and limbs of bats, adders, sucking whelps, earth-worms, hog's grease, stag's marrow, and raspings of an ox's thigh bone. A celebrated physician of Elizabeth's time—cousin to the Queen herself—was Dr. William Bulleyn, who prescribed for the nervousness of a child suffering from chorea—"*a smale yonge mouse rosted.*"

Let us now compare Shakespeare's observations on, or references to, some special forms of disease, and compare them with the medical descriptions of some of the professional men of his period. In *Hamlet*, Act 4, sc. iv., we meet the following passage:

> "This is the Imposthume of much wealth and peace,
> That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
> Why the man dies."

This passage has not been very clearly elucidated by the commentators.

In *Methods of Chemical Philosophie and Physick*, published in London in the year 1664, we find in Chap. xvi., "Of the Hurts of the Lungs," the following description of the pathological condition referred to:—

"The Imposthume of the Lungs is a little Imposthume, or a collection of filth in some part of the Lungs, which the proper membrane doth as closely include as a chest, so that scarcely any filthy matter can be breathed forth into the chest. This Imposthume, which is named *Vomica*, vomiteth much filth, from which it takes its name, viz., *a vomendo*. It is generated from the poison of Arsenic, Iron, and Sulphur or root of the Plague, which is the cause of filth. The Galenists say that the cause of it is a distillation of blood into some part of the Lungs, following the opening, bursting, or eating of a vein, and there it putrefies, and by little is changed into filth, and at last dies, and makes a receptacle for itself. Surely it is a lurking and hidden hurt; for oftentimes it is neither known to the diseased nor to the Physician, neither doth the diseased lose his functions, nor thinks that he hath such a disease, and he carries the cause of his death within his bosom.

"Those which are afflicted are of a somewhat warm colour in their faces, and their tongues are full of a certain clamminess, especially when they have long abstained from meat. Many die quickly in a quarter of an hour, in which being anatomized, there appears no other cause than the sudden disruption and bursting of the Imposthume in the Lungs, from which filth pierces into the heart, which is the enemy thereof, and perchance extinguishes and overwhelms the inbred heat. All those which are thus

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afflicted (long before the Imposthume burst) have a bloody avoiding out of the liver, and that with coughing; the breath also is grievous and stinking; there is a heaviness of the body, a light oppression of the breast, and a difficulty of breathing; but the pining doth seldom accompany them, but these signs are common to other affections."

This is a fuller description of the condition in question than is to be found in most medical books of the period, and I think there can be little doubt that the writer and the author of *Hamlet* had consulted some common source of information on the subject.

Shakespeare in many places refers to the *rheum*, or catarrhal discharge from the mucous surfaces—of eyes, nose, mouth, &c. In *Measure for Measure* we find the "gout, serpigo, and the rheum" referred to as deadly diseases. Antony "was troubled with a rheum," on the occasion of the respective deaths of Julius Cæsar and of Brutus. "A salt and sullen rheum" offended Othello upon one of the most critical occasions of his life. In the *Winter's Tale* "age and altering rheums" are coupled in idea. The author of *Chemical Philosophie and Physick*, already quoted, informs his readers that "the rheum is the mother of all diseases, and it procreates an ill-offspring, for all the affections of the eyes have their original from the flux, unless they be produced from some manifest cause." As all catarrhal inflammations are accompanied by the kind of altered and increased secretion indicated by the term rheum, the very great frequency of these, the commonest of all diseases, accounts for the comprehensive opinion enunciated above. A cold in the head is the commonest form of rheum. In this connection I may refer to a curious specimen of ancient medical nomenclature. Down to the past century the structure and functions of the brain formed an absolute *terra incognita* in the domains of anatomy and physiology; indeed, even at the present day, unhappily for the ailing section of the public, this most important organ of the human frame still remains the "pons asinorum" of the would-be hero of the trephine. In ancient times the mind was supposed to be located somewhere about the centre of gravity of the body; and the Greek name of φρην given to the diaphragm—the muscular shelf which separates the thoracic and abdominal cavities—is identical with that of the hypothetical organ of thought. A "weight on the mind" especially it is said, in the case of Irishmen, is often most distinctly felt in the "pit of the stomach," and it is perhaps to this familiar fact that the popularisation of the idea was originally due. Of the proper intellectual functions of the brain there was hardly even a guess attempted. When excited or congested, the brain, whose anterior part lies above the nasal cavities, drained down its excretions through the nose. A small lobe of the organ which lies especially close to the bony roof of these cavities, received, on

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account of this primitive idea, the name of *glandula pituitaria* (the gland which secretes the *pituita* or nasal mucus).

Accordingly, in this connection, it is refreshing to observe how far Shakespeare's ideas were in advance of even the average medical knowledge of his time. In *King John*, Act 5, Sc. vii., the intellect is referred—dubiously indeed—to its proper organ:

> ". . . his pure brain
> (Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)
> Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
> Foretell the ending of mortality."

Referring to the phenomena of the sleep-walking scene in *Macbeth*, Dr. Bucknill, a specialist in mental diseases, has keenly observed; "The damned spot is an hallucination, not of the organ of vision, but of the cerebral centre of the sense; the smell of blood is equally a false testimony of the sense of smell; and the words which she seems to hear from her lord indicate that the cerebral hallucination of sense is complete." It is in such references that the poetic inspiration of the dramatist appears to have influenced him more effectively than in any other of his medical allusions; and the almost prophetic power thus indicated enabled him to foreshadow the "cerebral localisation," which, as worked out in our own day, has proved the most substantial advance made in modern times towards perfecting the diagnosis and treatment of obscure disease of any organ of the human body.

It is unnecessary, and would be useless, to consider in detail Shakespeare's ideas of the pathology and treatment of most of the diseases to which he refers. *Medical knowledge* in the strictest sense of the phrase, did not exist in Shakespeare's day; so that a hypercritical reader might denounce the title of this paper as a misnomer. But when it comes to description of symptoms which may be observed at the bedside of the sick or dying, and which—the human organism being the same then and now—are familiar to every practising physician, we find them recorded by the dramatist with a vivid accuracy which cannot be surpassed. Witness the description of the characteristic symptoms of *failure from advancing age*:

> "*Chief Justice.* Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blotted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John."
>
> —*King Henry IV.*, Part II., Act 1., Scene ii.

Of the distinctive indications of *approaching dissolution*:

> "*Quickly.* Nay, sure he's not in hell; he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever a man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end, and went away, and it

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had been any christom child; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers, and smile upon his finger's ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. How now, Sir John, quoth I: what, man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God, three or four times; now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet, so, 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet; I put my hand into his bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone."

—*King Henry V.*, Act 1, Scene iii.

Of the *extreme debility* of Queen Catherine of Arragon, brought on by her prolonged and agonising domestic troubles:

"*Griffith.* How does your Grace?
Katherine. O, Griffith, sick to death;
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair;
So—now methinks I feel a little ease.
Patience. Do you note
How much her Grace is altered on the sudden,
How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,
And of an earthly cold? Mark you her eyes?
Griffith. She is going, wench: pray, pray."

—*King Henry VIII.*, Act 4, Scene ii.

Of the signs of *death by strangulation:*

"*Warwick.* See how the blood is settled in his face,
Oft have I seen a timely parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart:
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same far aidance 'gainst the enemy:
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see his face is black, and full of blood;
His eyeballs further out than when he lived,
Staring full ghastly—like a strangled man;
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretched with struggling:
His hands abroad displayed, as one that grasp'd
And tugged for life, and was by strength subdued.
Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportioned beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
It cannot be but he was murder'd here:
The least of all these signs were probable."

—*King Henry VI.*, Part II., Act 3, Scene ii.

Of the effect of *mental shock* and dissatisfaction with life (in Hamlet's case):

"*Polonius.* And he, repulsed (a short tale to make),
Fell into a sadness: then into a fast;
Thence to a watch: thence into a weakness;

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Thence to a lightness: and, by this declension,
Into the madness whereon now he raves,
And all we mourn for."

—*Hamlet*, Act 2, Scene ii.

Such instances of the poet's knowledge of symptoms, and his power of vividly portraying them, might be multiplied, but the above will suffice. The extracts which have been given from Shakespeare's works show that his knowledge of the principles of surgery and medicine was nowhere behind the professional knowledge of his day; and that, where it differed from the current authorities on the subject, it deviated—and often very much so—in the direction of greater accuracy. The anatomy of the human body was but very imperfectly known in his time; and the sciences of chemistry and physics, on a knowledge of which the study of animal physiology is necessarily based, had not yet come into existence. The average medical practitioner of the present day can often, while enjoying the plays of the great dramatist, hug himself with the consciousness that he knows so many things which to the greatest of human intellects had always remained insoluble mysteries. Still, the greatest of men are always the meekest and most charitable; and the professional critics of an age which has accepted, worked, and extensively sacrificed human life to the monstrous excrescence on modern scientific pathology known as "Koch's consumption cure," can well afford to exercise some liberal forbearance in commenting upon the medical and surgical practice of their less enlightened ancestors.

The other great intellect of that most intellectual of all ages had a very decided taste for medical studies. Bacon, indeed, says of himself, "I have been puddering in physic all my life." This very remarkable man was an advocate of the practice of *vivisection*, and strongly recommended the study of *morbid anatomy* and *pathology* as most important aids to the advancement of medical knowledge.

"And for the passages and pores, it is true which was recently noted, that the more subtile of them appear not, in anatomies, because they are shut and latent in dead bodies though they be open and manifest in life: which being supposed, though the inhumanity of *anatomia vivorum* was by Celsus justly reproved: yet in regard of the great use of this observation, the inquiry needed not by him so slightly to have been relinquished altogether, or referred to the casual practices of surgery: but might have been well diverted upon the dissection of beasts alive, which notwithstanding the dissimilitude of their parts may sufficiently satisfy this inquiry."

—*Advancement of Learning*, Book II.

In a later portion of the same paragraph the author goes on to say:

"And as for the first steps of diseases and their devastation of the inward parts, impostumations, exulcerations, discontinuations, putrefactions, consumptions, contractions, extensions, convulsions, dislocations, obstructions

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repletions, together with all preternatural substances, as stones, carnosities, excrescences, corns and the like: they ought to have been exactly observed by multitude of anatomies, and the contribution of men's several experiences, and carefully set down, both historically according to the appearances, and artificially with a reference to the disease and symptoms which resulted from them, in case when the anatomy is of a defunct patient: whereas now upon opening of bodies they are passed over slightly and in silence."

I do not propose to consider the recently much-discussed question as to whether Bacon was the real author of the Shakespearian plays; but I will unhesitatingly affirm, on the strength of the above extracts, that the medico-chirurgical attainments of the author of the *De Argumentis* were in no way superior to those of the author of *Hamlet*.

With this comparison of the "medical knowledge" of the great dramatist with that of the accomplished genius who from childhood upwards had confessedly "taken all Nature" for his "province," I conclude my cursory examination of Shakespeare's proficiency in the elements of the healing art. It is a source of self-congratulation to every earnest worker in the practice of medicine to remember the fact that in the works of no great poet or prose writer, who has obtained a permanent niche in the Temple of Fame, is the healing art referred to so frequently and so respectfully as in those of "the foremost man in all literature." It is another of the numerous features of resemblance which have been traced between the pages of Shakespeare and those of Holy Writ.

JOHN KNOTT, M.D.

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THE POETRY OF FEEDING.

A DIALOGUE.

"HOLD hard! That's not the way to carve a leg of mutton. You should cut it across. I wonder at a man like you, who thinks so much of what he eats, confusing the carving of a leg of mutton with the cutting of a melon. This is meat, you know."

Thus I remonstrated at dinner a few evenings ago with a friend who had volunteered to carve, as he proceeded to destroy the *pièce de résistance* of our meal.

"If I knew no more than you, then you would think everything I do right; contrarywise otherwise. I may inform you, then, that my method of carving this joint is based on a sound anatomical knowledge of the animal. I cut along the muscle—that is, with the fibre, as all meat should be cut. It makes the greatest difference in the flavour. Besides, you keep in the juice. You hardly suppose I would go astray on a matter of such importance."

"Hardly. Just as Carlyle's philosopher studied clothes, so you study food."

"And a much worthier study for a life-occupation (*Lebenswerk*). For we only appear as we dress, but we really are what we eat."

"Well, then, go your own way. As I have admitted, a man who makes a god of his appetite ought to be able to carve."

"If I took no thought of these matters I would only be worthy to have it said of me

> "'The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
> And his affections dark as Erebus,
> Let no such man be trusted.'"

"Bravo! I like a man who has the courage of his convictions. My simple creed is that a man should eat to live, not live to eat."

"Have we really come back to that? My dear chap, you should be a parson. I can't help smiling at your simple apostolic creed. I dare say you were taught it in the innocence of youth."

"I don't pretend to be the first messenger of the evangel. But I suppose I thought well over the principle before I accepted it as my belief."

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"Excuse me, but you should believe your beliefs, and not merely accept them."

"What belief, then, do you believe?"

"I see you prefer attack to defence. I believe a man should live to eat, and not merely eat to live."

"I can scarcely imagine any one told you that, even when you were young."

"No; some one told me that I should eat to live, not live to eat. That person, I may remark in passing, was the person who fed me. But I, scenting a proverb, said to myself on the spot that I should live to eat—and that has been my creed ever since."

"You picked up your faith somewhat hastily. You will find it hard to convert me, when you admit that you spoke first and only thought afterwards. When I was young I was told——"

"Told! You seem to have been told a great many things when you were young."

"Well, I was told I ought to think three times before I spoke once."

"I hope you did three long deliberate thinks before you thanked for the advice. But you make a great mistake in thinking before you speak. I always speak first and think afterwards. It is the only way of being original."

"Not a very original way of setting about it."

"Why not?"

"Most people speak first and think afterwards."

"Not at all. You are wrong again. Most people speak first, and don't think at all; the rest think first, and spoil all they might otherwise have said."

"I suppose it's bad for the digestion to be serious at dinner."

"I am nothing if not serious. I never trifle, especially at dinner. Now ponder on this; think three times three times, if you like, and then, if you get different results, strike the average. To be original you want a dash of inspiration. But inspiration is essentially extempore. How could a poet, for instance, be inspired if he had thought out everything? His genius lies in his recognising what fine things flow from his lips when he does not baulk himself by thinking."

"Why bother about thinking at all?"

"That is easily seen. How many before Wordsworth must have thoughtlessly told how Mary had a little lamb, without perceiving that there was anything poetic in the assertion. But when Wordsworth said that Mary had a little lamb, he reflected, and saw that it was poetry. This also was the famous method employed by Socrates and his followers. They called it the Heuristic method. They talked and talked and talked until they found themselves saying something sensible."

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"I hope you will pardon a criticism that occurs to me *after* some little previous reflection. Tell me, do you merely trust to your luck in happening on these inspired sayings of yours, or have you thought out a method?"

"Every man who is not an ass is born, not made. A bountiful Nature furnished me with my method. I was born with it. I have an innate love of contradicting people. Whenever I find a number of people saying the same thing, I always say the opposite. I have found by experience that I am always right."

"You'll come to grief some day. Suppose you marry in haste, you will then find yourself with the sad experience of repenting at leisure."

"As a matter of sad experience, if a man marries in haste, his wife never gives him any leisure to repent in. If you only reflect on this method with which Nature has endowed me, you will see that it is obviously the correct one. For if the method of most people in thinking first and speaking afterwards is wrong, then their conclusions are probably wrong also. Contradict them, and you get the truth. The sound of the words, I admit, also guides you. You want a good ear for the truth. The leading epigram-makers of to-day have found that out. The common herd say 'Marriages are made in heaven'; they accordingly say, 'Divorces are made in heaven.' It is quite simple."

"Well, then, let us *say* that we should live to eat. Since you advise thinking afterwards, I ask what, in the phraseology of Aristotle, is the meaning of that assertion?"

"It means that in eating we should realise a higher ideal than the mere preservation of life. We should find in eating satisfaction for the highest aspirations of which man is capable. It does not mean, of course, that by eating we should not think to preserve life."

"You seem to imply a belief that the most sublime theories of modern æsthetics support your low and degrading—I might almost say, bestial philosophy."

"To a man of cultivated mind and refined æsthetic sensibilities the Absolute, dimly as through a veil, may be beheld in an oyster patty or a savoury omelette. But why did you say 'low and degrading philosophy'?"

"Because the instinct that compels us to satisfy ourselves with food is the lowest and most primitive with which we are endowed. A digestion, or something analogous to it, is the primary and distinguishing characteristic of organic life. And you make what gratifies that instinct the object of all your intellectual faculties, you seek satisfaction for the highest aspirations of which you are capable in that which is lowest and purely animal, and seek for what is noblest and most spiritual in what tickles your palate."

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"Really I revel in your pious indignation. It is quite refreshing. But you have given the argument away completely. I feel quite sorry for you."

"Please go on. Thrice slay the slain."

"You blunder in every sentence. The man who lives to eat does not worship a primitive instinct. The primitive instinct is that which makes the animal appease his hunger. *He* merely eats to live. But with man the processes subservient to life become objects of reflection. My degrading philosophy provides the only answer to those cynics who say that the whole of man's life is devoted to those processes of feeding and what is ancillary to them, and that man only differs from the lower animals in that he cooks his food and has invented a more elaborate machinery for obtaining and keeping possession of it; because it shows that for man there supervenes an end which completely changes the physical impulses by making them organic to what is spiritual. I am far from seeking what is highest in what is purely animal."

"Well, then, in what is most nearly animal."

"Far from it. Do you not see that in making the harmonies of a good dinner an object of æsthetic, as opposed to purely animal satisfaction, I have done what the animals cannot do. I have completely transformed the animal man, and made him entirely spiritual: spiritual even in that which is otherwise lowest."

"Perhaps you have transformed the physical impulses, but still you have only made an object of what is lowest. I admit that man in living to eat does what animals cannot do, because man's reason enables him to sink to depths that the lower animals cannot reach. When Esau, to take an example given by the late T. H. Green, 'sells his birthright for a mess of pottage, it is not hunger as a natural force, but his own conception of himself, as finding for the time his greatest good in the satisfaction of hunger, that determines the act.' Hence the sin, morally imputable to him. I agree that feeding should be something more for men than for the lower animals; for man should eat *for the purpose* of sustaining life. In so doing he pursues a *moral* end and transforms the process."

"You say that both men and the lower animals eat to live. Where is the difference?"

"No, I don't say that the lower animals eat to live; they eat, and *by so doing* preserve life. But men should eat *for the purpose of* sustaining life."

"And should live, I suppose, for the purpose of getting food. Any way, what you say comes to this, that the one eat blindly and instinctively, without knowledge of the end which Nature has in view, and so sustain life. But by making this end their conscious object man transforms the whole process. Now just as man, by making the purpose of feeding an object, appears as moral man, so

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by making the pleasure which Nature has attached to the function of feeding an object, man appears as endowed with æsthetic sensibilities."

"But surely the reason why Nature has made some things pleasant to taste, and has made hunger a pain, is to guide us. We are given an appetite solely to force us to supply our bodies with the requisite fuel."

"For that purpose hunger and disagreeable tastes would have been sufficient. But the pleasures would seem to have been thrown in superfluously, if we are not to enjoy them. Or perhaps you are of a cynical turn of mind, and say that Nature supplies the pains, but that we find the pleasures for ourselves. Really your position is as absurd as if one should say that we were given eyes to prevent our running into stone walls and tumbling into ditches, and that, therefore, we ought not to enjoy beautiful scenery."

"Ah, yes, *beautiful* scenery. Similarly *beautiful* music. You have touched on the crucial point. We should find æsthetic satisfaction in what is beautiful, but who ever called a dinner beautiful?"

"You make me laugh. Have you only now wakened up to the fact that the whole point is whether æsthetic satisfaction can be found in eating, in other words whether there is poetry in feeding, or whether the harmonies of a good dinner can be perceived as beautiful? Or do you wish to triumph straight away by begging the whole question?"

"No, but when so expressed the question seems to answer itself. Consider a man devouring his dinner—eating peas off his knife, suppose—and where does the beauty come in?"

"You imply that there can be something *ugly* in the process."

"Well, not beautiful."

"You quibble. You have betrayed a perception that there may, under some circumstances, be something positively ugly and inartistic. But this implies a possibility of poetry. Tell me, if a poet describes scenery, so that we say that the description is beautiful and poetic, do we not conceive the scenery as beautiful?

"I suppose so."

"Similarly in the case of a poetic description of the playing of a piece of music, does not this imply that what is represented is beautiful."

"The music might be indifferent."

"Then the representation is of something more than the music."

"Well, granted."

"Then what of an Homeric description of a feast? Or what of the 'draught of Juno when she banquets?'"

"I am afraid I have been too liberal in my concessions. The poet, I think, often brings the beauty to the subject. Consider the

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music of the versification. Besides poetry appeals to the imitative faculty. There is something pleasant in the mere representing, or picturing of a scene. There is nothing beautiful in the tempest of passion, or the flash of anger. But a description of either may be poetic?"

"Presuming you are not trying to trip me up for not having added sublime as alternative to beautiful, I think your conception of poetry is low. It seems to me that the whole function of the poet is to persuade us that 'Beauty is Truth: Truth Beauty.' You place the whole beauty of poetry in the machinery, in the manner of representing and not in the substance. To me there is little in beautiful poetry if it is not to make me see Nature as beautiful."

"Still I am not persuaded of the truth of the general proposition that you cannot allow a poetic description to be beautiful unless it makes you regard what is described as beautiful."

"Then let us confine ourselves to the particular case in point. Take, for instance, those lines of Keats:

> "'O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
> Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
> Tasting of Flora and the country-green
> Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth!
> O for a beaker full of the warm South,
> Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
> With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
> And purple-stained mouth;
> That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
> And with thee fade away into the forest dim.'"

"Now was there anything degraded in the poet wishing to taste of Flora and the country-green? If the pleasure to be derived from such a draught of vintage is merely sensual, and not intellectual, and a poet's pleasure, involving a perception of the beautiful as much as that in the nightingale's song, then the idea which inspires the stanza can hardly be poetical."

"How is it, then, that even these poets have never spoken of any play of sensations of taste as beautiful? How is it that we call the music which an orchestra is playing beautiful, but not a dinner which is being served to us?"

"I challenge you to give any reason why it should not be called beautiful."

"That is not my point. If it is not *called* beautiful the inference is that it is not *perceived* to be beautiful. If it is not perceived to be beautiful, then how can you say that it *is* beautiful?"

"I perceive it to be beautiful."

"Again you evade my point. Why is it not *called* beautiful?"

"It is sufficient if what is said implies that it is so perceived.

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I am not to answer for other people's theories not being adequate to facts or their own admissions."

"But there must be some reason why what is *im*plicitly regarded as beautiful, should not be *ex*plicitly so regarded."

"As you won't let me evade your point you must let me deal with it as minutely as the subject requires. My theory is that our adaptation to environment, subjectively manifested to us through the medium of pleasant sensations, and objectively perceived in the relations of an object into which those pleasant sensations are projected from ourselves, and so externalised, is the sole and invariable condition of our perception of the beautiful. A beautiful object is in part the product of a synthesis of imagination uniting by its own laws sensations and pleasant associations with an object of cognition, and to this object the predicate 'beautiful' attaches. It is the externalisation of the sensations and associations which enables the judgment that an object is beautiful to be thought as having objective validity, and as impersonal, and the same for all. But that validity it only has for the æsthetic judgment itself. Critically the object is essentially subjective, though dependent for its very possibility upon a relation which is as real as anything can be, a relation of unity between the subject and object, a relation revealed to us by those pleasant sensations I referred to, and, by their externalisation, existing for the æsthetic judgment *in an object*. You will never understand the nature of the æsthetic judgment unless you understand the difference between the object of cognition and the object of the æsthetic judgment. It is suggested in Wordsworth's lines:

'A primrose by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.'

You see, therefore, that there must always be an object of cognition with which the sensations may be united in imagination if you are to apply the predicate 'beautiful.' But in the case of sensations of taste there does not appear to be an 'it' in which the sensations seem to be given, and given to every one."

"But, on your own showing, does not this constitute an essential difference?"

"No, because all the elements are present, and the only difference is the absence of an appropriate external object, firmly associated with the sensations, to which we could affix the label."

"But I thought you called *the dinner* beautiful."

"Yes, the dinner associated with the eating. Apart from the eating, a dinner is no more beautiful than the menu or a musical score. The sensations of musical sounds, considered objectively, we call music, but we have nothing similar in the case of sensations of

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taste. A name is required for what is intermediate between the tastes and the dinner, similar to music, which is intermediate between the hearing and what produces what is heard. To go back to the dinner, in the sense of the viands, for such an object, would be like going back to the violins and other musical instruments, and calling them beautiful."

"And yet we call the violin a beautiful instrument."

"Because of what it produces, and in that sense you can call a dinner beautiful."

"I understand you, then, to say that the reason people suppose that they can have no enjoyment of the beautiful in dining is because they cannot point out an external object to which to apply the predicate 'beautiful.'"

"Precisely. No matter how dependent the beauty of an object is upon sensations and associations, and no matter how subjective these really are, they must be first regarded as an object, and then completely externalised and thought of as one and the same for all. Otherwise the perception would have to appear personal and individual, and the very possibility of that sense of universal harmony would be precluded."

"But I understood you to say that a perception of *our own* adaptation to environment, revealed in the manner you indicated, was the sole condition of our perception of the beautiful."

"Then I did not convey myself clearly. The whole importance of the externalisation of what is subjective, and its synthesis with an object of cognition, is that it enables us to pass from a purely personal adaptation to that which is universal, and the object of disinterested satisfaction."

"I hope you see how you have been arguing against yourself. You have first shown the importance of finding an 'it' to which to apply the predicate, and then you have taken great pains to show that this cannot be found in the case of sensations and taste."

"Not 'cannot be found,' but cannot readily be found and pointed to. Also it is sufficient for the perception of the beautiful, if such an object ideally exists. To the person who merely feels pleasant sensations while feeding there can, of course, be no question of such an external object. But to one who reflects upon the sensations of taste, and makes them an object, and goes back from them to the idea of the dinner as a whole, and thence to the conception of it in the mind of the *chef*, there intervenes ideally an external object, the product of art, which is the external medium through which the artist has given expression to his idea, and which may be called beautiful. Then his greater experience of good dining, and the greater acuteness of his perceptions, make the dinner for him more and more an ideal and complex whole which he can call beautiful.

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But then he does not mean by dinner exactly what the ordinary feeder does."

"A very short term of serving at table, and watching at others eating the dinners would, I imagine, suffice to break up those associations."

"I'm not disposed to deny that."

For a few moments we sipped our coffee in silence, and then my friend began again.

"Well, have I persuaded you?"

"You have persuaded me that any position, no matter how ridiculous, can be plausibly defended. I feel you have made me beat all round the point, and so miss some fatal objection to your theory."

"I have just been accounting for the fact that the name 'beautiful' is not generally applied to what gives us pleasant sensations of taste. Suppose I say that I find æsthetic satisfaction in food, what objection have you to make?"

"I make the objection that everyone makes—that pleasure in what you eat is pleasure in a mere sensation, and is sensual."

"Back again to your old argument. That pleasure which is sensual in a pleasant sensation is *given in* the sensation, but that pleasure which a judgment upon an object, involving in its synthesis such a sensation, *brings with* it, is disinterested and intellectual. Your view is due to your eating to live and not passing the judgment, or making what you eat an object of reflection."

"Is a glutton, then, a lover of art?"

"No; the difference between the glutton and the lover of art is that the former identifies himself with the physical sensations produced by feeding, while with the latter the sensations as pleasant are merely the basis of a perception to which there attaches a pleasure of a completely different order. Sensations of sound are all-important in music, but a lover of music is not merely a person who loves to have the drum of his ear set vibrating in the manner most agreeable to its construction."

"Do you not despise that gastronomical artist who wished he had a neck as long as a crane?"

"Yes, if he identified himself with the mere physical sensation. Otherwise I despise him no more than those I see putting their hands to their ears to catch a sound and to intensify it. If having long ears enabled you to appreciate sounds the better, would you not wish you had the ears of an ass?"

"The case of music is essentially different, and enables us to see why no succession of tastes is beautiful. Here is the fatal objection, and I apologise for having delayed it so long. The taste of an oyster, for instance, is pleasant apart from anything eaten before or after. The difference between the pleasure taken in a single

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sensation of taste and that in a succession, is a difference of quantity and not of quality. But no one musical note is beautiful or pleasant by itself. You must have a combination and arrangement, and the beauty consists in that. Music is governed by laws of harmony which have an objective validity and are eternal and they are the source of the beauty."

"Even if a single sensation of taste could be given in isolation, and afford pleasure by itself, and if a single note of music or the pure blue of a summer sky could not do this, that would only enable the gastronomical art to effect more than the other arts. But your isolated sensations of taste are mere abstractions. What we call taste is made up of sensations of colour, smell, sight and touch, as well as of sensations of taste in the strict sense. Then your implication that the production of a beautiful dinner, and the selection of dishes, and the order in which they are served, does not depend upon due combination and arrangement, is not true to fact. Laws govern the art as much as they do any other, and are as objective. As far as eternal goes, it seems to me that in the case of music the only thing eternal is the dependence of music upon order and rule, and that a music governed by rules totally different to those now observed is both conceivable and possible. The laws of harmony must be observed, but they do not suffice to produce a beautiful piece of music, or even to define a complete theory or system. The music of the Greeks was not the same as ours, nor would it, except with long training, appear beautiful to us."

"Express your laws governing the gastronomical art in as lofty and philosophical language as possible, and your highest principle of diet can never be more than that all feeding must conform to the necessary conditions of the synthetical unity of the manifold of eatables in a possible stomach. Your laws look no further than your digestion."

"These are the laws analogous to those of harmony, or perhaps, more primitive laws of sound which limit, and at the same time render possible, the art, but which do not provide the form."

"In the case of the gastronomical art the laws only aim at insuring the enjoyment of each *individual* flavour, but with the other arts the form and arrangement is everything."

"Far from it. Apart from the sensations themselves we would only have dry mathematical relations."

"We have now struck on a question of hard facts. I will admit your main position. I will say that the whole point is whether a pleasure different to that taken in the individual sensation can supervene. I will also agree that this depends upon whether the different sensations can be constituted together in an object upon which we can reflect, and in the form of which we can find æsthetic

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satisfaction. In music, though the individual sensations fade away, there is a unity in the entire composition. Each sensation has a relation to every other, and it is upon the object constituted by the unity of all these that the æsthetic judgment is passed. But can any one say that the various sensations experienced in eating what you call an artistic dinner, may similarly, even to persons of highly developed taste, be constituted into such an object? Personally, I may say, that my memory of tastes is so defective as to preclude the possibility of this. I remember that I always like certain dishes, but I cannot revive the sensations in imagination."

"Then you are like a person without much ear for music, or who cannot carry a shade of colour in mind. You are like those ladies who bring bits of material to shops to match the colour."

"My point is that when you come to the end of a dinner you have no memory of the sensation produced by the first dishes. Now if our memory was equally defective in the case of sounds we could not perceive the unity of a musical composition, and hence not its beauty."

"Perhaps *your* faculties are not very sharp at the end of a long dinner. But apart from that, it would be true to say that the only sensations then present to you as sensations are those of what you are then eating. But you may reflect on the mode of transition to them, and perceive how they give unity to the entire dinner. That is all you do in the case of the last chord of a musical composition."

"Well, all I can say is that, for my own part, I have no experience in the case of tastes that would suggest a parallel to music."

"Then here is what you must do. Go and dine at a first-class restaurant, if such a thing exists in this country, and take with you a true artist in the matter of food. On the first occasion select the dishes for yourself, just as your whim and fancy directs you. You will notice the indifference, if not contempt, with which the head waiter treats you. You will also notice the respect he shows to your friend. After the dinner you will probably feel a glutton, and nothing more. Next time say to your friend, as he hands you the *menu*, 'Now in the choice of dishes and wines I place myself entirely in your hands; you are a man of taste; I am a mere *bourgeois*.' He will then ask if you have a particular choice for anything on the card. You may then point out three or four dishes for which you have a special relish. Of these, perhaps, he will allow you two or three, and object to the remaining as out of harmony with them. He will tell you that the *menu* contains two or three gastronomical poems, and that if you determine on certain of the dishes you mentioned, your choice in respect of the whole *menu* is determined. If you take this soup you must take that *entrée*, and so on. So you

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follow his directions. In doing so maybe you partake of a couple of dishes which on all previous occasions you have studiously avoided. But now you like them. Your aversion to them has been overcome by reason of the arrangement under which they have been introduced, just as your aversion to a particular colour may be overcome by the way it has been introduced into some beautiful picture. Then you will get some glimpse of the æsthetics of feeding. Everything of which you partake will begin to be seen, at first dimly, no doubt, as the sense of taste requires assiduous cultivation, as much as any other, in its proper relation to the whole beautiful poem of which it forms part. From such experiences you will be able to correct your hasty judgments as to the possibilities of the gastronomical art. I may add that if you determine to make the experiment I suggest, you will always find *me* at your service to play the part of the friend of discernment."

"Agreed, provided you consent to pay for the dinners if you fail to convince me."

"I suggest the experiment solely on your behalf."

"And no matter what the result, you would not admit you were wrong?"

"No, for it is my opinion which should prevail, on the analogy of the opinions of painters and musicians in respect to their arts. No number of men without an ear for music could prove that certain musical compositions should not be considered beautiful."

"Then all I can say is that I relish oysters, I am fond of strawberries, I like a green Chartreuse after dinner, and, when I am hungry, I enjoy a good square meal as much as any one, but *my* pleasure, at all events, is nothing but a pleasure in certain sensations of taste, and has nothing to do with any perception of the beautiful."

"I shrewdly suspect you do yourself an injustice. Any way I am certain your likes and dislikes are not determined solely by the mere sensations of taste, out of all respect to what is essentially of æsthetic import. The effect of a beautiful colour upon the taste is proof that that highly complex whole which is the taste you either like or dislike is to some extent the object of an æsthetic judgment."

"How, then, do you account for the fact that though I like oysters, I regard them as repulsive in appearance?"

"To speak honestly, do you not mean that you *used* to regard them as repulsive?"

"I like oysters so much as to have grown accustomed to their ugliness and not to notice it."

"Will you please say to yourself sincerely, meditatively, and fervently, 'Delicious oysters.' Now tell me if the picture that rises before your mind is not one of a supper table laid with a lordly dish of oysters upon it. How the white of the linen cloth vies with the

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pearly inner side of the shells! And how that pearly white, with its suggestion of rainbow tints rather felt than seen, is enhanced by the dull greenish brown of the outer shell, which you find repeated here and there in the creamy velvet of the oyster. Perhaps in imagination you have helped yourself already, and you are squeezing out the juice of a lemon. Can your eyes pass from the dull greenish brown to that transparent yellow, on to that of the Chablis which is waiting to be poured into crystal glasses galore, without a thought of the beauty of the colour harmony? But perhaps the picture lacks warmth. Then there is something dullish red in the end of that pepper caster. Sprinkle away!"

"That is very fine, but I don't think of all that. I drink stout with my oysters, and am generally in such a hurry to commence operations that I send the froth flooding over the brim of the glass on to your beautiful white table-cloth. Then I am taken up swearing at this till the first oyster, as it slips down, makes me more genial and good-humoured. All this I do without a thought of your colour harmony."

"If so, that is what makes the difference between my low and degraded pleasure and your lofty ethical one. I am keenly sensitive to the colour harmony."

"And you confuse your æsthetic pleasure in the colour with the purely sensual pleasure in the taste. Why, of course, I now see the complete answer to your whole theory. You experience æsthetic satisfaction *when* eating, but it is not in the sensations of taste, but in what is associated with them. You might just as well say you found æsthetic satisfaction in muscular exertion, because you find it in a walk through a beautiful country."

"Perhaps even there you should not overlook the muscular sensation, or that pleasantly tired feeling that may be experienced by a wayfarer in the first breath of spring, as he

> "'Stops to take on forehead bare
> The benediction of the air.'

But I merely throw that out as a suggestion. The manner in which the associated sensations modify and determine the taste proves the unity of the complex whole."

"What I ask you to do is to analyse that complex whole, and see to what elements the pleasure is due. How different the pleasure derived from sensations of taste is from that derived from the associated sensations may be easily seen from the fact that the recollection of tastes gives no pleasure, but rather a desire to renew them, which, if not gratified is unpleasant. There is nothing in the case of taste parallel to the pleasure Wordsworth describes as afforded by the memory of the host of golden daffodils.

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" ' For oft when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.'

There is no such inward eye in the case of taste. The pleasure is co-existent and co-terminous with the excitation of the nerves by the sense stimulus, and is therefore purely sensual."

"Please don't use such big words, they intimidate me. The inference from what you say is that music should always be read from the score, and that the desire to hear music *you know* is sensual. Similarly it is sensual to wish to revive the impressions of scenery you think beautiful. I know a stream in which I used to catch minnow as a boy. I have the picture of it distinctly before my mind's eye. Yet I have a longing to visit it again, and to revive my early impressions, but no one can promise me the same summer days, or tell me that they have not cut away the tree that used to lie across it, just where it turns into the folds of the valley."

"There again you fail to analyse. Your desire to revisit these old scenes arises from your love of the home of your boyhood. You want to play being a child again—with a tolerably clean slate before you. There are no puddings like the puddings of our youth. Where can you get now those glorious bread puddings, with the rich black crusts and the inviting currants, and that peculiar smell of burnt something? But the love you have for the puddings of your youth has nothing to do with the taste. Furthermore, I am ready to admit that an intellectual pleasure arising from a perception of the beautiful is referred to many complex objects which are partly made up of sensations of taste, but it is most illogical to infer from such a synthesis that the sensations of taste *by themselves* form a subject to which the predicate 'beautiful' can attach."

"But I never inferred that. The sensations always exist in synthesis, and it is upon the complex whole that the judgment is passed. You say a man likes the taste of port, though it is hardly distinguishable from sherry, if drunk in the dark by a person holding his nose. The pleasure is similar to that derived from smoking which loses its charm in the dark."

"From which I argue that the pleasure is in the sensations of sight alone. You are doing nothing but showing the unimportance of what is due to taste."

"I am tired of answering the same point. The test of the organic unity of the whole is that each element is what it is by relation to all the rest."

"There is a mere synchronising of the different effects in time and not an organic unity. You are trying to let the pleasures of

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feeding, as it were, pass into the reserved seats, by letting them crush in with a crowd of far nobler and worthier pleasures. Let us take another illustration. Do you like strawberries?"

"I must plead guilty."

"Now is it not true that fruit never tastes the same when served at table as when gathered and eaten in the garden?"

"Certainly."

"Now I admit that the pleasure here is partly æsthetic. But it is the surroundings and conditions under which the fruit is eaten—the very humming of the bees—that is the sole source of the æsthetic pleasure. Of course, fruit when so gathered is likely to be fresher than when eaten otherwise, and perhaps it might be possible to distinguish it by mere flavour alone, but that is doubtful. At all events, it would be absurd to think that the difference is due to what we may call the actual taste. If, then, we have an organic whole, as you say, why do you single out the taste as the source of the æsthetic pleasure."

"I do not single out what you call *the actual* taste."

"The pleasure in the fresh scent of the garden would be just the same even if you did not eat the strawberries, so in synthesis it is not what it is by reference to the whole, and so, by your own definition, it is not absorbed in the unity, but remains distinct."

"If you did not eat the strawberries, the fresh scent of the garden would not be what it is were it not associated in imagination with the taste of fruit."

"Well, leaving all this mere logical refinement, I think your views on the æsthetic origin of likes and dislikes in respect of taste would, if consistently worked out, result in a caricature. Take, for example, a liking for a cup of tea."

"Yes, take a cup of tea. Putting out of court those who merely swill themselves with tea to slake thirst, every one who has a genuine relish for a cup of tea has fancies on the subject that would be impossible apart from an æsthetic judgment. As far as the mere stimulation of the senses go, tea must *taste* the same whether drunk out of an artistic cup or an inartistic one, a large or a small one, a china or a delf one. But some people must get their tea separately in a breakfast-cup, others must have a cup of artistic design, while few appreciate tea out of a charity-school mug. Then there are some old bachelors who like to make their tea for themselves, to drink it in their own private sanctum, and at the most extraordinary times. The tastes of others, again, are more cultivated. How tea should be served for them depends upon circumstances. They explicitly require that afternoon tea should be served artistically, and they regard it as a complete and entire whole, about every detail of which they are consciously and minutely particular. Yet such persons, in a walk through the country, if prevailed upon to partake

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(as often happens in Ireland) of the warm-hearted hospitality of a tenant, might drink tea out of a delf cup a quarter of an inch thick, taking with it an honest slice of griddle cake, and enjoy it heartily. Somehow one only gets tea like that in thatched cottages. Then, too, when have we tasted tea like the 'sip o' tea' that we got from the cook when we stole into the kitchen in our earliest childhood—long before we were taught to feel the chasm that social differences put between man and man? Some, even in after-life, like when the mood so takes them, to drink a cup of tea out of the saucer from this association. Now the points to be observed are, that the tea itself, in all these cases, is thought to *taste* differently according to the circumstances, and that the nature of the circumstances is just the same as that which gives artistic value to a poem or a painting, and that the persons who are indifferent to such circumstances are those who lack poetic feeling in most other matters."

"What about the person who merely likes tea because of the flavour, and who only cares for special blends?"

"Even the connoisseur, who just fancies particular blends, and easily discriminates between them, takes a pleasure which is more than the mere physiological result of tasting the tea. It is not so much the flavour that pleases him as the recognition of it as a pleasing flavour, and the taste converted into the object of a judgment. I fail to see why such a person should be considered as degraded, and a subject for satire."

"He is an epicure, and, as a matter of experience, he is always found to be a poorer sort of man than the man who just eats and drinks what is put before him."

"I entirely deny that. Take the case of an Irish labourer who returns home to the bosom of his family after his hard day's idleness, and sits down to a hearty meal even of that unpoetic dish, steak and onions, with potatoes that he mashes into the gravy. Will it be contended that if he takes a keen pleasure in such a meal, and sits down deliberately to enjoy it, he is likely to be lower or more degraded than if he merely devours it to appease his appetite? The man for whom the meal is something in which he takes pleasure will assuredly be the man for whom home is most, and who is the better husband and father. He does not regard his dinner as something to be eaten for no other purpose than to sustain life any more than he regards his cottage with the scrap of garden at the back as mere quarters to house him. If he is not an artist, his sense perceptions are modified by associations in the manner which conditions poetic feeling."

"Well, I still agree with what Mr. Balfour says: 'We cannot willingly assent to a theory which makes a good composer only differ from a good cook in that he deals in more complicated

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relations, moves in a wider circle of associations, and arouses our feelings through a different sense.' "

"After that I must be off.

"'A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still.'

I would not try to make you assent to any theory against which you have a strong natural bias. Besides it's getting late."

"Perhaps I shall have thought out the real answer to your theory when next we meet. In the meantime I will agree that *in practice* most of us like a good dinner just as much as a good musical recital."

"Yes, most men in practice are much better than their philosophies. It is so much easier to practise than to preach."

"You need not rely on an absurdity to prove the one point on which we are agreed."

"Absurdity! You have only to go and hear half a dozen sermons to become convinced that it must be harder to preach than to do anything else which is not altogether impossible."

"Be that as it may, no one complains of the injustice of the King in paying his *chef* more than his Poet Laureate."

"No, but I further insist that he is just as great an artist, and that as he is paid more he is probably better in his line, and should be proportionately more honoured."

"Perhaps he is."

JAMES CREED MEREDITH.

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INDEPENDENT SECTION.

[*Under the above title a limited portion of* THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW *is occasionally set apart for the reception of Articles which contain opinions at variance with the particular ideas or measures it advocates. The object is to facilitate the expression of opinion by writers of high mental power and culture, who, while they are zealous friends of freedom and progress, yet differ widely on special points of great practical concern, both from the Editor and from each other.*]

LIBERALISM AND LABOUR.

LIBERALS point with satisfaction to the undoubted unpopularity of some members of the present Cabinet, and to the result of recent bye-elections, they season their toasts and after-dinner speeches with the popular battle-cry, "A United Party!" Still the fact is there, stern and true, the Liberal party is disunited, and is likely so to remain for no inconsiderable time.

And the great subject of contention—whether Liberals know it themselves or not—is the attitude to be adopted by them towards Socialism:

The war, Ireland, the principle of Empire, are all but side issues, offshoots of the great and only difference—Socialism. A crisis cannot long be averted. The war, the industrial and commercial depression consequent upon it, the growing number of Labour members and Progressive town councillors, are all causes and signs of a great approaching movement.

For some time past Socialism has been gathering its forces; the Labour Party has been actively engaged in recruiting in the lower classes, and has been exploiting Ministerial incapacity and trade depression for party ends. The last municipal contests in England have witnessed a great recrudescence of these democratic tendencies, and we have it on no less an authority than that of Mr. Keir Hardie that at the next General Election fifty Labour candidates would come forward. Of course they will not all be returned, but that they should be presented at all is a sign of the times.

Besides, it is bound to affect the Liberal poll. In most places where a triangular contest takes place, it is a pretty safe guess to say that the Conservative candidate will be returned.

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Then, again, a determined Labour Party at Westminster, by acting in unison with the Irish Party—which is, after all, in aims and in methods a revolutionary party—would hold the balance of power in any Parliament where the votes were more equally divided than in the present House. Liberals are there confronted with the possibility of being returned to power, dependent on an Irish-Labour combination. What are Liberals going to do? Will they pander to Socialism as they have pandered to Nationalism? Will they drag after them to the poll another such bullet as Mr. Gladstone appended to his party? Signs are not wanting that a certain section of Liberals are ready to rush blindly into the snare. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has lately been blessing the Socialist arms, and this momentous and dangerous step was hailed by the *Daily News* with undisguised satisfaction. Yet it is a very dangerous step. Some Liberals, without inquiring into the real aims of Socialism, allow themselves to be easily taken in by the eloquent words, by the noble and generous professions of faith of some Socialist leaders. If they would but reflect for one moment, if they would but consider what has happened in other lands, they would—if they be true Liberals—pause and shudder at the enormity of their mistake. In Belgium the Liberal Party has for long years been helpless; in Germany it has allied itself to the parties of reaction, and is slowly dying out; in France it has lost some of its best features by being merged in a vague combination of Republicans, and is pledged to a Socialist programme. And the reason of it all?

In France, in Germany, in Belgium, the same thing has happened. Liberals in time past committed the fatal mistake; they welcomed the birth of Socialism, they watched tenderly over its first infancy, they helped it on and encouraged its first steps. And, like the serpent in the fable, Socialism envenomed its benefactor and rose against its foster-father. It sprung into a healthy and vigorous life; it scorned the party that had protected its growth, and wherever it found Liberalism in its path it swept Liberalism away. And thus, by growing like a cancer in the bosom of the Liberal Party, it ate away all the vigour, all the life, all the blood of that party. Are English Liberals going to follow the same disastrous course?

In Great Britain we have already had a Socialist outbreak in the Chartist movement. That was smothered by national prosperity, a prosperity which has more or less lived on to the present time. But who can tell how long that prosperity will last? Circumstances, which it is not our intention to discuss here, brought about the South African war; and the war, coupled with a severe winter, and lack of foresight on the part of the authorities, brought about those long processions of pale, gaunt faces, which we have seen of late so

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often tramping through London streets. Hunger makes Socialists, and Socialists make revolutions.

No doubt you will say, "Let Liberals enact laws to prevent this distress." By all means, for it is the only way to avert the evil. But in so doing, let them not associate with, and let them not even consult, Socialists. Let them do it of themselves and by themselves; let them deliberately refuse even the co-operation of Socialists, and let them oppose Socialism wherever and under whatsoever form they find it.

Many Socialists profess a creed so moderate that they easily catch stray Liberals and enthusiastic young men. Let them, however, beware; there is not, there never has been, such a thing as a truly moderate Socialist. There are many so-called moderate Socialists; there are doubtless some who themselves imagine that they come under that category. They do not, however, retain even the mere profession long.

Unless overawed by a tremendous military force, as in Germany, Socialists, as soon as they realise the strength of *l'émeute*, will, on the slightest provocation, abandon constitutional means for riot and disorder. Then it is that so-called moderate Socialists have ever proved themselves unequal to the high expectations they had warranted us to look forward to. They either let themselves be borne along by the stream and go to swell that surging, tumultuous mass of waters that "break, break, break against the staunch grim walls" of order, are often hurled back, but in the end are bound to sap and undermine the very foundations of the State. Or else they draw back, stricken with a kind of terror at seeing the wild hounds of popular fury let loose, and they go to strengthen the serried ranks of reaction. There is no middle course: for a man to believe that there is one is folly; to imagine that he can carry it out is infatuation.

A striking example of this is afforded us by the "April troubles" in Belgium last year. When the hour sounded for the fray "moderate Socialists" stood helpless between the immovable wall of armed authority and the frantic efforts of the maddened crowd. And little by little their numbers melted: one by one they dropped into the fortress of Reaction or the camp of Revolution. Their leader, Monsieur Vandervelde, was no exception: such influence did he wield, such power had he at his command, that one word of his mouth would have checked the efforts of the extremists—that word he never spake!—he never dared speak! He stood helpless in the vortex of the storm: he could, but dared not control it. And so, too, it will be in Britain, unless Liberals are roused by the example of their hapless brethren across the seas. The crisis cannot be far off—it has already been staved off long. Do not let us be deceived, as others have been before us, by the gilded professions

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of Socialist leaders. Their creed spells anarchy; their means of action, revolution. Let us, then, take care lest in future time the dejected leader of a sadly diminished and demoralised Liberal Party, vainly striving to stem the two opposing streams of Reaction and Revolution, when on the point of being crushed by the fearful impact, exclaim: "Too late! too late! Ah! why did they open the locks?" Liberals of to-day, and in some measure, Conservatives too, are the lock-keepers.

H. J. DARNTON-FRASER.

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CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

THE Second Part of the *Nineteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology* [1] contains a number of interesting articles on various subjects. Most of the memoirs deal with the Pueblo region, where many of the original ceremonies of the Indians still survive, and where American ethnologists are doing such good work in preserving records of the native races. The Tusayan, Flute and Snake ceremonies form the subject of an important and well-illustrated paper by Mr. J. W. Fewkes, who has been very successful in interpreting the significance of the extremely complicated ceremonies connected with the antelope and snake dances. It would have been useful, from a scientific as well as a practical point of view, if the means could be ascertained which enable the Indians to handle with impunity rattlesnakes and other deadly reptiles. It does not appear to have been definitely ascertained whether the immunity enjoyed by the performers is due to a special treatment of the snake or to an antidote.

The Mayan Calendar Systems are dealt with at considerable length by Mr. C. Thomas. Several new readings of the symbols are suggested, and the great antiquity attributed to the Mayan chronology by Mr. Goodman is questioned by the author. We are still a long way from a complete understanding even of the numeral symbols of these interesting records. They contain undoubtedly much that would throw light upon the history of a vanished race, and it is not surprising that ethnologists like Mr. Thomas have devoted so much time and thought to their elucidation.

A peculiar product of the Upper Lakes of North America, and one which played an important part in the history of the native tribes, is the wild rice, which formed the staple food of many of the Indians. Even at the present day large quantities are used for food, and a failure of the wild rice harvest entails considerable privation to some thousands of natives. Mr. A. E. Jenks has contributed a valuable monogram on this subject, in which very full particulars are accumulated, especially with regard to the extensive

[1] *Nineteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology.* Part 2. Washington, 1900.

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use formerly made of this plant as food. It almost appears that in *Zizania aquatica* we have a food plant well worthy of development by careful cultivation, especially as it can be grown in swamps and marshes unsuited for any other crop.

Among the many excellent articles in this volume we must mention Mr. T. Gann's "Mounds in Northern Honduras," containing the results of a number of excavations which brought to light some curious pottery and inscriptions. The evidence accumulated by Mr. Gann leaves little doubt that the builders of these mounds were of Maya or Toltec origin.

An interesting section of the classified catalogue of the Patent Office Library has recently been published,[1] dealing chiefly with scientific literature. The system adopted is a practical one, and is calculated to materially assist the searcher for information in that excellent and well-managed library. For instance, in placing a work under a given heading the contents of the book have been consulted rather than its title. Only those who have occcasion to consult a large public library frequently can realise how much time and trouble may be saved to both readers and attendants by so obvious and yet so rare an improvement. We would strongly advise every librarian to study this useful catalogue or rather series of classified catalogues.

Among the researches carried out in the Wellcome Chemical Research Laboratories the results of which have now been issued in a separate form,[2] we may mention the work of Mr. H. A. D. Jowett and C. E. Potter, on the occurrence of salicin and salinigrin in willow and poplar barks. The authors find that the amount of salicin contained in a bark depends upon the sex of the tree as well as the species and the time of year when the bark is collected.

Messrs. F. B. Power and F. H. Lees, in their investigations into the constituents of essential oil of rue, succeeded in isolating, among many other substances, a deep-blue oil of peculiar properties, and which has not hitherto been observed.

[1] *Subject List of Works on General Science, Physics, Sound, &c., in the Library of the Patent Office.* London: Patent Office, 1903.

[2] *The Wellcome Chemical Research Laboratories*, Nos. 28 to 32.

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PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

The Rationalistic Press Association is displaying remarkable enterprise in issuing a series of cheap reprints of famous works, some of which we have already had occasion to notice. The latest of this series, *The Evolution of the Idea of God*,[1] by Grant Allen, is one of the most interesting. Mr. Grant Allen believed he had found the key to all religions in the veneration paid to the dead by primitive peoples, which developed into the worship of the dead with practices and rites which survive in the most advanced religions to the present day. Mr. Allen brought together a most interesting collection of facts which he held to be evidence of his theory, many of which may be admitted to appear to support it; others appear to us to be forced into service without adequate justification. Other anthropologists have other theories equally well supported, and we do not feel convinced that Mr. Allen has solved the problem or got to the root of the matter; but he made a valuable contribution to the study of the most important subject which engages human attention, and his sincerity should command the respect even of those who differ from him most widely.

Everything written in a serious spirit by experts on the education question should command attention at the present time; the newly constituted local authorities must stand in need of help and guidance in arranging their schemes for instruction in elementary schools, and we learn from Mr. Frank H. Hayward how urgent this need is. Mr. Hayward writes earnestly on *The Reform of Moral and Biblical Education*,[2] and we unhesitatingly urge all teachers and all members of Committees of Management to study his book. The work is a comparatively small one, and written purposely in an unconventional but forcible manner. Mr. Hayward chose this method in hopes of attracting attention to a most important subject, instead of writing a comprehensive treatise; about his ability to have done the latter there can be no doubt. Mr. Hayward does not advocate the abolition of Bible reading and teaching in schools, but he urges that it should be used to serve ethical rather than dogmatic or ecclesiastical ends. His condemnation of the present "system" of so-called religious instruction is sweeping:

"There will always be a 'religious difficulty' so long as professional educationalists continue to be catspaws, valets, henchmen, flunkeys, and negligible factors, and do not rise to a sense of the dignity of their calling. Once they have recognised that education should be on the same footing as

[1] *The Evolution of the Idea of God.* By Grant Allen. Watts & Co. London. (Cheap Reprint.)

[2] *The Reform of Moral and Biblical Education on the Lines of Herbartianism, Critical Thought, and the Ethical Creeds of the Present Day.* By Frank H. Hayward, D.Lit., M.A., B.Sc. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1902.

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medicine, they will have a lever with which to lift themselves to respect, and a weapon effective against Anglican dogmatics, Nonconformist plagues-of-Egypt monstrosities, and secularistic savageries. Men will then discover that the Bible *ought* to be in schools—let secularists say what they will; that dogmatics ought *not* to be in schools—let Anglicans say what they will; and that School-Board 'syllabuses of religious instruction' ought to be on the bonfire—let Dissenters say what they will."

The only thing we do not understand in this paragraph is the allusion to "secularistic savageries." Mr. Hayward praises in the highest terms Mr. F. J. Gould's *Children's Book of Moral Lessons*, and is not Mr. Gould a secularist? Mr. Hayward himself states that this book is used in a Sunday School with great profit. However, Mr. Hayward insists on the use of the Bible, and it must be confessed it has one advantage over most moral instruction books —it is full of biographical examples and entertaining incidents; and a great deal of English literature is almost unintelligible without a knowledge of the Bible. But the benefit of the use of the Bible, like everything else, lies in the wise use of it; and Mr. Hayward has demonstrated that the present use is about as unwise as anything can possibly be. That, however, is only one side, and Mr. Hayward is equally clear on what ought to be done.

A beautiful little book is the St. Mark in the Century edition.[1] It contains the two versions, A. and R. and a very clear map of the district of Galilee. The introduction by Dr. Salmond is on familiar lines, with which the critic has little fault to find. The commentary also is upon familiar and conventional lines, and practically useless except to school teachers of a safely orthodox kind.

It is a misfortune that Spinoza's *Ethics*—admittedly his chief work —and his political treatises have been so completely severed from one another, though Kuno Fischer has already properly pointed out that the former and the *Politics* were mutually related in their author's thought. To take the *Ethics* as a full and adequate expression of Spinoza's views on all problems of knowing and being is to force it into a place it was never meant to fill. In *Spinoza's Political and Ethical Philosophy*[2] Mr. Robert A. Duff, in order to understand the significance of Spinoza's thought, has prosecuted three lines of research, which have hitherto been only superficially followed out. (1) To connect his various works together as parts of a systematic whole. (2) To trace out whatever lines of development, or stages of growth, are to be found in these works. (3) To discover the main sources from which his leading principles, his methods, his philosophical terms and the phrases he makes use of, are derived. Mr. Duff has, in his long and singularly luminous treatise, worked

[1] *The Century Bible: St. Mark.* Introduction, Authorised Version, Revised Version with Notes, Index, and Map. Edited by S. D. F. Salmond, D.D., F.E.I.S. Edinburgh: T. C. & E. C. Jack.

[2] *Spinoza's Political and Ethical Philosophy.* By Robert A. Duff, M.A. Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons. 1903.

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out a definitely limited part of this problem, viz., the connection between Spinoza's theory of morality and his theory of the State—an independence almost as closely recognised by Spinoza as it was by Aristotle. There is, however, this difference: Aristotle regards Ethics as a part of Politics, whereas Spinoza treats Politics as a part of Ethics. In the *Ethics*, it is practically correct to say that the moral problem is represented "as simply a problem in mathematics, in the solution of which emotion would be out of place;" no such thing as sin, temptation—in a word the negative in morality—is admitted. Its aim is to determine (1) whether there is an end or ideal of human nature which is intrinsically good for each man; and (2) if there is such a good, what is its nature? Spinoza probes as searchingly as any surgeon into the wounds of humanity; his analysis of human nature is as merciless as any satire ever penned by Juvenal or by Swift.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P., has occupied his leisure, enforced by sickness, in writing his autobiography,[1] and the result is a somewhat voluminous volume which is not of an exciting, scarcely of an entertaining character. Not but what Mr. Smith must have found his very busy life an interesting one, though somewhat lacking in adventure. Mr. Smith is best known as a Nonconformist politician, but he has been a traveller, a philanthropist and moral reformer. The life depicted is certainly worth studying as an example of a class to which our country is greatly indebted. These are the men who promote our commerce, are useful in civic life, the upholders of our religious and benevolent institutions, and seldom get the credit they deserve. The volume contains a large number of illustrations, too many for us to count, from photographs taken in India, America, &c., which are beautifully reproduced.

Mediæval India under Mohammedan Rule, A.D. *712–1764*,[2] by Stanley Lane-Poole, begins with the conquest of Sind by Mohammed Kasim and ends with the battle of Buxar, when the Great Moghul became a pensioner of the East India Company. India, however, did not really enter upon her Middle Age until the arrival of the Turks under Mahmud the Iconoclast at the beginning of the eleventh century. "Nine centuries of association have produced no sensible

[1] *My Life-work*. By Samuel Smith, M.P. With portrait and illustrations. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1902.

[2] *Mediæval India under Mohammedan Rule, A.D. 712–1764*. By Stanley Lane-Poole. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1903.

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fusion between the Muslim and the Hindu, any more than two centuries of intercourse have blended either with the dominant English. . . . The conquerors of India have come in hordes, again and again, but they have scarcely touched the soul of the people." The history of this long period is necessarily more a chronicle of kings and courts and conquests than of organic or national growth. Gibbon's dictum that the history of Asiatic dynasties is "one unceasing round of valour, greatness, discord, degeneracy, and decay," applies with particular force to "Mediæval" India. But not even Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole's brilliant synthesis and unobtrusive scholarship, together with the help afforded by chronological tables, trees of the slave-kings of Delhi and the Moghul emperors, suffice to make luminous to the average reader the tangled story of this long stretch of centuries. The book is excellently illustrated, and the bibliography, more especially of the works of European travellers in India, has been carefully compiled.

BELLES LETTRES.

A Sketch of English Literature,[1] by S. M. Dupré, is not intended to be used as a "cram-book," but rather to form a basis for good oral instruction, and to stimulate pupils to read for themselves the works of our great authors. The short but useful Bibliography, designed to assist young teachers and students, does not refer to a single work which is not to be found in the catalogue of any moderately well-equipped public library. In a sketch of this sort it is practically impossible for the compiler to preserve a perfect balance of parts; for instance, Mr. Dupré writes, "Webster and Ford are both dramatists of some power. Ford's best work is the *Broken Heart*." Yet he devotes ten lines to an appreciation of John Shirley, whose name, by the way, the printer has abbreviated into Shirly—an error not, however, repeated in the index. It is, on the whole, the best introduction to the subject that has yet appeared.

In *Rome: Notes d'Histoire et d'Art*,[2] M. Maurice Paléologue has given us a charming little book, which deserves to rank beside the more elaborate studies of Stendhal and Taine; and from it a more vivid general view of the Eternal City, from the aspects of history and art, may be gathered than from the perusal of all the various guide-books that we have come across. Nicholas Poussin, rather than Chateaubriand (who described it so admirably in his *Lettre*

[1] *A Sketch of English Literature.* By S. M. Dupré. London: Allman & Son.
[2] *Rome: Notes d'Histoire et d'Art.* Par Maurice Paléogue. Paris: Librairie Plon, 1902.

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à Fontanes), must be regarded, writes M. Paléologue, as the discoverer of the Roman Campagna: Montaigne, Balzac, Milton, and Gray were blind to the moral and physical grandeur of this vast plain, which once echoed the rhythmic tread of marching legions. Here, as elsewhere, it is on the psychological aspect of the scene that M. Paléologue chiefly dwells.

Le Comte de Pérazan,[1] by E. Resclauze de Bermon, is the story of a noble-hearted man who falls in love with his brother's widow; but sentiments of honour prevail, and, in the belief that he has overcome his infatuation, he lets himself drift into a marriage with a high-spirited girl who loves him dearly, in order to save her from becoming the wife of a fortune-hunter. But one day he calls on his old flame, and his love for her becomes an absorbing passion which all but wrecks his wife's happiness and his own. It is a story of extraordinary power and distinction.

In *La Rivale*,[2] by Champol, we have at once a novel of high moral purpose and deep philosophical insight. The "rival" is not a woman, but a stately château which stands between a loving woman and the man who loves her only less than the traditions of his ancestors. It is a pathetic picture of a noble family ruined by the rust of inaction rather than by personal extravagance. "With us the rival is appearance . . . the material thing to which we exclusively cling; the fortunes and position of our ancestors preserved at the expense of their principles; the vanity, the routine which we suffer insensibly to kill our hearts." The story would be a tragedy but for our knowledge that the fortunes of the Arcizan family will shortly be restored by an act of splendid renunciation.

In a previous number of the WESTMINSTER REVIEW we unhesitatingly recognised *Neither Jew nor Gentile* as being a novel of great promise. This promise, however, Miss Violet Guttenberg has not fulfilled in *The Power of the Palmist*,[3] in which we detect a certain straining after sensationalism, in which art is sacrificed to meet the demands of poetic justice. Notwithstanding these defects, the story is an interesting and powerful one, graphically depicting the dangers to which those who fall into the hands of charlatans of the fortune-telling type expose themselves.

[1] *Le Comte de Pérazan.* Par F. Resclauze de Bermon. Paris: Librairie Plon.
[2] *La Rivale.* Par Champol. Paris: Librairie Plon.
[3] *The Power of the Palmist.* By Violet Guttenburg. London: Chatto & Windus.

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THE

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THE "WODEN" PEDIGREE OF THE ROYAL FAMILY OF ENGLAND.

I.

Is it too much to hope that the descendants of the Angles and the Saxons, in this country and beyond sea, will take an interest in a point concerning the early history of their race?—a point curiously misrepresented until now even by famed writers.

In a paper read, last September, at the concluding meeting of the British Association, on "The Stone of Destiny at Tara, and the Election of Kings by Augury," it was stated that "King Edward VII. traces his descent from Woden, the War-God of Anglo-Saxon times." This is, no doubt, the generally accepted view.[1] It attributes, apparently in accordance with the ideas of the old Teutonic creed, a divine origin to the German kingly families, or chieftains, who, with their war-clans and the settlers that followed them, made Britain, in the fifth and sixth centuries, into an England. Yet, I contend the statement is quite an erroneous one, if tested by Anglo-Saxon records themselves.

Though even distinguished explorers of the subject are in the habit of speaking of the "Woden Pedigree of English Kings" as if it referred to the God of that name, I will show from the old sources that this is quite a mistake. The Woden in question was, according to the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, *not* the divine ruler in Asgard and Walhalla, but a human being, a German Chieftain, whose own forebears were known by name.

[1] Compare articles in the March number of *Folklore* and of the *Genealogical Magazine*.

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Merely in passing, I may point out that—though Woden, or Odin, the God, was held to be not only the great World-Spirit and Lord of the Universe, but also, in a general way, the Ordainer of Battles—the special War-God of the Teutons was Ziu, or Tiu; among the kindred Northmen, Tyr. From him, Tuesday has its name among the Germans, the Scandinavians, and the English. Among the Bavarian tribe of the Germans, the War-God was called Er, or Erich. Hence the corresponding day of the week is, even now, called Ertag (Er's Day) among the common folk in some parts of Bavaria.

This "Er" name clearly reminds us of Ares, the Hellenic War-God. We know from Greek testimony that the chief Sanctuary of Ares stood, not on Hellenic, but on Thrakian ground, north of Greece—that is, among a race which was provably kindred to the Scandinavians and Teutons, and who, though much warring with the Greeks, often became fused with them. But into this important and interesting subject, which brings the ancient history of Greece into a curious contact with the past of our own race, I will not enter here.

II.

Now, how about the alleged descent of Anglo-Saxon kings, or chieftains, from Woden, the God?

When we look into Bede's *Ecclesiastical History of England*, we see Hengist and Horsa described as "the sons of Victgils, whose father was Vecta, son of Woden; from whose stock the kingly races of many provinces trace their origin." In William of Malmesbury, in Geoffrey of Monmouth, and other mediæval writers, this Woden is certainly identified with the God of that name; Hengist being made to say so in an alleged conversation with Vortigern. This conversation, however, was, no doubt, invented in later times.

But let us look into the better source—namely, the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle itself, beginning with the year 449, when Hengist and Horsa, invited by Vortigern, came over to Britain with their martial sibs. Men from three German tribes—that record says—landed here: from the Old-Saxons, from the Angles, and from the Jutes. (The Jutes, I need scarcely say, were in those days not a Scandinavian, but a Suevian people. The Teutonic Suevians, or Swabians, extended of old to the Baltic and the German Ocean, and were only later supplanted by Germanic Scandinavians who retained the name of Jutes.)

Now, when the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle gives the pedigree of Hengist and Horsa, it certainly traces it back to Woden, and also says: "From this Woden sprang all our kingly families, and those of the South-Humbrians too."

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Any one, stopping in his reading there, might think, then, that All-father, the Ordainer of Battles among the Germans, is meant. But this is not so. In its further records the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle has the following from the year 547:

"This year Ida began to reign, from whom arose the kingly race of North-Humbria. And he reigned twelve years. . . . Ida was the son of Eoppa; Eoppa of Esa; Esa of Ingwi; Ingwi of Angenwit; Angenwit of Alok; Alok of Benok; Benok of Brond; Brond of Beldeg; Beldeg of Woden; *Woden of Frithowald;* Frithowald of Frithuwulf; Frithuwulf of Finn; Finn of Godwulf; Godwulf of Geat."

Here it is clear that Woden is not a God, but a man, who has five other known ancestors.

III.

It is true, Nennius, who wrote in about the eighth century in Latin, and who mixes up things British and Anglo-Saxon, observes about Geta that "people assert he was a son of God," but that this was "not the real God, but one of their idols which they worshipped."[1] Yet this very same Geta—as we shall forthwith see—*had also human ancestors!*

For, the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle gives the pedigrees of yet other German chieftains or princes, who had come to Britain. Kerdik's pedigree, it is true, goes back only as far as Woden. So also those of Keolwulf and Ethelbald. But that of Ethelwulf (year 855), "to whom Karl, King of the Franks [that is, Karl the Great, or Charlemagne] gave his daughter to wife," is traced back, not only up to Woden and Geat, but after Geat *nine further German forebears are mentioned;* the name of the last being Skeaf.

In monkish fashion, the Ark of Noah is then still annexed to the pedigree, and the descent of Ethelwulf is traced up to Adam.

Here, then, it is once more evident that this Woden, who hails from a number of other predecessors, is not a God.

IV.

When we turn to the Norse Royal Genealogical Table ("Langfedgatal"), we come upon this same human chieftain, called Woden. He is described as the common forebear of Anglo-Saxon, Norwegian, Danish, and German princely families. This register again begins fabulously, in monkish manner, with Japhet, the son of Noah; then goes through a confused list of names from the Greek, Persian, and Trojan legendary cycle; but finally gives a list of Germanic names from Thor to Finn, Frealaf, and "Voden, whom we call Oden." Here,

[1] Geta qui fuit, ut ajunt, filius Dei; non est ipse Deus Deorum, Amen, Deus exercituum, sed unus ab idolis eorum, quæ ipsi celebant.

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a Thor precedes an Oden; whereas, in mythology, Thor is Odin's son!

The Norse Genealogy styles this heroic Odin a King of Tyrkland, which makes him a ruler also over Turanic races near the Black Sea and the Caspian. In the Icelandic saga, this Odin migrated as a conqueror, with his Asic warriors, from those eastern parts through Gardariki (what is now Russia); then into Saxon-land (Germany); and from there to Fühnen, where Odin's Oe (Odense) still bears his name.

The Norse Genealogical Register, after having given a list of successors of this Woden, or Oden, who was descended from Frealaf, Finn, and Thor, mentions afterwards another ruler of the same name. Odin was evidently not a rare king's or chieftain's name in antiquity. The same names, male and female, which are attributed to deities, occur indeed in old Norse history also among human beings. This is scarcely to be wondered at. The names of Maria, the "Mother of God," and even of Jesus (the latter especially in Spain and South America) are used even to-day as forenames among Roman Catholics abroad.

V.

Enough has been said to prove that the Woden, or Odin, mentioned in the earliest Anglo-Saxon and Norse pedigrees, was meant to be a man, not a God. Soon, however, sycophants may have arisen, who, by cutting off the genealogical table at the name of Woden, and suppressing those of his ancestors, tried to make out a divine origin for a king. The true facts of the case being strangely obscured even in the works of prominent historians, I thought I should for once give them in such a way as to make it easy for every one to satisfy himself as to their correctness. Though the warrior family of Woden was held in high esteem by the German and Norse race, no "divinity," in the usual sense of the word, did hedge him or his offspring; he himself hailing, as I have shown, from mortals, like the rest of mankind.

KARL BLIND.

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FREEDOM AND SERVITUDE IN THE BALKANS.

THE English are reputed to be active explorers and enterprising travellers, but it is hard to believe their reputation true while the Balkan Peninsula remains unoccupied as a holiday resort. Three days' travelling will take one out of Europe and into "the East," while a six weeks holiday permits of a visit to Albania, a country almost as unknown as Afghanistan. It is a rare opportunity, this relic of the Middle Ages, brought to our doors by the Orient express; and it cannot last, for civilisation creeps on. Yet those who seize the fleeting privilege may be counted on the fingers.

The maps of the school-room teach us to include the Balkan Peninsula in Europe, but, once across the Danubian plains, the traveller will not be long before he discovers himself to be in the East. He has passed at once into a mediæval world; gorgeous national dress confronts him at every village; the dingy garb of the West has given way to the flowing robe of the Mohammedan mullah and the long hair of the orthodox priest. The free States of the Balkans combine the charms of East and West. Where Westernism is creeping in it only adds to the humour, if not the beauty, of the scene. *These nations*—Bulgaria, Servia, and Roumania—once in front of civilisation, long enslaved and now set free, play with their new constitutions like children with a toy, and with a similar result—the toy gets broken. On my first visit to Belgrade I made the acquaintance of two members of the Ministry; on my next visit I was hoping to meet them, but I was laughed at for my simplicity; they had gone where ministers naturally go—one was in prison, the other in exile.

But the humours of politics are only the froth on the surface; there is a deep current of happiness and prosperity, following on the release from bondage. The ancient monasteries, always the symbol of national hopes, but often robbed and ruined in the days of the captivity, are now the scene of such festive happiness as the West knows no longer. At Studenitsa 10,000 people gather to celebrate the Virgin's birthday. At Rilo 7000 pilgrims sleep in the galleries and the five hundred rooms of the monastery itself. They are all the guests of the monastery, the monastic cook, with his wooden spoon, six feet long, serving out dinners from the

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monastic copper saucepan, which is large enough to contain two oxen together. Religious festivals, as formerly in the West, are the occasion of commercial fairs; the fair, again, attracts the whole race of mirth providers; dancing occupies the evening, and here may still be seen the blind minstrels of Homeric tradition, singing of national glories long passed to the strains of the one-stringed guitar. Neither is religion forgotten; at 5 A.M. the monks begin to say Mass, and at daybreak I have hardly found standing-room in the chapel. Round its colonnade are pictures showing the sufferings of the wicked in another world; those of brigands seem to attract most attention, and the abbot will tell you that these need no apology—it is the only way to teach the illiterate peasant. Life seems here so far from the Western world that when one learns that in this chapel was held a memorial service at Mr. Gladstone's death, one feels surprised that they have ever heard of him. Round the villages there is often a large common, covered in autumn with broad sheets of the purple crocus; here grazes the village herd of dun-coloured cattle, each beast finding its own way in the evening to its master's house in the village street. In this meadow on Sunday afternoon the village gathers for the *horo*, or national dance. A circle of dancers forms round the fiddler (or, if it be in Bulgaria, the piper), and whether the number in the circle be six or a hundred no Western party could compete with it for vigour and mirth. In Bulgaria, while the dancing is going on, you may meet the school children led by the schoolmaster, who is compelled by law to take his pupils on Sunday afternoon for a natural history ramble. For the politician, too, there are cheering sights. If he reflects sadly on the puzzles of religious education, he will be cheered by the splendid achievement of the Austrian Government in Bosnia. Thirty years ago, Moslem, Roman Catholic, and Greek Catholic lived in perpetual and blood-stained feud; now their children sit together in the school, the rival clerics collect their followers in different rooms during the hour for religious teaching (content that the "atmosphere" should at other times be merely patriotic), and then the rival sectarians, so lately at war, gather again for playtime in the school-yard. Or again, our politician, if he be one of those who hope for the extinction of Nonconformist rights, will rejoice in the spectacle of rising churches, for which in Servia the whole expense is found from the rates.

In these liberated countries the tourist may travel with perfect safety; the Government will indeed offer him a *gendarme* for escort, and he will be well advised to take him; not indeed to ward off brigands, there is much more danger from fierce dogs (such as killed, in this very land, the immortal Euripides), and these the escort is instructed if necessary to shoot; or if the traveller is benighted at some inn, whose appearance suggests that the vermin

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will be beyond endurance, the *gendarme* will justify his pay by demanding the hospitality of the best house in the village. Brigandage need not alarm the traveller, outside Turkey, though I plead guilty to fear on one occasion in Bulgaria; it was just after the capture of the missionary, Miss Stone, and that lady was indeed reported to be concealed in the very monastery to which we were travelling; Bulgarians and English alike were full of fears, and a Bulgarian paper of the district had reported that my friend and I were setting out to ransom Miss Stone, carrying £25,000 in our pockets. Considering the temptation, it does indeed speak volumes for the Bulgarian Government that no violent hands were laid upon us.

The dominions of the Sultan have their charms also for holiday-making; the mountains are beautiful, the tattered escort is picturesque, and barbarism is often funny. A young Englishman setting out for the Balkans told the late Turkish ambassador in London that he was going in search of health, and in particular for a weak throat; the ambassador quaintly replied, "It is not a very good place for throats." That is no doubt the case for the subjects of the Sultan, but for the European traveller it is safe enough; and whether it be from the open-air life, or from the total absence of luxury, I must say that I have found it most exhilarating.

The Turkish frontier is always alarming. It is not like most frontiers, an unreal and shadowy existence. The passage of one world to another is immediately signalised by the mouldering Custom House and the tattered uniform. Usually as civilisation increases the picturesque disappears, *but* here it is not so. "Where the Turkish foot treads the grass never grows"; *but* when the Turk is gone houses are rebuilt and roads are made, *but* nothing beautiful is destroyed, for there was none to destroy, except the minarets, which usually remain. The new eaves are wider and the roads shadier, and orchards relieve the brown monotony of the Turkish waste. Entering Turkey you leave both prosperity and beauty at once. The poverty of some parts is so great that, when I entered Turkey from Servia, the governor sent a message begging me to bring carriages from Servia if I wanted them, as there were none available in his country.

But to return to the frontier. There is a glorious uncertainty about what will happen; one man is turned back and has his journey nipped in the bud; another is arrested on the suspicion of being an agitator; at the best every item of his luggage is strewn on the floor, and his books, when the official has pretended to read them, usually holding them upside down, are taken from him. On one occasion, by way of experiment, we took with us a copy of the *Koran* and an anti-Turkish pamphlet; the Turk returned to us the pamphlet, but declined to pass the *Koran*—his own national Bible.

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After this we became friendly, and he expressed regret that he could not allow us to take the *Koran;* but, reflecting that we might reward him with a bribe, he added that if we would go back into Bosnia and post the book from there to our destination in Turkey, he would allow it to pass, as he was not ordered to examine the post. This was duly done, and the Sultan's commands thus duly obeyed.

In Turkey there is not much pleasure to be derived from the contemplation of happiness or of natural beauty, except where Nature has been left untouched; but there is humour, though the humour generally brings its inconveniences. A bear hunting party in the mountains was decidedly quaint. Our host, the manager of a mine in which the villagers worked, entertained us in a battlemented castle, from which he never stirred without a rifle. He began by giving orders that every villager should be ready at 4 A.M. to go out and beat the forest, or he would himself be beaten with the birch. Arrived at the shooting ground he posted us for the drive, and gave us strict orders, if we saw any man whom we did not know to be one of the beaters, to shoot him without delay, in case by chance he should be a brigand. We demurred to the chance of shooting an honest peasant; but this he said mattered nothing; the mayor of the village himself would at the most cost £20. When we finally left the village he implored us not to let our intention be known, because we should certainly be kidnapped, and he proceeded, as a measure of precaution, to order all the villagers off to the forest in another direction for a bear hunt, which of course did not take place. Having thus put people off the scent, he got up at three next morning and helped us to get off before the village was awake.

One of the strangest things in Turkey is the contempt with which the Turks are treated by some of their so-called subjects. At Novibazar, in "old Servia," Albanians amused themselves by jostling the Turkish Prefect as he was showing me the town. These men wear ragged white clothes and have their heads shaven, except for a long tag of hair at the back, which gives them an amazingly savage appearance; they all carry rifles, even the boys, as soon as they can bear the weight of a Martini. When I was at Mitrovitza they had recently broken open the prison and driven away the Turkish troops, as they have this year expelled the representative of the Russian Empire. A dense crowd of them were gathered at our departure from Novibazar, and seemed inclined to practise their rifles on the suspected stranger. The impotence of their so-called Turkish governor was pathetically humorous, but I must admit that I was extremely relieved to be out of the crowd. At Prishtina they had murdered the Servian consul, and the buildings of the Tobacco Monopoly, which the Turks had attempted to establish, had

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served to provide them with a bonfire. A certain Suliman Pasha, an Albanian of that place, quite overshadowed the Turkish governor. Recently he was celebrating his daughter's wedding, at which three thousand of his Albanian compatriots attended with their rifles. The feasting was going on for a week, and we were invited to one of the banquets. A Turkish dinner, where you have to sit on the floor, tear up roast ducks with your hands, and appropriate innumerable courses without intermission, is always a painful trial. If you stop for an instant your host will avenge himself by forcing upon you an even larger portion. Your sufferings are vastly increased by having to sit cramped upon the floor. Besides, at a Turkish meal only one glass is provided, and a servant who carries it with the jug of water brings it to the guest who wishes to drink; the terrible choice has, therefore, to be made, between eating ten large courses without any drink and the unspeakable qualms of sharing the vessel with greasy companions.

The solemnity of calling on a Turk, with its inevitable programme of coffee, cigarette, and jam with water, its slow repetition of hypocritical compliments and renewed cigarette, is amusing to a beginner. It was especially so at that extraordinary spot where the Austrians have a garrison in Turkish territory. The Austrian general took us to the Pasha and discoursed, as is usual, on the excellent roads and bridges which his Excellency the Pasha had built. I supposed that, as usual, there were no roads; but I had not realised the pungency of Austrian wit. We learnt afterwards that there was a road and even a bridge, but both had been built by the Austrian himself. I remember coming once on a very fine bridge, an astonishing and welcome sight. The bridge was not Turkish but Roman; it would have been, however, none the less welcome, but that the river had changed its course, and no longer ran under the Roman bridge—or any other.

Austrian humour goes to even greater lengths of savagery; on the bare limestone hills surrounding the town they have written in huge letters of white stones the monogram of the Austrian Kaiser side by side with the Crescent, and they discourse to the Turks of the charming effect produced when these emblems are illuminated on the Kaiser's birthday.

If the company of a Mohammedan becomes oppressive, you can generally remove him by producing some article condemned by Mahomet, such as ham or bacon, but the old piety is breaking down and the decay of fanaticism has its bad side in the growing popularity of the bottle. My friend and I engaged a Mohammedan dragoman and started out with him the first day with a modest lunch, chiefly of ham and whisky, with some suitable viands for the true believer; we produced the ham bashfully out of regard for his feelings, but to our disgust he displayed a liking for ham equalling

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our own, with an appetite twice as voracious. He explained that though a Turk he was a Liberal. We afterwards crossed the boundary into a Christian State (where a Turk might be unpopular), and found to our astonishment that our friend had become a Christian, having hidden his fez and produced an English cap from his pocket. After this he changed his religion no less than three times, avoiding awkward consequences with great skill, except once when he found it convenient to join with us in declaring himself a Protestant, with the result that he was completely cornered by an inquisitive Greek monk, who demanded to know the Protestant view of the Virgin Mary.

The humours of travel, however, are not to be obtained without a corresponding share of discomfort. A Turkish inn is frequently little more than a range of rotten shanties surrounding a manure heap, so that the traveller will probably choose a room looking on to the open street, and get as near to the open window as he can. At one place, however, we were not allowed even this luxury; the officer of the escort politely requested us to keep at the other end of the room, and proceeded to draw some curtains across the windows, explaining that the Albanians resented the presence of foreign travellers, and might take the opportunity of shooting them from the street through the window. At the same place on leaving the room I fell over the prostrate form of one of the escort; they had had orders not to let us leave their sight, and being sleepy he had stretched himself across the door. At another place we were very anxious to learn the opinions of a Christian merchant; the problem was how to shake off the escort. It was impossible to do so ourselves, so we agreed to go for a walk in the town (which would compel the escort to go with us), and to leave our interpreter for a talk with the merchant, which he might afterwards report to us. But the Christians implored us to desist; it was as much as their liberty was worth even to be seen talking to the interpreter. Their fears were not ungrounded; two days after we had left the place, and were staying with the Servian consul elsewhere, a message reached him that a schoolmaster who had been speaking to our servant (albeit in the presence only of the escort) had been arrested and thrown into prison. Only on one occasion did we rid ourselves of our escort; we were spending the night at a small mountain farm, and the farmer had shown his appreciation by killing one of his herd of swine, which was roasted whole for our benefit over a wood fire. The captain of the escort was fortunately a pious Moslem, and when the pig was brought in he fled, and we found ourselves for the first time left alone with the Christians. The Servian consul, who was with us, and who would have means of verifying statements, seized the opportunity of asking the farmer how things were going on; he replied that the Albanians had demanded from

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him a ransom of £80, and that as he could not possibly pay he would be obliged to fly across the frontier into Servia, abandoning all his property, and he wanted advice from the consul as to how he was to provide for his wife, his mother, and his children. He added that his father and his uncle had been murdered by the Albanians. The consul then inquired, by way of verification, where the murder had taken place; the farmer immediately answered: "It was in this room," and he then pointed out two bullet marks in the wall.

The Turkish drama is indeed more distinguished for tragedy than comedy. The Servian bishop at Uskub, whose consecration assumed such surprising prominence in the English Press this year, was very anxious to hear about the English stage, and added: "Here we have no theatre, but we are noted for our tragedies." The statement was confirmed by an incident which took place a few days before. A Bulgarian girl had been stolen by a Turk, and her brother begged the Russian consul to give her refuge if she was rescued. The consul was so far satisfied of the facts that he did so, and sent the girl home with his wife to Bulgaria. Soon afterwards the brother was found with his throat cut close to the Turk's house. Several Christians (but not the Turk) were thereupon arrested, and there as usual things ended. It is not to be wondered at that the daughters of Christians, as well as of Turks, are hidden under the veil after they are eight years old. A friend of ours was appealed to by a Christian woman in our presence for advice, because the village *gendarme* had expelled her husband and taken her into his house, and had now gone away leaving her in trouble and unprovided for. At another village it was significant that the schoolmaster replied to our inquiries that all was quiet, they were very happy; but when asked for details he said that the Turkish sergeant had closed the inn every evening because the innkeeper's wife had refused his advances; but he had not thought such things worth mentioning. He added that he had also been beaten himself, but he did not know why. This reminds me of an Armenian guide at Constantinople, who said that he had not suffered by the massacres; and when I asked him if none of his relations had been killed, he replied: "Yes, one of my brothers was killed, but only one."

The most tragic situation exists in parts of Albania, where the Albanian population is mixed with the Macedonian or (as in "Old Servia") the Servian. Here, in addition to the hardships of Turkish government, the defenceless Christians are at the mercy of a savage race, more brutal and more active than the Turks, forming in practice a class of licensed brigands, respecting no authority, and compared with whom even the Turk is a friend. The late governor of this district, though strongly anti-Christian, made some attempt to keep up the semblance of Turkish law and order; but the Sultan

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has an Albanian guard, and his personal safety demands that the Albanians should be humoured, so the unhappy governor is now transferred to Tripoli, whither his secretary had preceded him, having made himself suspected of treasonable Radicalism by importing a bicycle. In the same part of Albania I was breakfasting one day with one of the consuls, when a dishevelled and miserable Servian monk arrived; he had been in charge of a monastery; some Albanians had arrived, plundered the monastery, and promised him a bullet if he did not go. The great monastery of Detchane, one of the historic and sacred memorials of the Servian Empire, has often been plundered by tribes over whom Turkish authority is absolutely nil. I have even seen an aged priest who was driven to carry a revolver and a Martini rifle himself, so often had he been attacked; he was anxious to explain that for this irregularity he had a licence from the Bishop of Prisrend. During the past summer there has been open war between the Turkish authority and an Albanian chief, named Isa Bolietinatz, who objected to the establishment of a Russian consulate, and compelled the Turks to refuse the Russian demand. Three years ago I visited this gentleman's castle; it was a lofty stone building with stone walls three feet thick, an iron door, windows with stone shutters, and loopholes for rifles on every side. The strangest part of this establishment is a small monastery, which, though a Mohammedan, he has founded close to the castle, and where he keeps an unfortunate monk of the Greek church practically a prisoner, and compels him to do his bidding on a starvation wage.

Such are some of the chance incidents of a traveller's holiday. It is impossible that more serious events should be actually visible to him. A traveller is so far removed from the realities of local life, that any trouble he may actually see is as far driven smoke which proves a great fire. If I were to go beyond my own experiences, and embark on the innumerable stories of men murdered, girls and boys kidnapped, forcibly converted or violated, it would be easy to make the picture black enough.

Europeans are fond of praising the gentlemanly Turk; and I have known consuls in European Turkey who thought the state of things most exemplary. A few murders were not worth inquiring into; they had been in Armenia, had seen the streets run with blood, and they thought anything less than massacre beneath contempt. The genial lover of the *status quo* says that the Turks have not had a fair chance, and that it would be a terrible loss to the world if such a relic of the picturesque went by the board. And have the Turks nothing to urge on their own account? They have indeed. They say that there is only one way of keeping these dogs in order, and that is by massacre, and they complain that Europe forbids them to use this, the only possible weapon. Many a suave and French-

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speaking Turk waxes pathetic over this cruel hardship. The press of England appears to agree largely with the Turk. It talks ponderously of the hope that the Austro-Russian agreement will stand the strain of Macedonian ferment and be able to maintain the *status quo*.

Can we accept this agreeable conclusion and be satisfied to keep the Balkans as a picturesque relic for holiday time? It would indeed be welcome if we could forget the dark patches of the brilliant picture. But once we have realised what the situation involves, we cannot leave the question alone. We are driven to bring the Turkish Government to judgment, and the verdict is guilty. To all complacent sophistries the answer is—Here is a people suffering and demoralised, in body, mind, and spirit. We know that in the last resort the Turk keeps order by killing women and killing children, and we know that he did this thing even in Europe within our own memories. Recent reports show that he is doing it, with torture added, this winter. We know, too, which is perhaps worse, that whether there be massacre or not, the every-day life of the Christians in Turkey is ruinous to personal and national character. Generations of slavery, as Mr. Gladstone said, impress the features of slaves. There is no peace for the Christian unless he obeys the fatal proverb which experience has taught him, "The sword does not strike when the head is bowed"; if he does not cringe he must fight; he is driven to servility or bloodshed. And every day he knows that industry is useless, that life itself is in danger; he sees chastity outraged and his religion insulted. Shall we blame him if he says in his heart, like the Greek monk who led his people to freedom, "May the God of Justice give the Turks what they have deserved. They had no mercy, may they find none."

But a generation has risen which knows not the past, and which says: "This is no business of ours"; "that we have no commission from Heaven to go about the world redressing human wrong." Let the answer be given by a great Unionist statesman, the late Duke of Argyll: "Even if this were literally true—which it is not, for every Christian nation has a commission to remove such evils as may be accessible to its efforts—it does not apply to our relations with Turkey." "For," he says, "our repeated efforts to maintain the Turkish Empire have been a course of conduct involving of necessity the most direct and tremendous responsibility for the conduct of that Government towards its people." It is not without legitimate reason (as William Watson sings) that:

> "A homeless people in their mortal need,
> Toward one far and famous ocean isle
> Lift hands of prayer—and lift those hands in vain."

These people have the explicit right, under Article 23 of the

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Berlin Treaty, to a reformed system of government. We are bound to do our best to obtain this for them as we are bound under more special contract of the Cyprus Convention to protect the Armenians. Many of us will admit, even beyond these claims, an additional responsibility for those of our own faith. There was a time when statesmen were not ashamed to own it. In 1844 Lord Aberdeen, then Foreign Minister, thus addressed the Sublime Porte:

"The Christian Powers . . . will now require from the Porte due consideration for their feelings as members of a religious community, and interested as such in the fate of all who, notwithstanding shades of difference, unite in a common belief in the essential doctrines of Christianity; and they will not endure that the Porte shall insult and trample on their faith by treating as a criminal any person who embraces it."

But in practice what are we to do? Two things at least, even if actual interference be adjudged quixotic. We have in the past proclaimed ourselves the protectors of Turkey, and refused to admit the interference of others. It is our business to repudiate that policy. Lord Salisbury did so, informally, when he said: "We put our money on the wrong horse"; but we have not made the way clear, by a formal declaration, for other Powers to act.

Secondly, if the liberation of Macedonia once more involves the Sultan in difficulties, traditional fears of the Russian bear may incline the British Cabinet (as in the past) to give support, moral or material, to Turkey. Our chief duty, therefore, is to be prepared and watchful. There may be nothing to be done at once. There seemed nothing to be done in May 1876; rumours of Turkish barbarities, as this year, filled the press; the Government denied them; in August a correspondent of the *Daily News* found them true. The church at Batah had been bathed in blood; only, to hide it, the plaster had been scraped off the walls, as you may see to this day. England awoke, but it was too late. We were committed to support the Turk, and several million Christians were brought back, at our instigation, under the yoke. As it was then so may it be again, if we do not care enough. Ours will be the blame if men once more exclaim (as Mr. Gladstone then) "Would God that in this great, this holy cause, England had not been denied her share."

NOEL BUXTON.

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NATAL.

PRIOR to the annexation of the Orange River and Transvaal Colonies in 1902, Natal had been the youngest of those possessions of Great Britain which now make a pathway round the globe. Although visited in the early part of last century, much against their will, by shipwrecked English sailors, and partly settled by some adventurous fellow countrymen, Natal was not formally annexed till the year 1843.

Both before and since that date its history has been a somewhat picturesque one. Its name indicates the European nation who first sailed near its coast and the date of its discovery—Natal being the Portuguese word for Christmas. As a matter of written record, its history begins on Christmas Day, 1497, when the storm-tossed caravels of the Portuguese navigator, Vasco da Gama, sailed up the Indian Ocean, and European eyes for the first time gazed on its majestic bluff, its lake-like bay, and the hills and valleys beyond adorned with verdure. But when these Portuguese mariners sailed past, the land of Natal was inhabited by a teeming population of natives belonging to the Bantu race of South Africa, and about whose previous history we know little or nothing.

This we do know—that they were not the first inhabitants of Natal. That honour belongs to the Bushmen, now nearly extinct—the mannikins who are closely allied to the pigmy folk found by Du Chaillu, Schweinfurth, and Stanley in various parts of Northern Africa. The Bushmen were driven out by Hottentots coming from the north, and they in turn were ousted by the warlike Bantus, or Kaffirs, as they are commonly called, who came to stay. These Kaffirs were in Natal when Da Gama passed in 1497; they were there in the beginning; they are there now; and there, we may confidently say, they ever shall be. For, unlike the Australian natives, they increase and multiply under English rule just as they did when they were a law unto themselves. Natal, therefore, is not exclusively a white colony, but a black-and-white colony, the natives numbering about ten to one—a halfpennyworth of white, so to speak, to an intolerable deal of native. The whole white population of Natal is not more than that of Reading—the natives numbering nearly 600,000—so that the colony is in reality a miniature India, with the whites as the progressive and ruling caste.

The natives of Natal have had their vicissitudes. About the

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beginning of last century, when England was engaged in a deadly struggle with the great Napoleon, Natal, all unknown to Europeans, was a kind of black Arcadia, and had been so for centuries. It was inhabited by ninety-four separate tribes, representing about a million of people, all living in comfort and in peace under their separate chiefs.

The country was more thickly wooded then than it is now, and the extensive bush-lands and the long grass and reeds of the river valleys were the haunts of countless wild animals. Immense troops of elephants roamed the coast-lands and the thorns; lions and panthers lurked in the kloofs and among broken ground; elands, hartebeesten, and other antelopes swarmed in the veld; and hippopotami and crocodiles abounded in the rivers. The crack of the waggon-whip and the steam-whistle of the locomotive were not yet heard in the land.

The natives lived in the midst of plenty. They had cattle, sheep, goats, and fowls in abundance, fruit and vegetables, bread and corn. Then, as now, they made "a bitter sort of drink from grain, purposely to make merry with, and when they met on such occasions the men made themselves extraordinarily fine with feathers stuck in their caps very thickly." There were no chronic feuds between the tribes. They lived in perfect amity. When angry passions rose, as they would do occasionally, the quarrel was decided by a kind of savage tournament between the rival clans, at which the women were spectators. When the victory was decided, assegai and shield were laid aside, and "the sun that saw tribes fight never set till their quarrel was ended." They never "lifted" their neighbours' cattle, nor burned their huts, nor coveted their land; and no foreign foe disturbed them.

But a time came when these gray barbarians could no longer hurl their lances in the sun in such fabled security. A rude awakening awaited them. In the year 1812, in what is now called Zululand, there arose in the small and obscure Amazulu tribe a military genius named Chaka. Possessed of great ambition and powers of organisation, he founded an army, gradually adding to it by terrorising the neighbouring peaceful tribes. The young men had the choice of death or enlistment in the army of the conqueror; the old men, women, and children were invariably destroyed with the most atrocious cruelty. Chaka's relentless cruelty and ferocity compelled the submission and fear of his people, and his immense size gained for him the name of the Great Elephant. His royal kraal was known as Umgungundhlovu, the place of the Great Elephant, and in after years the natives naturally transferred this name to Pietermaritzburg—the seat of government of the white man. The capital of the colony has adopted for its arms the Great Elephant, with Umgungundhlovu inscribed beneath.

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The tribes south of the Tugela soon heard the march and war-cry of Chaka's impis. Some fled even to the Cape frontier; some surrendered, and were allowed to remain as vassals; others hid themselves in the dense bush of the river valleys and in the wooded gorges of the mountains. All Natal was laid waste by the year 1820. What had been as the Garden of Eden was now a desolate wilderness. Chaka ruled with absolute power from Delagoa Bay to St. John's River, and had at his behest an army of 100,000 men, composed of nearly every tribe within these boundaries. This military despotism, initiated by the Napoleon of South Africa, was continued and developed by his successors, Dingaan and Cetywayo. But, fortunately for the peace of South Africa and by the prescience of Sir Bartle Frere, it was shattered for ever on the field of Ulundi in 1879.

So much at present for the Natal natives.

Up to the date of Chaka's conquest of Natal in 1820 no white men had set foot in the land for colonising purposes, although the British flag had been floating from the Castle at Cape Town, with some few breaks, from the year 1795. The story of the Cape is another story, as Rider Haggard says, but so much of the same story that it is necessary here to go back to it to understand what followed in Natal.

The Portuguese never pursued the advantages which their intrepid early navigators gained for them. About the close of the sixteenth century one of their captains surveyed the Natal coast, distinguished, as he says, by the huge point of rock now known as the Bluff, and went some way into the interior. But they ultimately settled in Delagoa Bay and the coasts thereof, which they still possess, and made no effort to trade with the natives further south.

Up to the close of the sixteenth century Portugal and Spain were the only European nations which traded with the East; but after the great struggle with the Netherlands, in which the hardy Hollanders gained their independence, and the scattering to the winds of the Armada which was to conquer England, the spirit of despotism and superstition which these nations represented was dissipated by the new feeling of freedom and progress which was abroad, and Spain and Portugal sank never to rise again.

The Dutch succeeded them in the supremacy of the seas. An East India Company was formed which gradually ousted the Spaniards from their possessions in the East. England, too, beginning to feel her new power, had also a company which traded with India, and the vessels of both nations touched at the Cape of Good Hope, which had become a recognised place of call since the historic voyage of Vasco da Gama. There they obtained water and fresh meat from the natives in return for beads, brandy, and tobacco.

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A primitive post-office was also established on the shores of Table Bay. Outward-bound vessels buried packets containing letters and despatches under peculiarly shaped flat stones engraved with the names of the ships; and those homeward bound eagerly searched the underground post-offices for news of country and friends.

One of these stones is now shown under a huge glass case in the hall of the new post-office at Cape Town. The names of the vessels using it and the dates are quite legible.

In 1620 two commanders of the English East India Company, Fitzherbert and Shillinge, planted the colours of England on the hill now called the Lion's Rump, and took possession of the Cape and adjacent land in the name of King James. Nothing was done by the company to follow up the action of its zealous servants, and the proclamation of English authority remained an empty form.

No such hesitancy marked the proceedings of Holland. In 1652, after a preliminary spying-out of the land, Jan Van Riebeek, a surgeon and merchant in the service of the company, accompanied by about one hundred men, took possession of the land on which Cape Town is now built. Mr. Van Riebeek is accordingly the first commander of the first settlement of white men in South Africa. His statue, erected by Mr. Rhodes, stands at the foot of Adderley Street, gazing up at Table Mountain as he might have stood on that day when he first leapt ashore on Table Bay, the pioneer and founder of a great dominion. These Dutch settlers flourished under successive commanders, planted cornfields and vineyards, and were reinforced in 1688 by an immigration of Huguenots driven from France by the intolerance of Louis XIV. In course of time the restrictions and taxes imposed by the company became a heavy burden on the settlers, who in vain sought redress. So obnoxious did they become that many of the Boers (or farmers) moved away with their waggons and flocks and herds far inland beyond the control of the company. This was the origin of the habit of trekking—moving from place to place—which has always characterised the Dutch farmers of South Africa. And it was this tendency that later on helped to people Natal and that founded the overberg Republics.

Far in the veld they enjoyed the liberty they craved for, and knew no law but their own will. This isolation from their fellows and from all civilising influences was most injurious to their moral and social condition. The children grew up untaught; there were no schools and no churches. Had it not been for their pious national habit of reading the Bible night and morning to the assembled household, they must speedily have lapsed into the degraded condition of the Hottentots and other slaves who surrounded them.

As the wandering Boers trekked eastwards they encountered the warlike frontier natives, who attacked their encampments whenever

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they could, plundering and murdering without mercy. In return, the settlers retaliated in like manner. The Dutch and the natives have always been foes. Diligent readers of the Old Testament, the more ignorant of the Boers believed themselves to be the chosen people and the natives the Canaanites whom they had a Divine command to smite and utterly destroy. The Government could not or would not protect the settlers. In 1795, while the embittered feeling against the Government was at its height, the unexpected happened. An English fleet sailed into Table Bay and took possession of the Cape in the name of King George, and at the request of the Stadtholder; Holland was overrun by the troops of the French Republic; and English troops were sent out to the Cape to keep that valuable possession from falling into the hands of France. Given back to Holland by the Peace of Amiens in 1803, the Cape, as the key to India, was finally annexed to the Empire in 1806. The settlement and civilisation of the colony proceeded much more rapidly after the proclamation of English rule.

Now comes the first appearance of Englishmen in Natal—the pioneers of English trade and English influence. In the year 1824, when Chaka reigned supreme, a little brig named the *Salisbury* sailed into the bay of Natal with over twenty Englishmen with Lieutenant Farewell at their head.

Farewell was an officer who had served in the Royal Marines, and had been on a trading ship near Delagoa Bay. He heard that a profitable trade might be opened up with the Zulus, and he called at Natal to satisfy himself regarding the capabilities of the country and the friendliness of its natives. The prospects of the enterprise appeared encouraging, and on his return to Cape Town he persuaded about twenty adventurous spirits to join him in his expedition to the land of Natal. Lord Charles Somerset, the Governor of the Cape, gave his consent to the undertaking, with his wishes for its success in advancing trade and civilisation.

The traders made their way to a kraal of the Zulu despot near the Tongaat, and were very graciously received and entertained, presents passing on both sides. Chaka consented to a trading settlement being established by the bay side, and formally ceded to the strangers twenty-five miles of coast-land, including the bay, and one hundred miles inland. The little settlement of hunters and traders gradually increased in numbers until, in 1835, they thought it due to their importance as a white community to lay out a township in the bush.

The site of the future town was a dense jungle varied by tracts of greensward, naturally ornamented by large trees, and not yet cut up by traffic into beds of deep sand. Shy antelopes bounded from covert to covert, countless monkeys chattered in wooded shades and swung themselves from the creepers, and the huge spoor of the

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elephant was a familiar sight in the winding bush-paths. There was only one square house in the settlement, and that was constructed of the handiest materials, reeds plastered with mud—in colonial parlance, "wattle and daub." The other inhabitants resided, like their native vassals, in the more modest bee-hive-shaped straw huts. The huts were built in secluded parts of the bush for safety, for the favour of Dingaan was precarious, and at any time the settlement might have experienced the fell swoop of a Zulu impi.

With the consent of Sir Benjamin D'Urban, the Governor of the Cape, the infant town received his name. And that, nearly seventy years ago, was the beginning of Durban, now one of the most populous and most delightful towns on the seaboard of South Africa. The hunted and starving natives soon began to look to the Englishmen for protection, and many of their kinsmen, homesick and discontented, who had been pressed into the Zulu army, deserted Chaka and fled to the bay. This return of Natal natives continued in the time of Dingaan, who in 1828 murdered his tyrant brother and succeeded him. Dingaan was Chaka's equal in cruelty and excelled him in cunning and treachery. But he was outwardly friendly to the little English colony which he did not seek to molest.

Things were in this state when a new set of actors appeared on the stage of Natal. On a certain day in the year 1837 (to copy the language of an old-fashioned novelist) not only two horsemen but hundreds of horsemen might have been seen slowly descending the rocky passes of the lofty Drakensberg mountains into the lower land of Natal. These tall grim bearded white men were escorting about a thousand cumbersome ox-wagons filled with women and children and household goods. Huge herds of cattle and sheep formed part of the cavalcade which plodded its weary way down the boulder-strewn mountain roads. The discontented Boers of Cape Colony had at last arrived in the land of green pasture and sparkling streams, which a previous small party of their kinsmen had spied out, as the Israelites did Canaan of old. After their long and toilsome march, Natal was indeed fair to see to their wearied eyes, and a land flowing with milk and honey. This peaceful invasion of Natal was the consequence of general dissatisfaction with English rule in Cape Colony and especially with the Slave Emancipation Law which took effect in 1838.

Every Boer family from time immemorial had been used to having an army of slaves at their beck and call, Hottentots and Bushmen as well as Malays and negroes imported for them by the Government. The prospective loss of what they regarded as their property exasperated them to the utmost, and they determined to seek freedom in the far north, with Natal, the land of which they

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had heard such glowing accounts, as their goal. The great trek was accordingly begun under the guidance of Pieter Retief and Gert Maritz—the indomitable voor-trekkers who have given their name to Pietermaritzburg—and we have seen how, through much tribulation, from wild beasts and wilder native tribes, the hardy pioneers at last reached their promised land beyond the mountains.

They at once proceeded to settle down in scattered encampments along the Tugela River, some to the north in the Klip River district, and the larger number further south. Their leaders rode to the coast and made the acquaintance of the English Colony, whose inhabitants, though a little surprised at their sudden appearance, gave them a hearty welcome. Retief next approached the Zulu monarch, Dingaan, for a grant of land, and was encouraged to visit the royal kraal in Zululand. This he did in 1838 with a retinue of seventy horsemen. The treacherous savage received them with great cordiality and gave Retief a document granting to him and his countrymen "the place called Port Natal." On the day of their departure the unsuspecting Dutchmen were invited to drink beer with the King at his great place. Their muskets, according to Zulu etiquette, had to be left outside the enclosure. On entering, the doomed men were immediately surrounded by a regiment armed with knobkerries and beaten to death. Retief was kept alive till the end to witness the sufferings of his comrades.

As a dreadful sequel to his treachery Dingaan despatched an impi at once to the scattered encampment of Natal, and in the dead of night the death-dealing assegai did its work.

I do not wish to prolong this historical sketch unduly, but I should like to mention one incident of that terrible week which exemplifies the bravery and endurance of those sturdy old voor-trekkers. On the night of the great massacre the Rensburg and Pretorius families left their waggons and took refuge on a hill, now called Rensburg's Kop, which could be attacked only on two sides. There, for hours, fourteen determined men kept a Zulu regiment at bay. Their ammunition was nearly exhausted and hope had almost fled when a horseman was seen on the outskirts of the swarming savages. Johannes Rensburg held up his gun reversed. At once comprehending the signal, the horseman, at the risk of his life, rode to the waggon of Pretorius, about a mile distant. At the waggon he loaded himself up with powder and bullets and prepared for a dash back. Well was it for that gallant Dutchman that he sat his horse like a centaur, for his gun demanded all the resources of eye and hand. Dealing death right and left, he dashed through the mass of Kaffirs at the foot of the hill, and, thanks to his horse and his strong right arm, joined his friends unscathed with the welcome supply of ammunition. The Zulus were soon afterwards beaten off. Mr. Marthinus Oosthuyse, the hero of that adventurous ride, died at

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his farm near the Little Tugela in 1897. I have heard the story from his own lips.

Six hundred men, women and children perished within a week. The region of the massacres is to this day fitly named Weenen—the place of weeping. It is supposed that Dingaan's enmity to the Boer strangers was increased by a belief that they were the white men of whom his murdered brother Chaka spoke as he was dying. "You think you will rule this land when I am gone," he said, "but I see the white man coming, and he will be your master."

Hostilities continued between the Boers and Dingaan until, in 1840, under a new leader, Andries Pretorius, that treacherous despot was utterly crushed and his brother Panda installed as vassal of the Boers.

On that occasion Pretorius claimed all the land from the Black Umfolosi to the Umzimvubu, and from the Drakensberg Mountains to the sea, thus entirely ignoring the claims of the Englishmen at the bay. Following this, the Dutch farmers requested the Cape Government to recognise them as an independent state under the title of the Republic of Natalia. This the British Government refused to do, claiming the Boers as their errant subjects, and a war of words on the subject was carried on for two years. But no active steps were taken by England to assume authority in Natal.

Meanwhile the Natal natives, freed from the tyranny of Dingaan, were returning to their old homes, and the Boers did not look favourably on their return. They were being surrounded by natives of whose existence and previous history they were quite ignorant. Conflicts ensued, and matters were brought to a crisis by the Dutch attacking a chief in the south of Natal, when 150 of his people were shot and 3000 cattle taken. The chief appealed to the Cape Government, and the British Lion woke at last. The occupation of Natal was resolved upon.

Captain Smith, a Waterloo officer, with 237 men of the 27th Regiment and the Royal Artillery, arrived in Durban in May 1842. He hauled down the colours of the Republic of Natalia floating from the blockhouse at the point and hoisted the English flag. Pretorius ordered him to quit Dutch territory at once, and armed Boers ostentatiously showed themselves outside the camp at Umgeni. Captain Smith had orders to avoid hostilities if possible, but their irritating conduct exhausted his patience, and he resolved on a night attack on the Boer camp at Congella. The attempt culminated in a disaster. It was the old story to which we got accustomed during the late war—Boer knowledge of our movements, our officers and men brave to recklessness, marching in the moonlight in a body with no scouts or precautions of any kind, and suddenly shot down by an unseen foe. The small force left was besieged for over a month till reinforcements arrived from Grahamstown. The ride of Richard

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King with news of the disaster to the Cape frontier is another picturesque page in Natal history, and is still gratefully remembered by colonists. Relief arrived; and, to make a long story short, the Dutch farmers, after much trouble, submitted to English authority, and the Ensign was run up to the blockhouse at the point, never again to be lowered.

That is how the land of Natal became a British colony. Even since 1843 its history cannot be said to have been an uneventful one. The war with the Zulu King, Cetywayo, in 1879, the first Boer war two years afterwards, and more lately the great war now happily ended, have familiarised the English people with the name of the small and hitherto obscure colony which has been the theatre of a struggle greater than any England has had to face since she defied the conqueror of Europe.

I confess that when I went out to Natal in the service of the Government thirty-six years ago, it was to me a *terra incognita*. The geography text-books of the period mentioned Port Natal as a harbour in the south-east coast of Africa, and that was all. It had acquired some fame as being the see of Bishop Colenso, whom I was afterwards privileged to call a dear friend, and whose intelligent Zulu's queries on Old Testament history and their consequences made a considerable stir in the ecclesiastical world. The only reference to the country which I had seen in literature was in the "Miss Kilmansegg" of Thomas Hood, who found its name a convenient rhyme to "fatal." For Nátal it was called then—not Natal.

However, even in 1866, Natal had an existence of its own, far removed, intellectually as well as geographically, from that of the Cape, with which, much to the annoyance of the colonists, it was often confounded. It was then a small white community, much smaller than now in proportion to the natives in its midst; but it was an active and stirring community, settled chiefly in the towns of Pietermaritzburg and Durban. It had instituted literary societies, benevolent societies, agricultural shows, races, and cricket clubs—all the homeland institutions which made it a miniature England over seas.

Durban was a well-laid-out town, with wide streets still covered anke-deep in sand and with much of the primeval bush in evidence. There was only one two-storey house in the town. The low range of hills behind the town, the Berea, now studded with villa residences, was then the umbrageous dwelling-place of monkeys and snakes. Trade had begun to some extent with the two Dutch republics over-berg, and huge waggons, drawn by fourteen or sixteen oxen, conveyed the merchandise landed at the point through the heavy red sand of the coastlands, up the steep, stony roads of the midlands and the uplands, and over the passes of the Berg. All travelling in the Colony was done on horseback or by waggon, although there

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was daily communication between the capital and the port by mail cart.

Sugar-cane was planted on the coastlands, and also arrowroot. Coffee and cotton were tried without success. Durban, laid out by Englishmen, remained in its population almost exclusively English. The capital, on the other hand, founded by the sturdy old voor-trekkers and with more of the Dutch element in its midst, was less progressive, and was dubbed Sleepy Hollow by its more go-a-head coast neighbour.

The Durban of to-day, where Mr. Chamberlain landed on his South African visit, is a widely different place from the Durban of 1866, and the magician's wand which has transformed it is the discovery of diamonds and of gold in the inland states. Their prosperity was immediately reflected in Natal. Trade increased by leaps and bounds and the public revenue was enormously increased. To meet the augmented needs of transport a railway was built and continued to Johannesburg, and the line of steel now links Durban to all South Africa. Branch lines have lately been constructed to nearly every village in the colony.

Durban, as the seaport and chief commercial centre, has grown marvellously. It is a clean, busy, well-built town of nearly 70,000 inhabitants, with wide streets lighted by electricity and thronged with a polyglot population. There are about twenty miles of electric tramways and 700 jinrickshas with native pullers.

The sugar industry on the coast is flourishing; so is tea-planting, introduced of late years. Fruit-growing has now become a settled and profitable occupation. Stock farming continues to be the main pursuit up country, and many farmers are growing wattles for the sake of the bark. Huge plantations of these trees not only adorn the landscape but prove of the greatest profit to the grower. Large creameries have been established, and jam-making is engaged in to some extent. The mineral wealth of the Colony is gradually being developed and coal is now being obtained in large quantities.

You will have gathered that at the present day the population of Natal is a somewhat mixed one. First in order of numbers come the natives, the original possessors of the soil. The English Government, ever mindful of their rights, set apart for them in 1843 certain tracts of land in extent about one-sixth of the colony. Each tribe has its own location, and the locations are generally the most barren, wild, and broken parts of the country and rejoicing in the grandest scenery hardly ever beheld by any European eye. There the natives live as of yore under the patriarchal sway of their chiefs tempered by the rule of an English magistrate who resides in every location.

These natives are the finest of the savage races. They are talkative, good-tempered, and laughter-loving, and most loyal and

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respectful when they see that respect is due, but they must be treated with firmness and kindness—in fact, managed like grown-up children, which they really are. When they are so managed they make splendid servants in house, stable, or garden. For over twenty years I had in my employ men—they are always called "boys"—from the same tribe, the Amancolosi, whose home for centuries has been in a valley near the Tugela. Some of these men, with clear-cut features and patricians in bearing and manner, might have passed for ancient Romans carved in ebony. Some have the negro caste of countenance; the Arab-like faces of others are suggestive of an Asiatic origin and seem to show that they have drifted during the centuries from the north.

It is, however, a drawback that they will not engage themselves for any definite period. If a boy wants to go home, he goes—without any regard to the needs of his employer. The irregularity of this source of labour therefore compelled the introduction in 1860 of indentured Indian labourers or coolies to meet the wants of the sugar plantations on the coast.

The immigration has been continued ever since. Comparatively few of these Indian labourers return to their native land on the completion of their period of service. They remain in the Colony as "free" Indians and become market-gardeners, farmers, domestic servants, fishermen, hawkers, shopmen and traders.

The Indians form a useful and industrious part of the community, and now equal the whites in point of numbers. The gay dresses of these people, especially on gala days, give a distinctly oriental tone to the sunlit streets of Durban.

As regards the white population, we have all nationalities in our midst, but the majority is English—and by English I mean British—for the Scot and the Irishman are there in numbers. The minority is made up mainly of Dutch and Germans, the Dutch settled as sheep and cattle farmers or Boers in the upper districts, and the Germans either engaged in commerce in the towns or in farming at settlements like New Germany, New Hanover, or Hermannsburg. So that you see our German cousins, by thus flocking to our colonies and becoming loyal and contented members of the community, conclusively show that their occasional abuse of us must be only Pickwickian, and that their respect for the British flag is practical and sincere.

To the tourist—and it is safe to say that, owing to the great war, there will be many in the future—Natal is a most interesting country. Its physical contour ensures the greatest variety of scenery. The great rampart of the Drakensberg, towering to the height of 12,000 feet above sea-level, "whose rocky summits, split and rent, form turret, dome and battlement," slopes gradually south-eastwards in romantic gorges, grassy valleys, rounded hills and

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tongues of meadow-land to the tangled bush and tropical luxuriance of the coast. Twenty-five rivers fall into the Indian Ocean. Unfortunately none of them are navigable, but they afford pleasing scenery and sometimes grand and picturesque. The Tugela, or Startling River, whose course at Colenso was the scene of one of the saddest disasters of the war, is the noblest stream in Natal, 200 miles long, and near its mouth 150 yards broad. Its deep, rocky channel is flanked by stupendous cliffs, lofty hills, and wild, stony glens. The other two large rivers are the Umzimkulu, or Great River, and the Umkomaas, or Gatherer of Waters, both with striking and varied scenery. These rivers, and nearly all the leading features of outward nature in the Colony, fortunately retain their euphonious native names. We know little of the countless generations of black men who have lived and died in Natal, but they have left their mark in imperishable language on river, stream and mountain.

Some of these descriptive words are "fossil poetry." He was a man gifted with imagination who gave its name to Tintwa, the mountain-peak first "touched" by the soft, rainy clouds from the south-west; to the Umkomaas, "the gatherer of waters;" to Mahwaqa, the "wrinkled, frowning mountain"; and to the Indumeni, "the thunderer"—from the echoes which roll round it. The native mind must have been awed by the loftiness of Cathkin, the peak above all others in Natal:

> "Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
> Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place."

Its height, "out-topping knowledge," gave it the name of Umdedelele, the mountain which "must be left alone." The mountain-wall, which "heaves high its forehead bare" along Natal's western boundary, is known to the natives as Kahlamba, its jagged peaks and mighty bosses seeming as if they had been recklessly "tossed or hurled down" by Titanic hands. The loneliness and desolation of this mountain region so impressed the imagination of the Dutch pioneers that they named it the Drakensberg, or "habitation of dragons."

The names, too, given by the Dutch colonists to up-country hills and streams have generally been suggested by some characteristic of position or appearance.

Spion Kop is the mountain from whose summit an extensive "view" is obtained; Blauw Krans is "blue cliffs," from the colour of the shale; Klip River is named from its "stony" bed and banks; Doorn Kop is the "hill of thorns;" Sterk Spruit is the "strong" stream; and Mooi River is the "beautiful" river.

The scenery of the uplands is less interesting, but its bare hills and lonely villages require none of nature's adornment to fix them

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in the memories of all English people at home or over seas. Spion Kop, Pieters, Colenso and Ladysmith, are henceforth among the holy places of the Empire, for they hold the last resting-places of our kinsfolk who gave their lives for freedom in South Africa. Their graves on every hillside are lovingly tended by the women of Natal.

> "How sleep the brave who sink to rest
> By all their country's wishes blest!
>
> . . . . . .
>
> By fairy hands their knell is rung;
> By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
> There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
> To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
> And Freedom shall awhile repair
> To dwell a weeping hermit there."

I have no wish to say much of the late war, but I must take this opportunity to deny emphatically that there is—ever has been—any race-feeling on the part of the English Colonists of Natal to their Dutch neighbours. We have the greatest respect for them as the descendants of the voor-trekkers who suffered so much and fought so well.

R. Russell.

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THE IRISH LAND CONFERENCE.

"AN old Whig of the School of Grattan" pointed out many months ago in the *Fortnightly Review*, with what seemed to be unanswerable force, the evil consequences of the mistake made by our Unionist Government in introducing their system of partial presents under the name of "purchases" into Ireland, instead of—as I would venture to suggest—turning the recent liberal gifts to the Irish farmers of fair rents, free sale, and fixity of tenure, into the natural and useful form of leases for ever. It is that system of partial purchases which the now celebrated "Conference" lately held in Dublin seeks to justify by seeking to extend. "Compulsory sale," in the words of Mr. O'Brien, is to be abandoned for "compulsory attraction," which is to do the work of himself and his friend Mr. Russell, in enriching Irish tenants, equally well—but unfortunately at the expense of every taxpayer in the United Kingdom who is neither an Irish landholder or an Irish landlord. It is to be their privilege to supply the "attraction"; and the recommendations of the Conference may be summed up in a line or two as follows:

Every one grants the evils of the "dual ownership," which is now handing over the whole of the country to perpetual lawsuits. *Beginning then with the assumption that they can only be got rid of by an universal purchase of the whole land of Ireland*, the Conference recommends that this should proceed upon voluntary lines; and that, therefore, the very considerable number of years' purchase between what the tenants will give and the landlords will take should be paid by the State. Between the lowering of credit and cash, this "bridge," as it is called, will amount to the value of a very considerable number of millions of money; to the raising of which the Irish workman and the Irish clerk and the Irish professional man will have to contribute—as well as their English and Scottish brethren. Now, on the face of things, is this fair? The fact—if it is a fact—that England owes us much money both for destroying our manufactures and for over-taxation (and if this last is a fact—so far from taking a hint from the American Supreme Court—it ought to be driven home by the finding of a Commission of Judges) can be no possible reason for an Irish ploughman having to help, with the taxes he pays on his tea and tobacco, to make a huge present to his neighbour, a large landlord, and his very comfortable tenants, who, at least in the neighbourhood in which I write, are honest and indus-

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trious enough to be thriving visibly on their three great gifts of fair rents, free sale, and fixity of tenure. And what would the unemployed men who are now walking about the streets of London be likely to think of it? For I dare say even they still give their wives a cup of tea. But this is wandering from the object of these pages, which is to try to show that the supposed necessity for all this novel and gigantic undertaking, accompanied as it must be by much injustice to whole classes, rests upon an entirely false assumption. Mill tells us that all the evils of dual ownership can be got rid of by a lease for ever at a fixed rent. And surely this is but plain common sense. What greater hardship should it be for the holder under a lease for ever of one hundred good acres, to have to pay an annuity of one hundred pounds to his former landlord, than to have to divide another hundred pounds yearly between his butcher and his baker and his tailor? These latter would have no "dual ownership" in his land, and neither would his old landlord. But it is quite possible that under present circumstances it would be safer to make the rents in Ireland vary automatically with the value of farm produce and of labour. Whenever, then, a "fair rent" is fixed by the Courts, why should it not be a rent that should vary ever afterwards automatically; unless, indeed, both sides agree that it shall be a fixed rent for ever? But, in my opinion, with every such final change of ownership—for that is what it amounts to—a small fine should be given by the State to the landlord to compensate for the legal rights that are being taken away from him. If the State owes us in Ireland a great deal of money, why that will be paying a part of the debt. But, in any case, it seems to be simply justice. If a rich private man made such contracts as the State made in the Encumbered Estates Court, every moralist in Europe would consider that he was bound to make compensation for breaking them; and our State has broken its contracts with our landlords most flagrantly, both with regard to the property in the houses, &c., on their farms, and their rights of regaining possession of their lands at the end of present holdings. And plainly this would be a very different thing from expecting the one-third of the Irish people, who are neither landlords nor tenants, of their own free will to help now to make a huge present to these two classes.

As far as I can see, the only thing that prevents this very simple solution of our difficulties is that both landlords and tenants want something more than is justly due to them. I fear landlords may want too large a price for their possibly declining properties. The tenants certainly want to get rid of another fifth of their *fair* rents. Both classes want to get rid, by most unjust compulsory sales and at insufficient prices, of the owners of fee-farm rents, secured upon lands of more than three times their own value, of whom the present writer is one. The Conference seems to have gone out of its way to

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do these last injustice, as it recommends that they should only get the same number of years' purchase for their fee-farm rents as the middle landlords, although such rents, from their very nature as of less than mere prairy value, hand over all improvements to the other classes who have been fighting about them. And then being secured, as I said, on lands of three times their own value, these fee-farm rents are always paid to the day; and the mere fact of compulsion being applied to them—and to them alone—should get them a better price. In a well-ordered State they should be about the safest possible securities, and be under such circumstances entitled to corresponding rates of purchase.

But I do not wish to intrude my private grievances unnecessarily into this paper, which is written in the hope of showing that the way of getting rid of the "dual ownership" of Irish land, which would be fairest to everybody concerned, and least likely to confuse all existing arrangements, is that which, at the future fixing of every "fair rent" in the Courts, would make that rent, if both parties agreed to it, a fixed rent for ever; and if they did not both agree to this, would cause it to vary automatically—say every ten years—along with the prices of farm produce in the immediate neighbourhood, and of labour in the United Kingdom generally. At the fixing of each rent the Court should decide by the help of experts what these proportions should be. Naturally they should vary according as the farm was best suited for tillage or grass. But once fixed they were so far fixed for ever. How on earth could any reasonable tenant be induced by Mr. O'Brien or anybody else to complain of such a tenure?

But no doubt that paying of a fine by the State to the former landlord which should accompany every such final lease for ever, to make up for the legal rights for ever taken away from him, would present a much greater difficulty. What should be its amount? Well, I would venture to suggest—now that the "predominant partner" is inclined to be just to everybody—two years' purchase of what Mr. Morley and Mr. Wyndham tell us is the rental to be purchased, or £8,000,000. No doubt a large sum of money, but in my opinion a large sum is absolutely due by the State, for its breaking, in its own supposed interests, of all the usual laws of contracts and of property. Why should not a State be bound in honour by its contracts with owners of land, just as it is bound by its contracts with the owners of its funded debt? And as practically the payment would have to be extended over five or ten years, it would not be much to the State, but it would be a great deal to the landlords. And some payment is plainly due to them. And in my opinion again it is mainly justice and strength—and some self-sacrifice for both—that help industry to make great nations thrive.

And plainly too this paying "on the nail" of an honest eight

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millions of money would be a much better bargain than buying up all Ireland at very many millions more than the market price, although such latter bad bargain might be disguised by the payment not being made in lump sums. You cannot give a great many millions too much for a property without being likely to be a great many millions the poorer for it! And when a bad year comes—we have now had several good ones running—who will have to pay for all the evictions? Some farmers will be idle and drunken then, even as they are now. I suppose, the poor taxpayers; and I believe many people think that all the taxes that can be fairly spared are badly wanted, both for giving old age pensions to working men in the three kingdoms, and for putting at once the most prosperous and the best hated Empire in the world into a proper state of defence. We all should remember that at any moment that we lost the command of the sea we might be starved into an almost abject submission. And I believe that many people think that on the whole the policy of the German Emperor can be best explained by supposing that he may be only waiting to have one of the strongest fleets in Europe, to help, upon certain contingencies, other fleets to try to take the command of the sea and its pleasant consequences from this country. In any case I cannot see that its security will be increased by giving unjustly a great gift of public money to Mr. O'Brien's and Mr. Russell's tenant farmers who have already got so much from their former landlords, and under circumstances which certainly seem to give some force to the complaint of a gentleman who was listening to Mr. Russell at the National Liberal Club on March 6 that his scheme was a scheme of "blackmail."

On the same occasion Mr. Russell told his hearers that "the British taxpayers had paid £250,000,000 for the millionaires of South Africa"—a very extraordinary statement for a man who had supported the war. Unfortunately with that spending of money, there went the desolation of vast tracts of country, and the loss of innumerable lives. Did Mr. Russell mean to suggest that all this misery was caused through an undue pressure brought to bear upon his Majesty's present Government by these very wealthy persons? If so, he might certainly appear to have been warning the taxpayers that they should now examine carefully the influences which have induced the same Government to bring in their present Bill for buying up, roughly speaking, the whole of Ireland, at what I think the same gentleman at the same time called a "fancy" price. We now have that Bill before us, and I see it described by a very able man as "the same as the Bill of last Session, plus a bonus of £12,000,000, a reduction on the rate of interest on the purchase money from 3¾ to 3¼ per cent., provision for the evicted tenants, &c.;" and naturally we may very well ask ourselves how these great changes came to be made within so short a time, in this very

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important measure. Apparently at least, one of these influences was Mr. O'Brien's agitation. And only that the Government seems to have given way to it, I think *that* agitation might be characterised as the most unreasonable that Ireland has ever seen. Its main strength was of course in its help from the farmers, who are already the most petted class in the Empire, and whose "good wills" in their farms are selling for more money than all the improvements made on the lands could have ever cost,[1] although many of those improvements were made by families whom "the bad times" drove from their farms without any compensation whatever. I do not pretend to know anything in the world about "the congested districts" which I have never seen; but anybody who has made himself up in the subject should know that in the other "five-sixths" of Ireland there is certainly nothing in the present state of the laws that should prevent industrious farmers thriving during these last good years, as they are thriving around me where I write —near Newtownbarry in the county Wexford. There is scarcely a farm in which new and serviceable buildings are not being erected; and the tillage is excellent. So much for the farmers as they are now. Their one grievance is that Government went out of its way to make presents from the State here and there, and thus made the people who got no presents discontented, and perhaps even tempted them to be dishonest enough to neglect their land in order that their rents might be taken down at the next revision. But, unfortunately, Mr. O'Brien induced the labourers to join his "league." And I think this paper has already fairly glanced at what the Bill is likely to do for them. And here I will venture to write down a little personal experience. Some years ago I happened to get into a chat upon a road with a remarkably fine-looking old peasant. I was full at the time of a plan of lending Imperial money borrowed at $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. to Irish landlords (to help them with their mortgages) at, say, $3\frac{3}{4}$, and spending the difference on foresting our barren hills, and it is quite possible that I might have tried to impress it upon him, as I certainly had it impressed upon some printed pages; but my only recollection is of explaining to him those ideas for leases for ever which I have given in this paper, and I will never forget his reply. "God will never permit so great an injustice," he said, perhaps not very logically, but certainly from the bottom of his heart. "There is scarcely a single farm in all that country which you can see from your horse which is still in the hands of the same people who had them before the bad times." The road was on

[1] The farm of my nearest neighbour—six Irish acres (about ten English) with a small house and two very dilapidated small offices—was sold, some months ago, for £270. The only other farm near me that I know of being sold lately—eleven acres, without any house or offices—brought £150; and I have just heard of a farm some miles away—eleven acres, without any house or buildings—being bought for £370. These prices were for the mere "good-wills," or tenants' interests, above and independent of presumably fair rents.

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the borders of Carlow and Wexford, and I found out afterwards that his family had once held a large farm on the neighbouring mountain. And it is such men as this that Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Russell would now make contribute from their little taxes towards supplying the money, which is to enable the landlords, without any loss of income, to take another fifth off the *fair* rents of their neighbours on their way to the fee-simple. So much for the *raison d'être*, and the effects of the late agitation! As to its methods, were they not described by Mr. Wyndham himself in the House of Commons, and by the evidence in the Tallow conspiracy case?

But there has been another and a much stronger and more reasonable influence brought to bear upon the Government; and no doubt it is this latter which has really coaxed from them the additional twelve millions of money. A hint given by Mr. Wyndham has induced the landlords to join their really strong case for compensation from the State, to the tenants' grumblings and threatenings, and the result is, for the moment at least, a fair prospect of general Irish contentment. It would be cheap to the Empire at the price. But I am convinced that, although in their present really noble enthusiasm for meeting generously the generous offer from the "predominant partner," the working men of Ireland may, as a body, forget for a short time how badly they have themselves been treated, that enthusiasm will not last very long. It is not only that they will have to pay—I dare say about three hundred thousand pounds—of their own hard money, to make the other two classes happy, but they must soon feel that they are being defrauded of their fair share of the many millions that England is now handing over to their neighbours to make up for her iniquities in the past. And the very arrangements for preventing all subdivision of farms for evermore, seem to deprive the agricultural labourer of all chance of dying the holder of a farm himself, and so must tempt him towards those ruinous and revolutionary schemes for "the nationalisation of the land" which are already in the air. I do hope Mr. Wyndham will not be in too great a hurry to disband our magnificent police force, which is probably the very best in the whole world, and an admirable help to any Government which would try to make the State strong principally by doing justice, as far as possible, to all classes and persons.

But that prospect of a permanent fixed rent, to which all farms are to be subject, takes me back for a moment to the question of head-rents. If the future owner is none the worse for paying a small fixed rent to the Crown—and if by another clause the present "quit-rents" are to be apportioned—why should not head-rents also be apportioned, and their owners be thus saved from being the only victims among the landlord class who are to be handed over to compulsory sale, and (as is to be feared from past experiences) at

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most insufficient prices? Now that England is inclined to be just at last, surely no fresh injustices should be inflicted. That is one; and another is, in my opinion, to be found in the Bill's not providing that at least a quarter as much—in old age pensions or otherwise—should be done for the working men as has been done for the farmers. I would submit that it is scarcely probable that the new changes will give them any appreciable rise of wages. For, although purchasers, who are now the petted clients of the State—every one knows that new brooms sweep well—feeling themselves to be a privileged minority, may be for the present unusually industrious, it by no means follows that the same industry will continue when the same large present has been extended to all. And again, many of the holdings to which the Bill is likely to apply are so small that the farmers and their families can manage them entirely for themselves. On the whole, I think it is a safe conclusion that if this novel and gigantic experiment is to be a success, something more must be done for the workmen; otherwise the Government, in yielding so much to the farmers, who had no real grievance, will inflict a real grievance on the labourers, who are almost as numerous.

And it is so much! Has ever such an experiment been tried before? *Experimentum in corpore vili.* But one objects to be a part of the *corpus.* And it may be a dreadfully unsuccessful experiment. I have read within the last few months an article in the American and most respectable *Catholic World*, signed by a red-hot patriot, declaring that when the leaders of the agitation here declare that a settlement of the land question will make Ireland loyal to the Empire, they are saying what they know to be untrue, and that nothing but turning the invaders root and branch out of the country will really content the people. Under such circumstances might it not rather tend to inflame their ardour, that they might thus get rid of a tribute of millions a year? And everybody knows that national gratitude is most evanescent. Was Austria long very grateful to Russia, or the Italians for Solferino? Still, I quite grant that this is an extreme and improbable view. But it is absolutely certain that the new Bill will bring about chances of enormous law expenses, turning, as it does, all the landlords' interests throughout Ireland into "rolling stones." And it is to be feared that many of the "stones" will eventually "roll" away altogether; and that certainly will not tend to improve the labourers' condition. And, again, the whole justification of the Bill is in its being an attempt to relieve the Irish farmers from the intolerable grievance of some of them having been given more than others, though all have been given much. But will the Government succeed in removing it? They can scarcely make (with other classes' money) the attractions so great but that some landlords will still refuse to sell, and so the inequalities will still

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continue. No doubt Mr. Russell—and I suppose he is supreme—says that these obstinate persons will then be forced to sell. In that case I would like dearly the compulsion to take the form of their being obliged to give their tenants such leases for ever, as I have suggested in this paper. Then futurity would see the two systems tried to some extent side by side.

Just one word more. Mr. Wyndham, in a very recent speech, spoke very lovingly of the prosperity of Ireland during the last years before the Union. Is this ominous of other Irish changes that are to be introduced by the present Government should they remain in power? If this be so, I hope they will remember that it would be a great injustice to deprive the large Unionist minority in this country of the Imperial citizenship which they and their people have enjoyed for a hundred years. I mean of their fair weight in Imperial councils. I have always shared the contempt of Theobald Wolfe Tone for the position of a "helot" nation, which is forbidden to have either a foreign office or a fleet of its own. There is nothing in this disrespectful to Canada, which is at the other side of the Atlantic, and which, having even now the full control of its own custom-house, could join the United States of America at any moment, if it wished.

WALTER SWEETMAN.

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WOMAN'S LOST CITIZENSHIP.

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, when speaking (March 31) on Mr. Crooks's labour representation resolution, told the House of Commons that he "was anxious to see the representative system made as complete as possible." Can any representative system be complete which ignores the mother half of the race? Yet only a few days previously Sir Henry told a Women's Liberal Association, which had asked his support for women's suffrage, that he "was not quite convinced." All the long centuries between do not seem to have advanced the official Liberalism of to-day beyond the position of St. Ambrose in the fourth century, who, explaining to the good wives of Milan how the existing order of things was quite natural, and that they should not rebel, told them that woman "was more fitted for the domestic work, because when God set out to create her He did not take a part out of Adam's mind, but merely a rib out of his body." Apparently there were women even in those days fired by a "divine discontent" at the unjust and degrading position forced upon them by man-made law, who dared to ask for juster and more human treatment, but Church and State crushed them down. To-day the same repression is exercised by English men against English women, whilst women appeal in vain to men's sense of justice, and ask, Who gave the male sex collectively, in this country or in any other, the right to domineer over women, to legislate for them without their consent, to repress, oppress, and suppress them in innumerable ways?

When, in October 1865, I began to work actively for women's suffrage, there were only about three-quarters of a million parliamentary electors in these islands. I have lived to see this number increased to nearly seven millions, whilst not one woman has yet been enfranchised. Each successive extension of the male privilege has, to my certain and painful knowledge, greatly increased the difficulty of remedying the still existing, cruelly unjust laws and other wrongs from which women now suffer. Worse still, the privileged male half of the community, especially the more ignorant and morally undeveloped portion of that half, is encouraged in its devotion to self-worship, to the glorification of the male merely as a male, and to the consequent deification of mere and sheer brute force as the final arbiter of wisdom and justice. In my judgment this masculine degradation has been going on steadily for many

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years now, especially since 1884, and has so corrupted and perverted human sentiment that there is far less enthusiasm or effort now for any wise or just social reform than there was fifteen years ago. But for the fact that some men, themselves prophetic of the nobler future yet to be, do feel with us and aid our struggle for freedom and justice, even the most hopeful of us, when we fully recognise the injustice of English men to English women, would almost become faint-hearted in our hopes for the future of humanity; since only by the ladder of strict justice between the sexes can both halves of humanity climb upwards to justice in social and international relations.

The Appendix to the Second Report on Public Petitions, issued during the present session, gives the text of an important petition, presented by Dr. Shipman on March 13, and here subjoined:

"This Petition of the Executive Committee of the Male Electors' League for Women's Suffrage,

"Respectfully showeth,

"That your Petitioners desire to point out the strangely anomalous position of women in local government, whether as electors or as elected persons, at present existent in England and Wales, in Scotland, and in Ireland, and to call your attention to the following facts:

"That throughout England and Wales women, whether married or unmarried, may, if registered as occupiers, vote for the purposes of District Council (Urban or Rural), Board of Guardians, London Borough Council, and Parish Council elections, and in London for the London County Council, whilst unmarried women can vote also in Municipal and County Council elections;

"That in Ireland women, whether married or unmarried, are competent, if duly registered, to vote on the same terms as men, that is, on the owner, occupier, lodger, or service franchises, in all local administrative elections, including those of Town and County Councils;

"That in Scotland women occupiers, whether married or unmarried, may vote for the purposes of County Council, Municipal, School Board, and Parish Council elections;

"That in England and Wales women, whether married or unmarried, may, on either the ratepaying or residential qualifications, be elected members of Boards of Guardians, District Councils, and Parish Councils, but may not, as at present determined, be elected to Municipal or County Councils;

"That in Ireland women are eligible to all local administrative bodies except Town and County Councils;

"That in Scotland women may become members of School Boards, and, if parochial electors, may be elected members of Parish Councils;

"That your Petitioners wish also to remind your Honourable House that up to the passing of the Local Government (England and Wales) Act of 1894 the electoral rights of men and women in matters of local government were equal and the same, but that the right of voting in all elections under that Act, by it conferred upon male owners, lodgers, and holders of the service franchise, was by it denied to the same classes of women;

"That the exclusion of women from Municipal and County Councils was effected in England and Wales by judicial decision, which was followed by later legislation for Scotland and Ireland, and that the Education Act of last Session provides for the extinction of School Boards, to which women

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were directly eligible, and on which more than 270 women are actually serving;

"That the remission of the control of national education to the County and County Borough Councils makes imperative, in the interests of a truly human education, the presence of women on those bodies as elected persons, having equal authority with their male colleagues; and that other recent legislation, such as that of the Midwives Act of last Session, cannot be justly, wisely, and humanely carried out without the presence of women as effective members of the controlling bodies, the County and County Borough Councils;

"Your Petitioners hold that the recognition of the full rights of women as capable citizens is essential to the establishment of social justice and to the wise and efficient government of the nation;

"Your Petitioners therefore earnestly pray your Honourable House to pass speedily into law such measures as shall make women directly eligible to County and Borough Councils, and shall secure to them the right to be registered and to vote for all electoral purposes, whether local or Imperial, on the same conditions with men.

"And your Petitioners will ever pray.

"Signed by order and on behalf of the Executive Committee,

"ALAN GREENWELL,
"Chairman."

The precise statement here made of the existing anomalies and incongruities as to the electoral and elective rights of women in the three kingdoms is in itself evidence of the piecemeal, haphazard, hand-to-mouth character of the legislation for which the privileged male is responsible. In general it may be said that it looks neither before nor after, cares nothing for consistency, but simply regards the supposed "party" needs of the moment. The eighth paragraph of the petition needs to be qualified by one important exception, hereafter to be noted. But it is also true that previous to the passing of the Municipal Corporations Act, 1835, women *had* local voting rights, and could become burgesses, equally with men. That is, these rights were not a *sex*-privilege, but a privilege attached to the fulfilment of certain conditions, varying in different boroughs, and when women fulfilled these conditions, as they not infrequently did, they also acquired the privileges contingent thereupon. In the ancient Parish Vestry, one of the oldest of our institutions, which dealt with much civil business of the parish as well as with its ecclesiastical affairs, there existed no sex-restriction of voting power.

The Municipal Corporations Act of 1835, by its careless, rather than intentionally cruel, use of the words "male persons," with regard to the franchises conferred by it, put an end for thirty-four years to the voting rights of women in all corporations affected by it. These words were copied from the Reform Act of 1832, itself the first statutory instance of a sex-restriction upon the exercise of the Parliamentary franchise.

In the manifesto issued by those of us who, in 1869, worked, and had the happiness of working successfully, for the *restitution* to

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women of the right to vote at Municipal elections, we called specific attention to these facts, and to the earlier equality of the electoral rights of women with those of men. We therein said:

"Before the passing of the Municipal Corporations Act in 1835, the rights of women ratepayers were in every respect equal and similar to men in matters pertaining to local government and expenditure. They remain so to the present day (1869) in districts not subject to the operation of this Act, and in matters which do not come within the jurisdiction of the Town Council. In Manchester, as in other places, women vote in parochial matters, and they can take part in vestry meetings called for various purposes, vote at the election of churchwardens, waywardens, appointment of overseers, sale of parish property, and, formerly, the levying of church-rates. They can also vote in the election of Poor Law Guardians. In none of these ancient voting customs, and in no Act of Parliament prior to 1835, was the sex of the ratepayers taken into consideration as either a qualification or disqualification for the right of voting in local affairs.

"In Manchester, before it became a municipal borough, there were in force several local Acts for the lighting, governing, and improving of the town. These provided for the appointment of commissioners, to whom the duty of looking after such matters was confided. These officers were appointed by the general body of ratepayers, which included women as well as men, and there was nothing to exclude the former from the power of voting. The solitary instance of an Act of Parliament which excludes women-ratepayers from votes in local affairs is the Municipal Corporations Act, which it is now sought to amend and to bring into harmony with other Acts of similar purport, for the precedent of the Act of 1835 has not been followed in subsequent Acts which provide for the regulation of local government. For instance, the Public Health Act, 1848, provides that in the election of members of the Local Board of Health in any non-corporate districts, the ratepayers and owners of property in the district should be entitled to vote. Not only is there no restriction to "male" ratepayers, but a clause defining the construction to be placed on terms used in the Act expressly provides that words importing the masculine gender shall include women. Under this Act the women ratepayers in Rusholme, Bradford, Crumpsall, Broughton, Prestwich, Newton, Failsworth, &c., have votes in local government from which women in Manchester are excluded. But were the limits of the borough extended so as to take in these outlying districts, the franchise of the women resident therein would be instantly destroyed. This process is constantly taking place. In the town of Southport there are a great number of women ratepayers, who freely voted while the town was governed under the Public Health Act. But the incorporation of the district under the provisions of the Municipal Act summarily disfranchised all the women ratepayers, and much dissatisfaction was caused. A similar process took place in Darlington. Some ladies resident in the latter place, when it was proposed to introduce the Municipal Act, raised a protest against it, on the ground that it would destroy the right to vote which they then possessed; but it is needless to say the protest was in vain, and the ladies' franchise ruthlessly swept away."

At the very time that we were thus working, May 1869, the Edinburgh City Council had under consideration the case of a woman who had asked to have her husband admitted a burgess in her right. The Lord Provost's Committee, to whom the case had been remitted at a previous meeting, reported on May 18, after

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going through the ancient precedents, that, though the husband could not be admitted a burgess in right of his wife, her qualification was such as entitled her to be admitted a burgess in her own right. She paid her dues, and was admitted a burgess in the following June. In this particular case, the qualification seems to have been the carrying on of a "separate business" from her husband, a qualification also accepted in the City of London from the earliest time. Yet, two years later, the then Lord Chief Justice (Sir A. Cockburn), ruled, in the case of *Regina v. Harrald*, that a married woman was not in law a "person," and, consequently, no matter what her qualification, could not vote at a Municipal election. This legal dictum, the result, in my belief, of sex-bias and ignorance of the precedents, has hampered the married women of England and Wales from that hour to this; for, although married women were expressly made competent electors by the Local Government (England and Wales) Act of 1894, for all elections under that Act, that is, for Urban and Rural District Councils, Boards of Guardians, and Parish Councils, they are not yet, outside London, permitted to vote for Municipal or County Councils, although in the County of London, in Scotland, and in Ireland they freely exercise these rights.

The grievance of women, during the greater part of the last century, has been that, although in the case of men,

> "Freedom broadens slowly down
> From precedent to precedent,"

in their own case it has been and still is in constant danger of being further narrowed by the levity, caprice, or ignorance of an assembly which has made itself irresponsible to women. It should here be noted that women could not only vote at the election of churchwardens, waywardens, overseers, &c., but could themselves fill these offices, and frequently did so. So idle is the wholly modern contention of one legal authority, whose duty it was to know the law he professed to interpret, that "Neither by the common law nor the constitution of this country, from the beginning of the common law until now, can a woman be entitled to exercise any public function." In the proceedings before the Appeal Court, in the case of *Beresford-Hope* v. *Lady Sandhurst*, this astonishing dictum was put forward in support of the decision that women were ineligible to County Councils by a judge who held his high office under the authority of a Queen.

How ready a merely male parliament is to restrict or destroy, rather than to extend, the ancient civic rights of women, is illustrated by the fact that, although the Local Government (England and Wales) Act of 1888, which created the County Councils, was absolutely silent as to sex qualifications, (as was also the Education

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Act of 1870, under which women have given efficient service on School Boards from 1870 till their destruction by the Education Act of 1902), the Local Government (Scotland) Act, 1889; the Local Government (Ireland) Act, 1898; and the London Government Act of 1899, following the mischievous lead given by the judges, have each and all expressly excluded women from the right of sitting upon Municipal or County Councils. Yet of the work to be done by women as members of County Councils let a woman speak who was herself elected an alderman by the London County Council, and who did good service there till driven out by the fiat of the judges. In the course of a letter, which appeared in the *Times* of December 1, 1890, Miss Cons says:

"My feelings on the subject of women councillors are as strong as ever, and I shall neglect no means in my power to secure a perfect freedom of choice to the ratepayers, and equal municipal rights for women as for men. It is a bitter experience when one for the first time fully realises that even a long life spent in the service of one's fellow-citizens is powerless to blot out the disgrace and crime (in the eyes of the law) of having been born a woman. If the ratepayers only realised the crying need of women's help on the County Council, especially in the industrial schools, the lunatic asylums, the baby farms, and housing of the poor, a need that makes my heart sick to think of; if they could have seen the little lad of fourteen, quite incorrigible, brought up again brazen-faced before the committee for sentence; if they could have seen the little fellow afterwards break down and sob, because, meeting him quietly by himself, I said I could not bear to see him in disgrace, and asked him to get rid of the bad conduct badge before I came again; if they could hear the welcome to a lady councillor accorded by the poor women in the asylums, to whom, as they say, they can speak as they cannot to a man; if, as I say, the public could see all this with their own eyes, they would speedily come to the support of that large majority of the County Council, in both sections, who have so strenuously urged on the Government their desire for women's help—for this is not, and should never be made, a party question; it concerns the welfare of the nation at large."

The case for the *restitution* to women of the right to sit on County Councils has been greatly strengthened since Miss Cons wrote by the remission to those bodies of various other duties, to the adequate performance of which the help of women is *absolutely essential*, and, above all, by the extinction of School Boards, and the transference to the County and County Borough Councils of England and Wales of the control of national education.

This far-reaching change has, as affirmed by the Male Electors' League, made "imperative, in the interests of a truly human education, the presence of women on those bodies as elected persons, having equal authority with their male colleagues." On School Boards, especially on the larger ones, women have, as "elected persons, having equal authority with their male colleagues," done human service of real and great value, but this is now at an end. They are ineligible to the County and Borough Councils

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themselves, and so cannot be members of the larger education authorities, and can only serve on the Education Committees as nominees of the Councils, removable at their pleasure, and with no appeal to public opinion through popular election. Their position is, therefore, most precarious. Although the Education Bill was amended on November 7 last, on the motion of Mr. Henry Hobhouse, by the insertion in the clause dealing with the "schemes" for Education Committees, of words making compulsory "the inclusion of women as well as men among the members of the Committee," and although the Attorney-General said in the House, when the amendment was under consideration, that these words meant that two women at least must serve on each such Committee, the actual nominations made by the privileged males who at present constitute County and County Borough Councils show plainly enough their disinclination to permit to the mothers of the race any real share of influence over the education of their own children. Of 117 schemes which up to this date (April 6) I have had the opportunity of examining, 29 provide for the inclusion of 1 woman, 78 for 2, 6 for 3, 1 (Devonshire) for 3 or 5, and 3 (Hampshire, Manchester, and Somerset) for 4 women. The scheme of the Lancashire County Council only provides for 2 women to 70 men.

And now Sir William Anson tells us that the nomination of one woman on a Committee is sufficient to satisfy this provision of the Act. (The "schemes" here referred to include some of those prepared by the minor education authorities, Councils for Urban Districts with over 20,000 population, and Boroughs of over 10,000 inhabitants, but do not include all those of County and County Borough Councils, as information with regard to some of the latter is not yet forthcoming.)

In one way only, until the unwise and unjust legislation has been amended, can women be returned as "elected persons" to any "education authority" under the Act, and that is, as members of the Councils of those Urban Districts, not being Municipal Boroughs, of which the population exceeds 20,000. A list of these is subjoined.[1]

But, as affirmed in a Memorial to the President of the Local Government Board, signed by officers of Women's Colleges and Associations, and by 114 influential persons, praying for the introduction by the Government of a Bill to enable women, married or

[1] Aberdare, Abertillery, Acton, Aldershot, Barking, Barry, Beckenham, Bilston, Bromley, Cannock, Chadderton, Chiswick, Coseley, East Ham, Ebbw Vale, Edmonton, Enfield, Erith, Farnworth, Felling, Fenton, Finchley, Gillingham, Gorton, Gosport, Handsworth, Hebburn, Heston and Isleworth, Hendon, Hindley, Hornsey Ince, Ilford, Kettering, King's Norton, Llanelly, Leyton, Merthyr Tydvil, Moss Side, Mountain Ash, Nuneaton, Oldbury, Pemberton, Penge, Pontypridd, Radcliffe, Rhondda, Rowley Regis, Shipley, Stretford, Swinton and Pendlebury, Tipton, Tottenham, Twickenham, Wallasey, Waterloo, Watford, Walthamstow, Willesden, Wimbledon, Withington, and Wood Green.

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single, to be elected and to serve on County and County Borough Councils:

"The apparent exception, in the case of those Urban Districts where the population reaches 20,000, and where, consequently, the Council will be the education authority, is illusory; for, although women are eligible to the Council in Urban Districts, these districts rapidly become incorporated, and the effect of such incorporation is that every woman is deprived of her eligibility as an Urban Councillor without gaining eligibility as a Town Councillor."

To this I would add, that although qualified married women are entitled to vote for Urban District Councillors, the incorporation of the Urban District as a Borough deprives them of this right, thanks to the neglect of the Liberal Ministry in 1894 to fulfil their pledge, given through Sir Henry Fowler, of so amending the law as to remove from married women the disability placed upon them by the decision of Sir A. Cockburn in the case of *Regina* v. *Harrald*.

At the present moment only one woman is, so far as I know, a member of any one of the sixty-two Urban District Councils which are education authorities—Miss Ashton, who has been again returned (this time unopposed) to the Withington Urban District Council. But it is most desirable that women, interested and experienced in educational matters, should offer themselves for election at the first opportunity in each of these important districts.

The faculty and help of women are sorely needed also in the sanitary and other work, not only of these larger Urban Districts, but also of the many (over 750) smaller ones, and of the parishes possessing Parish Councils. All administration of the Public Health needs the capable service of women quite as much as did Poor Law Administration. Mrs. Barker at Sheffield, Miss Jane Escombe at Penshurst, as Parish Councillors, and many women as Rural District Councillors, have shown how much may be accomplished in this direction by practical, capable, earnest women. Moreover, all such work would be an admirable preparation for future larger work of the same kind, on the Borough and County Councils, as soon as these latter gain the advantage of the co-operation of women.

Sir William Anson, in his reply to a recent deputation of the Women's Local Government Society, seemed to regard as "revolutionary" the proposal to make women eligible to these Councils. If a "revolution" at all, it would be a most beneficent one, but I fail to see anything revolutionary in the *restoration* to women of civic rights of which they have been so recently deprived, under circumstances not particularly creditable to the Law Courts or the Legislature.

The recent action of the Legislature in excluding women from the London Borough Councils (the direct successors of the London

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Vestries, to which women had full eligibility, and to which many had been elected), and from any share in the effective control of national education, ought to awaken even the most thoughtless of women to the absolute necessity of safeguarding her rights as a citizen in her own interest, and in that of her sisters, so that those who suffer may not be robbed of the help of those who seek to remove the causes of that suffering.

It is not impossible even, as I suggested in my last contribution to these pages (February 1903) that the next step may be the extinction in England and Wales of the elective Boards of Guardians, on which nearly 1000 women are serving, and the transference of this work also to nominated Committees of the County and County Borough Councils. Under this "revolutionary" Government nothing seems to be safe from the Parliamentary melting-pot, and the craze for the further glorification of County and Municipal authorities, and for putting all administrative work into the hands of official "experts," may end in the loss of almost every right of citizenship by the vast mass of the community, and practically in the substitution of bureaucratic rule for self-government, unless those men of the people who now possess the Parliamentary franchise use this privilege wisely for themselves, and for the enfranchisement of the women of the nation. If they use their rights as citizens merely for class advancement or for sex privilege they will put those very rights in peril.

Women need to use to the utmost, for the public service and as a personal duty, every civic right which they still possess; they need also to claim the restitution of all which have been taken away. Above all they need also to claim, with no uncertain voice, that Parliamentary franchise which is their only safeguard against the tyranny of a Legislature, both Houses of which are equally irresponsible to them. The issue is far graver than any of those which divide political parties, for it is—to put it plainly—whether women are to rise to their full dignity as human beings, equally concerned with men in everything that touches humanity, and in virtue of their glorious faculty of motherhood, more potent to help the onward progress of the race than men alone can ever be—or whether they are to be thrust down again into the miserable position of the toys, the drudges, and the slaves of men. There is no standing still; either we must progress through further effort and struggle or we must sink lower.

The danger now imminent is far more the work of false friends than of open foes. The women who call themselves suffragists, yet postpone women's suffrage to each and every trivial party or personal advantage; the Members of Parliament who at election time declare for women's suffrage, and so secure the eager help of women, but who, when safely in the House, will let six

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years go by without one serious effort to help forward this cause of justice (for there has been no women's suffrage debate in the House since 1897); these are the real hindrances of the upward progress of the race. For, true as it is that the position of women is the measure of the civilisation of a people, it is even more profoundly true that so long as humanity shall enter life by the gate of birth, the higher moral and intellectual development of the race depends upon women rather than upon men. Only a free and noble womanhood can create the free and noble people;

> "We transmit, must transmit, being mothers,
> What we *are*, to mankind."

The childish and mischievous London Education Bill, introduced since the first part of this paper was written, is best described in the words of Mr. Lloyd-George: "Under this Bill the County Council pays, the Borough Councils spend, and the Board of Education decides; and this is called the popular control of education."

The Bill is a masterpiece of the lazy method of legislation by reference—a method inconvenient to everybody affected by it, except those lawyers to whom it brings more and more business. Here, however, we are only concerned with the way in which the Bill affects women.

It destroys the London School Board, on which women have sat from its creation in 1870 till now as the directly-elected representatives of the people, and on which nine women are now serving. It excludes them from any place on the local education authority, and only permits their presence on the Education Committee in the inferior position of co-opted members.

Dr. Macnamara, assuming that the Bill will meet the fate of rejection which its folly deserves, suggests two alternatives. The one, the election *ad hoc* of a Board of Education member for each of the County Council areas—fifty-eight in all. The other, the election to the London County Council of a third member for each area, giving fifty-eight *men* for the new work, with, in either case, a limited number of co-opted members. Now, how would women and the educational interests which they specially represent be affected by either of these proposals? The first, I presume, would provide for the equal eligibility of women with men; but, even if it did, it would by no means give them any equal chance of election. In a single-member constituency a woman candidate has very little chance indeed of being returned as against a man; six-sevenths of the local government electors being men,[1] and swayed all but universally by more or less of sex-bias; whilst the cumulative vote, which many

[1] There has been no Parliamentary return of Local Government electors since 1897.

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persons detest just because it gives some slight chance to minorities, and savours of proportional representation, could not apply to a single-membered constituency.

The other alternative, the election of three instead of two members for each existing London County Council constituency, would absolutely exclude women, just as much as the present Bill. Dr. Macnamara is, I believe, a women's suffragist, and would not object to the active help of women as elected members of any or all local authorities. Yet he has made no mention of women in his notice of amendment to the second reading of the London Education Bill, which reads:

"That no Bill for the establishment of an Education Authority for London can be deemed satisfactory which does not provide for the creation, through direct election by the London ratepayers, of an authority administering London as a whole, controlling all grades of public education in the Metropolis, devoting itself exclusively to the work of educational administration, and invested by statute with limited powers of co-optation."

I venture to suggest to him the amendment of his notice, by the insertion after the words "of an authority" of the words "to which women shall be equally eligible with men," and in this form I should heartily wish his amendment success.

IGNOTA.

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THE HOUSING OF THE PEOPLE.

THE housing of the people—not the working classes only, but all classes save the wealthy—not in London only, but in all the great and growing cities and towns in the United Kingdom, has become a question of pressing Imperial concern, which demands the serious consideration of statesmen, and they recognise it.

It is hardly necessary to inquire how it is that of late years this problem has come to the front as a new one, and one which has emerged from the rank of the obscure property of the mob orator, to be at least dallied with by the ministers that are and the ministers that may be. It has assumed its present importance by reason of the increase of the population, and more especially by the aggregation of that population in the great industrial centres, this aggregation being facilitated by the greater facility for locomotion which late years have witnessed.

It first became acute in London because of the great and ever-growing pressure there, and it was at first, and is of course still, recognised as essentially a question affecting the working classes, because upon them it presses as a dreadful and ever-growing burden. In a less degree, the same phenomenon has been witnessed in lesser places, and the larger the places the more obvious is the manifestation. The pressure has gradually made itself felt from the lowest degree of the social scale to far up that scale, until its effect is to greatly impoverish the vast majority of dwellers in cities, and to embitter their lives, not only by the financial hardships it has entailed, but by the incidental burden of travel with its loss of time and risks, and by the deprivation of reasonable means for recreation. It has thus come to be felt as a national question, and as such it deserves to be dealt with, with a great and bold spirit, with a true statesmanship which can grasp a new demand, and in so doing can, so far as necessary, break away from old traditions, which hinder now, even if of old they may have helped.

In London the phenomena are most pronounced, so more especially with respect to London let them be considered. There are many Londons known to the statistician, but as that known as the Metropolitan Police District is the most comprehensive and complete, it will be desirable to select that. It comprehends an area within a radius of fifteen miles of Charing Cross, but it does not include the City of London. Much of this area is densely popu-

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lated and thickly covered with streets and houses. Much of it is now every year being so conditioned, and much of it, again, is still rural and beautiful. This last portion it is to which our eyes are anxiously turned, for it yet leaves room for hope, threatened as it is and absorbed day by day.

Since 1870 the population of this large London has grown from 3,618,000 to 6,678,000 at the end of 1901. It is thus hardly using the language of exaggeration to say that the population has doubled in 30 years. Since 1870 over 500,000 new houses have been built, and of these over 200,000 were built after 1890. Since 1870, 8000 new streets have been formed (and, alas! only 41 new squares, as against 68 in the previous 20 years) and these new streets measure over 1300 miles, 531 of these miles having been added since 1890.

This mighty chaos is growing with accelerated speed, and bred in anarchy, if anarchy it breed, could any governing power justly maintain that it was free from blame? All that can be said is, that it is a new and unprecedented condition, and that new conditions are not immediately recognised.

Well, this new problem is now recognised, or perhaps, rather, is beginning to be recognised. Will it be possible to legislate for it before irreparable mischief has been done? Government is weak, if not impotent, unless supported by a strong public opinion. Yet it is to be feared that public opinion is still unformed, and to be remembered that powerful private interests are at stake.

The ownership of the land is at the root of the matter, and private interest and private enterprise are the factors which now govern the situation. Certain building regulations and laws have no doubt to be observed, and a road has to be a certain width. But observation of the result fills one with dismay, so far as regards its æsthetic effect; while, economically, ground rents are a most oppressive burden, and it is with them we must now deal. The great ground landlords of London have, in their time, attracted much round, and perhaps to some extent undeserved, abuse. That was in the days when London was comparatively small and well defined, when the prominent position of a few large proprietors of great wealth singled them out as obvious examples for the reformer to attack. We do not say that the reformer had not right as much on his side as the landlord. But we do recognise that his oppression was mild in comparison with that of the petty land speculater of to-day, and we gratefully remember that the estate of the duke was planned on a generous scale, with wide streets and ample squares, with a certain diversity and some proportion.

The land speculator of to-day has an eye only for the creation of ground rents, and his one instinct is to crowd as many shanties, with feverish haste, on the wretched "plots" as is possible. He works

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in conjunction with the speculating builder, and he gives no thought to the provision of open spaces, while his roads are only so wide as the law compels, and the law has altogether forgotten to require the square, or its equivalent. With 235,000 houses built in 1850–1870 the number of squares formed was 68, and the length of the new streets was 1072 miles. The number of houses since built is over 500,000, the number of squares formed is but 41 (and of these only a miserable 7 since '89) and these 500,000 houses are crowded into 1372 miles of streets—but little greater mileage (only 300 more) than the less than a quarter of a million houses built during the earlier period. Progress has halved the breathing space! O, sanitation! O, humbug!

The accommodation is more distant by far; it is more wretched, narrower, and without the spacious, pleasant, little garden of the olden suburb. And the price—double. Look at Barnsbury for the past, and look at Willesden for the present. Heaven and Hell!

Houses are being built in rows at Willesden having only 16 feet frontages—5 full paces—and the rent put upon these "plots," this little bit of ground, is £5 each. Capitalised at the recognised computation of 25 years' purchase, this represents a price of £125 for this wretched bit of ground, or nearly £8 per foot frontage! Two pounds would be nearer its true value as a ground rent, representing a capital value of £50, or just over £3 per foot, which is about what it would fetch if sold as freehold building land. The tenant does not inquire, and has no voice in the matter, but he pays, and pays, too, the additional rates and taxes involved in this artificial rent. The green fields have disappeared; not a tree is left standing; the District Council sees a slum growing upas-like under its very eyes, and a problem is created for posterity. These 16 feet plots are not by any means confined to Willesden, but are to be found all over Greater London, though Willesden is distinguished, as amongst the larger urban districts, by having the largest proportion of tenements with less than 5 rooms in the administrative county of Middlesex, it being as high there as 58·7 per cent. The average is 37·8, and Enfield is lowest with 22·8. Even West Ham, in Essex, with its enormous industrial population of 267,000 is below it with a proportion of 56·9.

Sixteen feet is not the smallest frontage found, as examples of 15 feet are not infrequently to be met with, though they are perhaps rather exceptional, and the former may be taken as a fair example, at the rent named, of what is common in the case of the humbler class of dwelling, outside the county of London, where, of course, being nearer the centre, land is in general more expensive, while in Essex probably the lowest values are found.

Seeing the price at which freehold building plots may be bought,

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either through societies or companies formed for that purpose, or from private owners who are content with what may be regarded as a fair market price, and comparing this with the ground rents put upon similar plots in similar localities, the conclusion is that the ground rent is a purely artificial and most exorbitant value, higher by fully fifty per cent. than the conditions warrant. This is a burden put upon the tenant by brutal, grasping avarice, and not a shadow of justification is forthcoming in its defence.

Next is to be considered the value of the land, and it is no new thing to say this is entirely due to circumstances quite extraneous to the landowner, save in the very exceptional cases where he may have fostered industry, or laid out capital to attract population. Within the area we are considering, namely, Greater London, this may be dismissed as a negligeable quantity, and it is an incontestable fact that the landowner does nothing whatever, but take in cows, until the city presses upon him. Then he profits a thousandfold and retires. As things are we cannot blame him. But it is felt that things should not be as they are. Conditions have changed so marvellously, so wonderfully, so extraordinarily, that it is no longer just and reasonable. To take the most notable examples within the last ten years, look at Ilford, where the population has increased from 10,000 to 41,000, or 277 per cent. Look at East Ham, where it has increased from 32,000 to 96,000, or 193 per cent. Look at Walthamstow, where it has increased from 46,000 to 95,000, or 105 per cent. This in a district almost exclusively occupied by the artisan and industrial classes. Erith, on the opposite side of the river, comes next highest, and there the population has risen from 13,000 to 25,000, or 88 per cent. Close upon this is Willesden, in the north-west, with an increase from 61,000 to 114,000, or 87 per cent; and then north-east is Edmonton, which has risen from 25,000 to 46,000, or 84 per cent. Hornsey, Wimbledon, Leyton, Acton, Barking have all increased by over 50 per cent., and there are, of course, numerous other increases—everywhere, in fact—which cannot be enlarged upon. This means enormous fortunes piled up at the expense of the community, which derives absolutely no benefit, and is exploited to the advantage of people who have done nothing whatever to deserve it. The burden is heaviest on the poorest classes, but it is felt very heavily by all but the wealthy, by the many hundreds of thousands who are removed in varying degrees from the pinch of poverty, but all of whom have to practice the closest economy for a very moderate enjoyment of the pleasures of life.

We do not propose any drastic, retrospective remedy; we do not propose to confiscate the property of people who merely took advantage of their legal rights; we do, however, insist that the evil is so vast, the interests at stake so enormous and far-reaching, the condi-

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tions so obvious, that private interests can no longer be permitted to profit and prevail over the public good. It is time for legislation.

It is time for legislation, both in the personal interest of the individual and in order to regulate the growth of this leviathan, amorphous city. A hundred thousand people are being added to it every year, and twenty thousand houses. It shows no sign of stopping in its growth, and in a very few years promises to convert what is now an outer circle of townships into an inner circle, welded into the compact mass indistinguishable save as London. Even now a leaden pall of gloom hangs ever over our slate-roofed city, and this becomes daily intensified, and the impure atmosphere becomes yet more impure.

The remedy we are about to propose will be met with howls of execration by vested interests, but it will, we think, on consideration, receive the overwhelming support of the still more powerful classes whom it is desired to benefit, namely, the working and wage-earning classes, the salaried classes, and the professional classes—people whose rates of remuneration are fixed beyond their control, yet whose rents and rates and taxes are constantly expanding, while at the same time prices rise against them.

By a well-established statutory principle, railway companies and other public bodies, duly authorised, are already empowered to compulsorily acquire private lands, thus recognising that the public good must prevail over private interests. Now our proposition is, that the housing of the people is every whit as much a matter of the public good, of public moment, as the transport of the people, and the provision for them of public institutions and public ways after they are housed.

The details of the scheme, and the extent to which it should at first be applied, would be matters requiring the most careful consideration, but the principle proposed is, that a duly authorised public body, or public bodies, should be empowered to acquire lands under the Lands Clauses Consolidation Acts at approximately their present value, and without regard to their prospective value as building land. This would be no more confiscation than it was confiscation for the Great Central Railway Company to acquire a great tract of land from Marylebone right through West London and West Middlesex to Aylesbury.

Acquired at prairie value—that is the value it now possesses and would continue to possess did the population cease expanding—the owner would incur no loss, and his disappointment would be tempered by dealing with him in a liberal spirit, though he would cloak the satisfaction this consolation would afford him. The land, acquired by loan secured on the ground rents, would be let to tenants at rates calculated to meet the interest on the loan and to provide a sinking fund for the repayment thereof. Permanently vested in the com-

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munity, it would doubtless be found that land thus acquired, at cost price, would bear a rate (or rent) sufficiently high to substantially abate, especially as the sinking fund came into operation, the present onerous rating charges. Its own ground landlord, the community would, it may be calculated, become sufficiently wealthy to make far more ample provision for its public institutions than is now possible, and to include among these, perhaps, the hospital which now goes a-begging, and the new needs for which are not met. Wide and spacious roads and ways would be laid out, and open spaces both for pleasure and recreation provided, while the mean "frontage" of to-day would expand into the more generous proportions to which our forefathers were accustomed in an age when "degeneracy" was not known.

It may be objected that the ground rent is but a small part of the rent the tenant pays, and that the substance of it is for the house itself, which represents the cost of erection, and which must remain. No doubt. But the ground rent seriously augments this, and more seriously than is apparent, for of course a lessee adds a substantial if indefinite margin to get his profit on what he has to pay, and in addition the tenant, as has been pointed out, pays rates and taxes on the whole. Then to consider the house rent. It is no part of the present proposal to touch this, and it is not thought that the adoption of the plan would adversely affect this aspect of the question by limiting enterprise in house building. Rather it would probably promote enterprise in this direction by keeping the builder from getting entangled in the intricacies of land speculation, in which he is often ruinously involved. Now it would simply be his business to build houses, and the probability is that, seeing his province would be confined to this, and that the house alone would be the property of the proprietor, and would represent his capital, the effect would be that houses would be better built. This would lead to an important saving in the matter of repairs, and would make it more easy to arrive at the just rent, as based on the outlay, with a reasonable margin for profit and enterprise. The conditions would be known, instead of nebulous, as at present.

So far from restricting building operations, the power vested in the public (say local) authority of acquiring land as public needs should require would have the effect of making a perfectly free market, instead of one restricted by the private desire for gain. It would also largely prevent the raising of the rent which is now such a common incident, and only justified on the hard ground of commercial instinct prompted by overpressure of population and consequent competition in a limited house market.

It may be objected, too, that this is only a local remedy, and would unduly favour the circumference without touching the centre. But it may be surmised that the creation of more favourable conditions without would relieve the pressure within, and thus probably correct

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the tendency of rents to rise, though we think that this would not operate to such an extent as to create a reasonable alarm in the minds of present owners lest the value of their property should depreciate to such a degree as to cause justifiable uneasiness, for it is recognised that the vested interests at stake are so vast that they cannot be disregarded. Vast, also, is the interest of this growing community, and it demands the first consideration. London—the heart of London—is getting daily more and more shut in, and apart from the pecuniary interests of the new population, it is important to provide that its new miles of habitations should be more spaciously ordered, with a view to the proper aeration of the whole.

It is an ambitious proposal, perhaps, but is would surely, even, evince a wise foresight to create a circular belt of open space, at least a quarter of a mile wide, at a radius of about six miles from Charing Cross. This would confer an untold benefit on the community and on posterity. It would be a monument, for all time and to all ages, of wisdom in civic government. Babylon gave its wonders to the world. Shall not Greater London rise to its world-wide renown? The time is not yet gone, but it is fast going, and in a few years this will not be possible. For this, Parliament should vote the money.

Not a city in the world, either present or past, can vie with the immensity of London, yet of all the cities of the world London alone is without form and void. Look what Paris has done, with its great inner boulevards, and its great outer boulevards, and its great radial ways. Look at little Brussels, at Vienna and Buda-Pesth. All seem to have an omnipotent city government—London none. Even now, though we know our needs, though we go about in despair almost, if not in alarm, at our own immobility, we are daily allowing the highways out of old London, which under our very eyes are growing into the highways of new London, to be choked up in their old narrowness, which was wide enough for a few country carts and a mail coach, with houses right up to where there were hedges, without looking forward a day, much less ten years, and ten times ten years. We shout about the Empire and we forget its capital.

Royal commissions have an evil reputation. It would be safe to predict that that now appointed to investigate the question of locomotion will not recommend the doubling of the width of all highways within the fifteen-mile radius, so far as they are not yet built upon, as they come into the building market. Another thing and we have done. Only the other day the London County Council mooted the question of preventing the building upon London squares. We would go much further. We would not only prohibit this throughout Greater London, but we would prohibit the

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building upon all existing forecourts within this area. Such a measure would go far to secure many wide ways against the peril of being choked up, to be re-opened again at enormous expense. Many such ways have been already so choked up and require re-opening. This would also effectually deal with the increasing risk of fire, which experience is thought to have shown attends this abuse of what was once a pretty garden. It is all part of the housing question, and upon this question depend the condition and the welfare of the heart of the Empire. London is to-day a forcing-bed of slums, and London permits thousands of pounds a year in ground rents to be wrung out of the poor denizens of East and West Ham, of Plaistow and Barking, for the privilege of living in houses built upon the Marshes (Plaistow, West, and Abbey) which a few years ago—then known as "Cyprus"—could barely support a few cattle, and which their presence alone has made valuable. There could not be a stronger case for saying that these people should receive back the value in reduction of the rates. But this is only an extreme example of the injustice and impolicy of the laws of to-day. The vicious principle prevails throughout, and it is time it fell before the common good.

EVELYN ANSELL.

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ARMY REFORM.

DURING the gloomy period of the fall of 1899 and the dawn of 1900, much was said of the sweeping reforms, the day of reckoning with the War Office which should come when the war was over; and it is interesting to notice what the Government is doing in the matter now that the war is over, the reservists dismissed, and the auxiliary troops disbanded.

Frankly, to my mind, we are doing very little—some new drill regulations, a little tinkering with Woolwich and Sandhurst, some new volunteer regulations which are working very badly, and which the Government has already had partly to withdraw, and some sumptuary regulations for officers which are likely to fare as most sumptuary laws do; and this is all after a war which has cost us twenty-one thousand lives and more than two hundred and twenty millions of money. There are many, throughout the length and breadth of the land, who are sincerely desirous of reform, but unless their aim is directed at some fixed specific object their views are too divergent and their efforts too disunited to achieve anything.

A thousand may shout for "efficiency" without one of them (in military matters at least) being able to point a path by which it may be attained; nay, further, may not even be able to state clearly what the problem is which has to be grappled.

There are many among us who are shaking their heads and saying that it must be conscription, and that conscription in some shape is already in sight, and a still larger number are ready to rush into opposition at the mention of the word.

That Government would indeed require to be a strong one which should endeavour to bring in a Conscription Bill; such an Act could only be carried in the face of tremendous opposition, and even if carried it is questionable whether we should be any better off. I think not, when we consider what our army has to do.

I will venture to assert that no conscriptive system will meet our requirements, because we have to keep more than fifty per cent. of our army in our colonies and foreign possessions, and thus about twenty-five per cent. would be perpetually in transport, the expense of such a system being simply crushing.

This is perfectly recognised by those continental nations which have conditions to fulfil at all approaching ours (of course, only in

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a very limited degree); France and Holland, for instance, maintain what is practically a separate army for service abroad.

This, then, is the problem in a nutshell—we have no immediate dread of invasion so long as we can maintain a strong fleet, but we have to be prepared to send our army anywhere and at any time, to garrison from Yukon to Kilimanjaro, and to pay our army throughout a rate of remuneration which shall be such as to place it in competition with other fields of employment; our task, therefore, is a very difficult one.

When the size and comparative efficiency of the continental armies, with their expense, is pointed to by the would-be reformer, he is generally met with the safe and stereotyped rejoinder, "Oh, but we are not a military power." This, to my mind, is a very lame reply; to say that we spend twenty millions per annum on our army, a good round price to pay for "inefficiency," certainly implies "something rotten in the state of Denmark."

Then there are a large number of people who will, if the question of army reform is mentioned, allow sentiment to pervert that calm judgment which must be brought to bear upon a question of this sort, will speak proudly of the courage of the British nation, will point to the ease with which the Government obtained any troops they wanted for the war, and the help which came so readily from our colonies.

Well, this is very fine, no doubt, but during the war our army was costing us eighty-seven millions odd per annum—we were paying half-trained men five shillings a day, and as war is an ever-present contingency, we may be faced with something like national bankruptcy on the next occasion. We must bar sentiment and talk less of the "lads in red" and "the man who carries the gun" if we really mean to improve our army.

The first question which arises, therefore, is, do we pay for efficiency? I think the answer to this question must be in the negative. Both the commissioned and non-commissioned sides of our army are underpaid, the officer notoriously cannot live upon his pay, and the way in which recruiting follows the ups and downs of the labour market is sure proof that in too many cases the ranks is the last resource of the unsuccessful civilian.

This is by no means the worst part of the business. The principal spur to recruiting is the dress—the smart suit, the jauntily-set cap and swagger cane, and the "bought-the-street" air. This is no perversion of the truth. Look at the evidence given before the Select Committee of the House of Commons in (I think) 1880; the witnesses were unanimous in asserting that it was impossible to secure recruits without the smart uniform. Now, calmly putting aside sentiment, let us boldly ask ourselves: What manner of man is he who requires such a bait to attract him? Could such a principle,

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for instance, be applied to any commercial undertaking; we require a large number of men to do certain specific and useful work, and we call for men who have a fancy for a smart appearance.

Yes, says the economist, but by such a bait we get the men so cheap. Granted; but cheap labour is not efficient labour. Tommy Atkins may be cheap enough, but he is lacking in that initiative and self-reliance which war is now calling for if we can be guided by the experience of the last.

Again, you cannot be so very down upon the officers; you cannot look a gift-horse in the mouth. The nation is the officer's pensioner, since it requires him to do it, suit and service, without adequate remuneration; in fact, largely for the honour of the thing.

We prescribe an extremely difficult examination before his Majesty's commission is conferred, but to defeat this test, no doubt useful as a mental gymnastic, we provide a large, open door round the corner, to wit, the Militia, and thus deliberately defeat our own ends.

I suppose the extremist peace-party man will admit that if we must have an army we should at least have an efficient one, and the problem is therefore before us: Can we obtain perhaps a larger army and one composed of better material without a greatly increased cost?

Let us briefly glance at the conditions of enlistment. Theoretically (with only one or two exceptions) the term of service in the British army is twelve years, although in the infantry, for instance, a man may not be more than three years with the colours, the remaining nine years being spent in the reserve. We, therefore, reckon to make a good infantry soldier in three years; in the German army they can do it in two. In a general way we allow seven years with the colours for a cavalry man; probably four years would make him a first-class soldier. These figures, of course, emphasise what I said before, that the long-service system of our army must remain, because we could not be perpetually taking the men to such distant places as India, the Cape, &c., for short periods of time; but when a man has once passed into the reserve he is rarely called upon for further service; in fact, our reserve system seems to be admirably designed to hamper a man in his civil employment, without keeping him up to the mark as a soldier, and for this we offer him the extensive remuneration of sixpence per day.

As to the civil employment which is offered to reserve soldiers, the Government does very little indeed. Half the vacancies for town and country postmen are for the future to be conferred on reserve or discharged soldiers—this, of course, is a step in the right direction, but does not go nearly far enough—also a few Indian appointments, a few places in the police, and a few places in the Militia and Volunteers. For the rest, everything is left to chance or

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the public spirit of private individuals and public companies, such as the railways.

This is all on a par with our undying "go-as-you-please" system, and the fruits of it are apparent in the terrible distress and lack of employment among our discharged soldiers and reservists since the war. What an appalling spectacle, O ye sentimentalists! Men returning after three years of stress and horror at the front to find themselves offered starvation or pauperism by their proud and grateful country.

I think that the first step towards army reform should be directed towards getting a better class of men by offering better pay, or what comes to the same thing, prospect of self-improvement. When all that can be said has been said, it is impossible to come to any other conclusion than that the army does not offer that prospect of rapid and self-dependent advance which is offered by civilian pursuits; the very fact that not six per cent. of the privates can marry, and probably not eight per cent. of the entire non-commissioned side, is proof of this. I think we can take this first step very easily by offering civil employment to any man who will serve not less than seven years in the ranks and show a good character. We should also abolish our present expensive and unsatisfactory reserve and form a new one among the men who have passed the ranks and entered upon such employment. If we, therefore, set this principle before us, that government should guarantee employment to soldiers and form a reserve among such men upon leaving the ranks, there are two questions which will at once occur—firstly, What shall be the numbers and conditions of service in this reserve? and secondly, (more important still) Can we find employment for such a number in the government, municipal and parochial services all over the country?

Dealing now with the first of these, the number of men leaving the ranks available for the reserve would be about twenty thousand per annum, that is taking the army at its present strength; and I would propose that the reserve period of service should be ten years. This I would divide into two periods—the first and second reserve. During the first five years of his reserve service, a man would have to spend one month under arms per annum: in barracks if he should be called up in winter, in summer under canvas. During the second five years, as a second reserve man, a fortnight under arms would suffice. In the event of the reserves being called up for war we should, of course, bring them up in order of brevity of service in the reserve, according to the number we wanted. We shall thus form a reserve army of two hundred thousand men, a strong and efficient force of seasoned soldiers, and the burden upon the country would be the giving of one month's or one fortnight's holiday per annum, according to division, to every man by the department in

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which he is employed. At the end of his ten years' service our man may quit soldiering, but should he still hanker after it, the Volunteers are always open to him.

Taking now the second question, and, as I asserted before, decidedly the more important of the two, the finding of State-guaranteed employment to reservists, we have, while endeavouring to steer clear of the Scylla of military inefficiency, to beware lest we run upon the Charybdis of civil mal-administration; it would not do in the event of a great war simply to paralyse the whole civil administration of the country. On the other hand, although war is an ever-present contingency, it must be remembered that we are not perpetually calling up our reserves; in fact, probably three times in a century is an outside limit. We should, therefore, I think, fix a standard, and decide not to saddle any one service with a greater number than say fifty per cent. of its numbers with reserve men, and I would propose to form the reserve among the following: The General Post Office, the government factories, the police force of the United Kingdom, prison warders, employees of the municipal, parochial and county council services, and the railways to a less extent.

A few figures to show that I am not in the clouds in making my proposals. The Post Office employs about one hundred and ten thousand persons and would, therefore, take fifty-five thousand reservists; the police force, including the Royal Irish Constabulary and prison warders about seventy-five thousand, and would, therefore, take thirty-seven thousand five hundred reservists; the Government factories about thirty thousand, and thus would take fifteen thousand reservists.

Coming to the next field of employment mentioned above, I am not here upon quite the firm ground I was above regarding the number of persons employed, the figures not being easily obtainable; but here is an estimate which I believe will not be found to be far out. The number employed by the incorporated boroughs of the United Kingdom in round figures is about seventy-eight thousand five hundred. This estimate, it must be distinctly understood, does not include those employed in municipal tramway services, or water works, neither does it include those employed by those, in many cases, large towns which have no charter of incorporation, nor those directly employed by the County Councils. I am certain that this number could very well be increased by fifty per cent. and we should be then well within the mark, giving us the grand total of one hundred and seventeen thousand seven hundred and fifty persons who are already in the employment of the community, and would, therefore, give us fifty-eight thousand eight hundred and seventy-five reservists; and with the growth of municipal enterprise, which is such a feature of our time, this number should increase.

Lastly, there are the railways, and to bring this scheme into

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operation it would be necessary to compel them to do what they are already doing to a small extent. This, however, is no great tyranny. After all, the making of a law is only, in Mill's words, "the enforcement upon recalcitrant minorities of obligations which to be useful must be general." On the other hand, it would not do to paralyse the railways in time of war mobilisation. When we realise what an army corps is, with its seven to ten miles of artillery train—its very vastness in fact—and remember that our railways will be primarily concerned, we must see the necessity of guarding them. I would suggest, therefore, that they should be saddled to no greater extent than fifteen per cent. of their numbers, and as they employ something like five hundred and thirty-four thousand men this would give us the respectable number of eighty thousand one hundred.

The figures, therefore, read as follows:

Postmen and sorters	55,000
Police, &c.	37,500
Government factories	15,000
Municipal employees, &c.	58,875
Railway men	80,100
Grand total	246,475

Truly a great force under hand, upon which the Government could draw in time of emergency.

There is another aspect of the question, O ye taxpayers, which will much recommend it to your care, and that is the possibility under this scheme of reducing the regular army by perhaps twenty-five thousand or more. With so large and handy a reserve this should be quite possible, and the reserve would of course be reduced in like proportion with its composing percentages. Needless to say, we should not, in peace time, have this entire army under drill at the same time, in fact never more than one-twelfth of it; that is, two or three regiments would always be in training, no matter what was the time of year. In the same way the pay of this large force would be that of one-sixteenth of an army of two hundred thousand men, assuming that they were paid at regular army rate. On the other hand, it would perhaps be fairer to pay these men about one pound a week while under training, in which case the cost would work out at about one-sixth of that of an army of two hundred thousand men at the present rate of pay; about as much as we are expending upon our present unsatisfactory reserve.

I have reckoned the circulation into the reserve from the regular army, taking it at its present strength, would be about twenty thousand per annum; hence my figures for the reserve, on a ten years' basis, work out at two hundred thousand, and, referring back

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to my employment statistics, we should still have forty-six thousand odd places unoccupied. Now there are a certain number of men who join the ranks for the pure love of soldiering, and many of these will have neither the record nor the ability to win non-commissioned rank in the reserve depôts, but who, by sticking to the ranks, have a good stiffening effect, as a leaven of old soldiers invariably do. When they have completed their twenty-one years' service, instead of giving them a pension upon the present miserable scale, why not offer them some of the humbler kinds of municipal employment, or employment of that kind, and so get another fifteen or even twenty years' work out of them, when they would retire upon a double pension, *i.e.* from the Government and their recent employers.

Coming now to the question of officers, I think there is nothing so unfair as the wholesale condemnation of officers which is indulged in by a certain section of the press. As I said before, you cannot criticise too closely a man who gives his services largely for the honour of the thing. At the same time, by a system of this sort, we tend to keep out the really professional soldier. This is where the great contrast between the commissioned and non-commissioned sides of the army comes in. Kipling never penned truer lines than these: "The backbone of the army is the non-commissioned man." As this reserve army must be complete in every detail, it would be necessary to extend this scheme to officers, and I can see absolutely no reason why a large number of appointments in the higher branches of the civil service, inland revenue, excise, &c., and in the county and municipal services, should not be given to men of education sufficient to pass the necessary examinations, who have served some ten years in the army and qualified for the rank of captain. We should thus have a large number of men drawn from the backbone middle classes of England entering the army, and qualifying for it purely as their profession, to the exclusion of the vacuous and monocled individual who is too often placed over the heads of men whose shoe's latchet he is not worthy to unloose.

It might be urged as an objection to this scheme that an immense amount of clerical work connected with it would be thrown upon our already overworked, understaffed War Office. To meet this I would propose something of this sort—the adjutant would be a permanent officer, and would always remain at the regimental depôt, and under him, say, four serjeants, whose duty it would be to look after the kits, &c., stored under their care when the regiment was down (to adapt an expression), to keep the books recording the addresses and employers of the men, and, in fact, to see that everything was ready for the regiment to be called up. Regarding the equipping of cavalry or mounted infantry regiments, we should, of course, have to form a horse reserve, that is, register a certain

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number of suitable animals, pay a retaining fee, and call the horses up in training time, a system which works very well in Germany; or perhaps it would be better to first train the horses in the regular cavalry, and then sell them out to purchasers, who would receive a retaining fee and be called upon to produce the horse in training time or in time of war. Needless to say, we could not expect to horse our reserves upon the showy and expensive horses we should keep for our regulars, but we now pay far more and have better animals than any continental conscriptive army does.

Little need be said regarding the arm to which this force should disproportionately belong. To give a man a gun does not make him a soldier; to give ten thousand men guns does not make them an army. An army is a composite force, it must contain its proper proportions of infantry, cavalry, artillery, engineers, army service, army medical, &c., and it is precisely this fact which causes the real campaigner and military expert not to wax too enthusiastic over our volunteer army. The great continental experts have prescribed that a well-equipped army should have four guns per thousand men, and this standard we quite maintain in our regular army, and it is only when we examine the volunteers that the woeful deficiency is revealed. Sir Charles Dilke called attention to the matter in his book in 1888, and I would merely refer my reader to his brilliant and sarcastic passage upon the volunteer force (some 250,000 men) being able to put six field guns in line in time of war, which guns, needless to say, were not of the newest and most effective type. Some steps have been taken by us, perhaps in consequence of Sir C. Dilke's book, to remove this defect, and there are now scattered about the country a certain number of volunteer regiments classed as garrison artillery and described as "position artillery," which are virtually field artillery.

If the recent war has driven home any lesson, it is the necessity of such a force as position artillery, that is a force able to manœuvre and handle very heavy guns; but this position artillery of ours, the horsing arrangements of which are the crudest possible, are armed with 13-pounder muzzle-loading guns, that is a gun which is midway between the field artillery 15-pounder and the horse artillery 12-pounder, both of which also are breech-loaders, and therefore it would require a different kind of ammunition. I cannot help thinking that beyond its value in training this force is very little use. If we reckon the entire volunteer artillery force, which is practically all classed under the head of garrison artillery, with which is included this mysterious "position artillery," which, being interpreted, means field artillery without its first essential mobility, we have about two guns per thousand men, and if we include the yeomanry as being the cavalry of the volunteer force, this proportion falls still lower. For this reason, I suppose, we have laid it

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down that the volunteer force shall garrison our coast towns in time of attempted invasion—on the whole about the best thing we could do. It might possibly pay us to increase the proportion of artillery especially, in the reserve army, to strengthen the volunteers; but as we have no immediate dread of invasion, it would simplify matters enormously if we made this reserve entirely self-contained, in view of the far more possible contingency of a big land war, such as the late one.

Lastly, to clear the way for a system such as this, we might pass a short Act making drill compulsory in all boys' schools. To sum up, I claim the following advantages for my scheme: (1) The possibility of materially reducing the regular army; (2) the attracting to the colours of a better class of man and checking the wholesale loss by desertion; (3) the saving in expense due to abolishing the showy and expensive dress; (4) the equipping of such a reserve would fall gradually on the nation; (5) the maintaining at comparatively trifling cost of a reserve army practically as large as our regular army.

TREVOR E. DOWSE.

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PHYSICAL TRAINING.

A NATIONAL DUTY.

THUCYDIDES, that first of historians, wrote: "Men make a city, not walls, or ships without men": yet numbers alone will not make a city—or a nation—it is not merely a question of quantity but of quality that shall eventually determine the relative position of a nation amongst nations. It is still, as ever, the physical and mental condition of a people that shall decide its place in the world, and the higher that place the greater the need for the preservation and conservation of these faculties. This country, situated geographically as it is, numerically far behind all the other great Powers, with rich, immense, and world-wide possessions to guard, still requires, and must have when the need arises, the strong right arm for defence.

Although modern methods of warfare do not apparently lend themselves to individual acts of prowess, though the modern battle would seem at first sight not to require the same bodily strength that was once so necessary, a little thought will show that "thews and sinews" are still as important a factor as ever to the ultimate result. For example: Mobility, perhaps one of the principal and most-to-be-desired items in the conduct of present-day warfare, is only to be had where men can perform, often for days at a time, long and fatiguing marches, frequently existing on short rations, by day under a scorching sun, at night half-frozen and uncovered. To accomplish this, muscular force, resistance to fatigue, and all the concomitants of a thorough physical training are as necessary to-day as two thousand years ago. If this be true with regard to the militant aspect of the question, it is equally true of the commercial aspect. The more luxurious and artificial conditions of modern existence do not tend to create a healthy body, though it must be admitted that sanitary science nowadays does tend to do so in more or less degree, and, indeed, is absolutely necessary to counteract the inevitable evils civilisation brings in its train. The very conveniences and labour-saving appliances of business life would appear to enervate those whose duty it is to constantly use them; whilst the stress and hurry, and the increasing high pressure in all branches of business entail on one an exhaustion of energy and of

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nerve force, and a general strain of mind and body unknown in times past.

For these reasons, therefore, it is necessary that both mind and body should be, more than ever, fitted for the increased strains to which they are put. It is not only necessary that each part of that intricate machine, the human body, should fulfil its precise duty, but that the machine as a whole should be made fit to perform the work in life allotted to it.

If, then, we are to maintain, both from a military and commercial standpoint, our present position amongst the powerful nations of the world, numbers alone are not sufficient. As a nation we are not what we might be physically—nor perhaps mentally—and certainly not what we ought to be. Is proof required that our present physical status is not all it ought to be, that though "the spirit is willing the flesh is weak," a glance at the record of recruiting, or rather the record of rejections, during the past few years will help to convince the most sceptical. In the Report on Recruiting for 1902 the following passage occurs: "The one subject which causes anxiety in the future as regards recruiting is the gradual deterioration of the physique of the working classes, from whom the bulk of the recruits must always be drawn."

It has been stated on high authority that out of every five men who offer themselves for enlistment, at the end of two years only two are found to be on the effective strength. In the 1902 Report we find a higher percentage of rejections than in 1901, an evident proof of the statement as regards deterioration, and the following figures will doubtless prove interesting, though somewhat alarming, to the thoughtful reader. During last year the number of men who were *medically inspected* was 87,609, out of whom 28,221 were rejected as unfit. Over 8000 of these rejections were on account of a "want of physical development." Serious as are these figures, a little search into matters will disclose an even worse view of the probable physical condition of the nation. The words "medically inspected" have been placed in italics for a special reason. Every man who "offers himself for enlistment" to the recruiting sergeant does not reach the doctor's hands, and consequently does not appear, to swell the percentage of rejections.

The Inspector-General of Recruiting very wisely draws attention to this point when he says: "When it is remembered that recruiters are instructed not to submit for medical examination candidates for enlistment unless they are reasonably expected to be passed as fit, one cannot but be struck by the percentage considered by the medical officers to be unfit for the service." The total number rejected as unfit, in the first place by the recruiting sergeants and in the second by the doctors, can never be known, but must be an "alarming proportion." To go a step further; if this "alarming

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proportion" exists amongst those who try to enlist, there is unfortunately every reason to believe that it also exists—let us hope in a less degree—amongst the remainder of the male, and also female, population of the country.

In a recent article in this magazine entitled "The Physique of the Public School Boy," the author endeavoured to prove that the public-school boy of to-day is physically a finer "animal" than his predecessor of twenty years ago. His researches, however, only included boys of the upper-middle class—a small proportion—who are well provided with the means of physical training, and with regard to whom he says, "this result clearly demonstrates the value of gymnastics to physical development." The figures given in the article quoted certainly prove that boys of this class are taller, heavier, and physically better to-day than of yore, but it is unfortunate that the author's investigations did not include the boys and girls of the middle and lower-class schools; for with regard to the children of the working classes, and of the proletariat, it is no exaggeration to say that their physical condition is terrible. If this be not an exaggeration, and in any case—for a "stitch in time saves nine"—it is high time that physical training be State-controlled, and as far as possible compulsory for all school children except those medically excused.

Speaking recently in Edinburgh, the Hon. Thos. Cochrane, M.P., a member of the Government and of the Royal Commission on Physical Training (Scotland, 1902) said: "A medical examination of school children had shown that a very large proportion of them suffered from defects of eyesight, of the respiratory organs, from some form of physical disability such as flat feet, general anæmic condition, and heart disease." With regard to this it is most interesting and pleasing to note that the medical men who made the examinations referred to state that: "All of these conditions could be removed or greatly ameliorated by the use of games and physical exercises." There can be little doubt, therefore, after consideration of these facts, that there must be at the present time many thousands of young men and women in this country—possibly 40 per cent.—victims of an unenlightened system of education, a system that has too long endeavoured to cultivate the mind at the expense of the body, instead of training both equally and synchronously. It is at last being admitted on all hands that if we are to maintain our position as a nation the proper and adequate physical training of the people must be undertaken and at once.

A writer in the *Lancet* says: "From a consideration of this subject, from the national side and from the army side, two duties of the community stand out clearly . . . conditions offering the chance of an attainment of a good physical and moral standard to

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our poorer brethren." This article has been called "Physical Training— National Duty." That is the point; it is a national system of physical training that is wanted. The noble inheritance to which we are heirs imposes a duty upon us, the duty of defence at all hazards, by right and by might, with body and with brains, and it is, therefore, the duty of every man and every woman to maintain, as far as in them lies, a healthy body for the sake of their country. It is the duty of every parent, and of every authority controlling the education of the young, to see that, under medical guidance, proper and adequate physical training is provided for them, both to fit them for their ultimate duty in life and that they may be able, as they *are* willing, to take up the cudgels if occasion arise in defence of their country and their home. It is, too, the personal duty of every young man, no longer under parental control, to improve his physique, and that he may be able to do so cheaply to himself the State should maintain gymnasia and shooting ranges, or any other means of culture which may suggest itself. Though drill and shooting have been mentioned as two most desirable items in a complete curriculum of physical training, let us not connect them with "militarism" in its sense as military dominancy, or with "conscription."

The military authorities have for many years been aware of the great advantages accruing from the use of a rational system of physical training, and are to be congratulated on having brought their system to a very high pitch of perfection. A semi-military system, too, is in use in many of our schools, and—though primarily perhaps of use as a disciplinary measure—the drill certainly tends to render the pupils more alert, obedient, and generally smarter in their movements; but it is very evident that insufficient time is yet devoted to this training, and in many places this branch of education is greatly neglected, if not entirely overlooked.

Military drill, up to a certain point, would seem to form a natural foundation for any system of physical training as applied to the young, and has proved, where carefully taught and results observed, to have been of the greatest use both to teachers and pupils. The teaching of military drill in schools, as a foundation for a system of physical training, need not, therefore, awaken any fear either of "conscription" or "militarism" in the mind of the nation. Let a thorough course of physical training so endow every possible child with a good physique that the nation in time of need shall know that it has within call, willing and ready, the necessary material for defence.

But one thing more is necessary to create a citizen army, "ready to go anywhere and do anything," according to present methods of warfare, viz., the ability to shoot straight and the opportunities for practice, and this problem must be solved sooner or later. The

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physical development of every pupil, and the subsequent training of every boy of sixteen and upwards capable of bearing arms, in the art of shooting, is the surest safeguard against conscription. With a willing, voluntary, citizen army, *mens sana in corpore sano*, a keen eye, and a steady finger on the trigger, the nation may then cry with truth, "I fear no foe."

H. RIPPON-SEYMOUR.

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THE SECULARIST POSITION WITH REGARD TO EDUCATION.

In a former article under the above heading, which mostly consisted of criticism of Mr. G. B. Shaw's letters on the Education Bill, the chief conclusion bearing upon the general question of elementary education was that a necessary stage in the formation of a sound policy, or of correct views of the situation, was a recognition of the abysmal differences of purpose and ideal which, sometimes from thoughtlessness and sometimes as a method of policy, are partly concealed by the common use without definition of the word "Education."

The main contentions of the following article are: Firstly, that this confusion of purposes and ideals, hidden under the profession of a common interest in education, has been favourable to the aims of those who are opposed to a truly national system of education; that is, a provision and organisation of the opportunities of learning due to the young, having as its aim, not merely the training and the increase of attainments requisite to commercial and industrial success, but the spread of an enlightened tolerance tending to greater harmony in the future national life as the result of a higher level of general knowledge.

Secondly, that the only political theory which can serve as a basis for a national system, and which alone justifies the law making it compulsory upon parents to allow their children to be educated, is that which recognises the right of citizens to give legislative expression to an interest in other people's children as well as their own, or which recognises as true what may be described as the ethical basis or justification of that claim, that the child has certain human rights or birthrights, although not political rights, which should be safeguarded by the State as are the rights of the individual who may not possess a vote. This theory has been attacked by more than one prominent defender of the recently-passed Education Act, and the Prime Minister's defence of the measure rests on the negation of its truth or on the refusal to recognise any claims but those which are sectarian or limited to the life of the family. As this social interest represents more than any other the disfranchised portion of the community, and as it must have been the most influential factor in the initiation and passing

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of the Act which first placed education on a national basis, it ought to have more, and not less, consideration than the others, and might well be called the educational interest.

Thirdly, that the one inadjustable and inequitable claim which makes impossible the welding together of the different interests into a national system is the Roman Catholic and Anglican claim of exclusion, which goes by the name of the "atmosphere" claim. That this claim is directly opposed to such a national system as has been described; that it should, therefore, be disallowed and its place taken by the educational claim, which is not a claim of exclusion, but may be said to be a claim for an "atmosphere" of intellectual fresh air.

Fourthly, a proposed scheme on those lines.

An illustration of the truth of the first of these contentions, and the manner in which the word education may be juggled with, is to be found in a letter written by Cardinal Vaughan to the *Times* of November 26 last in defence of the Education Bill, which at that time was still before Parliament. As some of the arguments have been used by prominent political supporters of the Government, it may be taken as the social and political theory behind the latest Education Act. The sentence which opens the argumentative portion of the letter refers to a former letter written by the Cardinal to Mr. Redmond, and is as follows: "That letter was in reality an appeal for support to a principle of the natural law which will be generally admitted, namely, that wherever the State makes education universal and compulsory, it is bound to safeguard the right of parents to determine at least the religious character of the education in which the child shall be brought up."

The unexpected discovery of a natural law as the basis of the highly artificial Education Bill should be enough in itself to attract attention to this sentence; it will be well, therefore, to examine it closely to see whether it possesses that quality of axiomatic reasonableness that is to be expected in the "principle" of a natural law.

If this be done, it will be seen that, whatever plausibility or even coherence the latter part of the sentence possesses, comes from the reader's unconscious understanding of certain words, to which objection would be taken at once if they were included in the text. The omitted words, which would be in their place after the words "the State makes education," would require to be "which includes religious teaching." A simpler change (but one rather less warranted by the context, perhaps) would be the insertion of the word "religious" before the word "education."

But if these changes give greater coherence to the sentence they reveal the irrelevant and utterly illogical character of the proposition which is put forward as a natural law. For when did a Government of this country ever make or propose to make religious

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education universal and compulsory, or insist that education should include religious teaching? And were such a purpose ever formed would any Government of sane men pass a law making religious teaching compulsory and yet leaving the character of that teaching to the choice of the parents? The passing of such a law would be defensible only on the plea that interference with the authority of the parent was a desirable end in itself instead of being a necessary means to an end.

The only other probable reading is got by leaving the first part as it is and inserting after "safeguard the right of parents" the words "to give a religious character to the education," or "to add religious teaching." But this rendering, if more in accordance with the facts, would not be any more reasonable than the others; for it amounts to a declaration that the authority of parents having been subordinated legally to that of the State as regards the education of their children, there should, at the same time, be secured to them either the right to give religious teaching to their children in addition—a right which has never been contested—or else the right to partly nullify or evade the working of the law by making changes in the character of the education that is made compulsory; changes which, in the case of those who make the "religious atmosphere" claim, amount to a substitution of something else in its place. The natural law, therefore, to which the Cardinal refers, has not found expression in the words he has written; but, instead, we have a remarkable example of the equivocation or sophistry, conscious or unconscious, which is made possible by the loose use of the term education; for it is the word "education" in the sentence quoted that conveys and yet covers the suggestion of the omitted words. The only further suggestion which can be made to throw light on the Cardinal's train of thought, and which would make the rest of the letter follow naturally, is that the opinion he really holds and wishes to convey to his readers, if he can do it without saying it directly, is that universal and compulsory education is an *un*natural law, and that, since it was an interference with the natural order of society, any evasion or modification of that law on the part of the parent is in the direction of a return to the natural order. This suggestion receives additional support from the fact that the sentences which immediately follow the one already quoted are the following: "Children belong to their parents, not to the State or to the ratepayers. The rights of the Family are prior to those of the State."

These two sentences provide a good illustration of the wide differences of outlook upon society, and especially upon the relationship of the young to the rest of society, which really separate the views of those who are supposed to have a common interest in education. The view which differs most widely from that of the Cardinal

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on this question—the view of those who hold that both the rights of the Family and of the State are limited and defined by the rights of the individual, even the individual child—can be expressed in words as simple, clear, and emphatic as his own. Children do not belong to their parents, nor to the State, nor to the ratepayers. Children do not belong to any person or number of persons. They are, to use a phrase of Kant's, "ends in themselves." They are themselves persons with individual rights. If the law and their guardians under the law have not in the past recognised them as such and are only now beginning to do so, it is this fact more than any other which explains not only the embittered controversies over their education, but also the fact that the money spent and efforts made in this direction have had such poor results educationally, because neither controversial theory nor educational practice were guided or restrained by consideration and respect for the needs and nature of youth. And whatever may be the exact meaning intended to be expressed by the statement that "the rights of the Family are prior to those of the State," the reply that is sufficient and relevant to the issue is that the decision which has been forced on the legislatures of civilised nations—not only by considerations of future national wellbeing, as in the case of education, but by considerations of common humanity, as in the case of cruelty and neglect—is that where the conditions of family life are, as the result of the mistaken or mischievous exercise of parental authority or the callous disregard of parental responsibility, at variance with the community's sense of what is due to the child as a human being or as a future citizen, "the rights of the Family," if such a phrase can be used to denote parental license or selfishness, must give way to the right of the community to defend those who cannot defend themselves, and to protect the person and rights of a child as the law protects those of the adult citizen.

The next sentence of Cardinal Vaughan's letter would seem to indicate that he is a misrepresented member of a much-misunderstood Church. Many people seem to think that he takes an interest in other people's children, and that he wants to capture them and bring them within the fold of his Church. Instead of which he declares, in accordance with the policy which has now been adopted by the Church in most progressive countries, that what he really has at heart are the interests of liberty—the liberty of Christian parents. "It was on behalf of the liberty of Christian parents, to secure for their children the only kind of education they can conscientiously accept, that my letter was written."

It is not necessary to examine every sentence of the Cardinal's letter, but this third quotation is given because it brings the tortuous reasoning to a point at which the general outline of the Roman Catholic theory of the educational situation begins to be discerned.

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But to arrive at this point it is necessary, as with the preceding sentences, to examine the different terms used in order to discover and understand any difference between their real and apparent meanings which a reference to the facts may reveal; how, for example, the term "liberty" comes to be applied to grants of public money, and how there come to be conscientious objectors whose chief champion belongs to the Church that has not in the past given much encouragement to the claims of the private conscience.

And here again the clue to his method of argument is to be found in the phrase which includes the word education, which has now become "the only kind of education they can conscientiously accept." The form of expression is rather more audacious than before, for now is half revealed, what hitherto has been concealed, that the difference between the kind of education which the Roman Catholic has in view for the children under his care, and the kind of education which it was intended to make compulsory, is so great as to represent the difference between what he can conscientiously accept and what he must, as a Roman Catholic, reject.

But, it may be urged, there is nothing new in this; it is well known that the claim for schools with a religious atmosphere of their own was first made by the Roman Catholics.

That claim is not new; but, if the nature and consequences of that claim were ever fully realised by those who made concession to it, which is doubtful, for it is one which ought never to have been granted, the claim that is new and which ought now to be realised is the claim for the establishment of the "atmosphere," and the development which is new is its extension to the Anglican Church, which has as much, or as little, right to make it as has the Roman Catholic Church, involving the support of it with public money as a substitute for secular education.

What is the nature of "the only kind of education" Catholics can conscientiously accept? So that there be no suspicion of unfairness let all the evidence as to the poor results and mischievous tendencies of the "atmosphere" system of education, as seen in Ireland, for example, be put aside for the present, and let attention be directed to the discovering of its essential character. The notion underlying the careless acquiescence of many persons in this claim of the Roman Catholics seems to be that it is merely the natural desire of the believers in that Church to impart to their children its distinctive doctrines, and to do it so thoroughly and definitely as to reduce to a minimum the danger of the children ever being led astray by the religious propaganda of other sects. If this were all, the claim would give no more difficulty to the political educationalist than do the claims of other religious bodies. The solution that then would provide for the claims of all the different denominations would be the separation of the secular and religious teaching either

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on the plan of regulated hours or on the "right of entry" plan, the law as to compulsory attendance applying to the hours for secular education only. But the Roman Catholic priesthood have long made it clear that the separation of secular and religious teaching would not suit them. It may suit their purposes to renew the impression at times that their claim is merely that the State should extend to Roman Catholic teaching the same tolerance that it displays to the teaching of other sects; but the claim in reality is not for tolerance but for a license of intolerance to all other teaching but that which has been approved or revised by the Roman hierarchy. Cardinal Vaughan's idea of tolerance is that the sects should be persuaded or allowed to divide the youthful community among themselves into mutually exclusive areas of intolerance; but though he is ready to extend this species of tolerance to any sect that desires to secure for its youthful section a biased and exclusive religious education, he draws the line at the claim represented by the Education Acts, which aims at the education of all the children in knowledge that is common to all the sects or to the great majority.

To the offer of a portion of the time secured by the State for the education of the young, during which they may be allowed to wield to the best of their ability the weapon of "definite, dogmatic, religious teaching," the Roman priesthood return a demand for the whole time, and insist that the State has no right to any portion of the time in order to teach children, who have the misfortune to be called Roman Catholic, anything further than what the Roman Church considers necessary or useful and harmless. In short, the representatives of the Roman Church take up the position of "conscientious objectors" to the secular or general education in itself that it was intended to make compulsory; and they allow it to be seen that they regard it as the one claim that should not be tolerated.

The excessive desire of the average English politician for compromise, and his reluctance to recognise the truth that certain claims are absolutely irreconcilable, provide, no doubt, an explanation of the fact that the Roman Catholic priesthood have been permitted so long to put into practice their opposition to the intentions of the Education Acts, and to retain the power of exclusion. For if there is one restriction or limitation which is imposed upon sectarian teaching by the very fact of the existing differences of the sects, and the co-existence of a large field of common or general knowledge, which provides the material for what is called secular teaching, and upon which has been reared the structure of State education, it is that the liberty allowed to each and every sect or individual to teach whatever is conscientiously believed to be true must not be allowed to extend either to a denial to others of a similar liberty, or to the exclusion of the claim of all

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or of a majority of other citizens, as expressed in the law already referred to, to secure for the children of the different sects the benefits of an access to that secular or general knowledge which provides the only hope for the fuller harmony of a deeper national life, and for a lessening of sectarian strife in the future. The law already penalises any open manifestation of hostility to its requirements on the part of conscientious objectors to education when it takes the form of keeping the child from school. But the Romish priest is more subtle in his methods, and though his motives may be similar to those of the simple objector to education, he has to such an extent got the better of the law, to the purposes of which his are hostile, that he has contrived to get established as a part of the national system, and paid for out of the rates, the "only kind of education they can conscientiously accept," which is the teaching of Roman Catholic dogma in itself and in its relation to any other subject of tuition which it may be convenient to display as part of the course. What at first was little more than an evasion of the law has now been established by law, and the law itself has been made to serve as an agent in Roman Catholic propagandist teaching. So much more effective is fanatic determination and persistency than the cynical indifference or shallow charitableness which affects to be tolerant even of intolerance.

The conception of the scope and purposes of the Education Acts, apparently held by those members of the present Government who do not join with Cardinal Vaughan in looking upon State interference in education as a mistake from the first, would seem to be that general compulsory education is merely a means of raising a more efficient body of workers, a scheme for improving the quality of the labour market so as to compete successfully with the industrial efforts of other countries, leaving it to others to control and direct, or to hinder or neglect, all those influences which tend to the wider culture and higher mental development of the individual. Lest it should be thought that this theory is in practical agreement with the opinion expressed in the former article, that State-controlled education should be confined to the teaching of the three R's, it will be well at this point to make clear the very wide difference of intention underlying the superficial resemblance between the two policies. It is not only possible for different persons to teach a certain subject with different purposes; it is also possible to propose to confine the supervision and control of education by others to the teaching of certain subjects with different purposes and from entirely different motives. In the one case the proposal may be made in order that the individual shall undertake, as soon as possible, his own education, and that no limits will be set to his choice and discretion in acquiring knowledge. In the other it may be made by those who wish to get the control and supervision into

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their own hands, as in the case of the Catholics, or by those who allow the elementary methods of study to be taught to the people, not in order that they may acquire further knowledge or to stimulate independence of thought, but in order that they may be more profitable to their employers and to the privileged classes generally. That it is beginning to be realised by the latter class that the knowledge which is power cannot be controlled or confined with any certainty to the service of the capitalist and landowner, and that it is already leading its possessors to aim at a fuller and more direct political power, is no doubt the explanation of an attitude which seems to consider that it is not altogether desirable that even the three R's should be taught too thoroughly or successfully. Such a sign as the state of education in Ireland, where "the only kind of education" that Catholics can conscientiously accept holds the field, and where the number of illiterates is considerably greater than in England or Scotland, seems to show that the "atmosphere" form of education is esteemed not only for its positive results but for its negative results also. Even in England some remarkable results are achieved in the way of turning out scholars who have passed through "six standards," and been taught a multiplicity of subjects, and who yet, on leaving school, are unable to read properly. And in England the "atmosphere" plan is only beginning to extend in Anglican Church schools. It will be remembered that as a part of the policy which would confine State-controlled education to the methods of the three R's was added the suggestion contained in the quotation "The best university is a library." It may be necessary, in order to checkmate such designs as are shown in the proposal to extend the "atmosphere" system of education, to bring the library to the door of the schoolroom—even the Roman Catholic schoolroom.

It is doubtful whether even the narrow view of the scope and purposes of the State control of education which has been given does not go beyond what certain prominent supporters of the present Government would allow to be the rights of the State in regard to the education of the young. Some of the members of the Cecil family have, indeed, expressed similar opinions to those of Cardinal Vaughan on the subject, to the effect that the State has no rights at all with regard to the children apart from the wishes of their parents, and that the parents have no rights with regard to other people's children—only with their own. To be consistent they ought to have denounced the Compulsory Education Act, and should have shown themselves ready to bring in a measure for its repeal. As for the sincerity of such opinions it must be remembered, in order to appreciate it, that in the case of the Roman Catholic priesthood their vows of celibacy are supposed to restrain them from having any children of their own to take an interest in, and that in

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the case of both the Anglican and Roman Catholic Churches, the constitution and government being hierarchical, the "liberty of Christian parents" means the liberty to do as their priestly advisers tell them.

It is admitted by many that the "atmosphere" claim would make a national system impossible if it were put forward by other sects. But this admission is generally accompanied by the proposal that the Roman Catholic schools should have separate and special consideration. There does not seem to be anything in the nature of a reason advanced in support of this obviously unjust proposal, which, even were it desirable, has become impossible. The Roman Catholics have, until lately, been allowed this special consideration, and the claim has now been put forward by the Anglicans. As there is no just cause why one religious body should be refused what is granted to another, there is no reason, once this claim is allowed to be lawful, why it should not be put forward in the future by Wesleyans, Quakers, Calvinists, Baptists, or even by Christian Scientists. Then Cardinal Vaughan's proposal of an impartial allotment of the youth of the nation into spheres of exclusive sectarianism might be realised; and it would be possible to prophesy with confidence that, if this arrangement held for more than a century, some fanatically earnest Kensit in the year 2003 or thereabouts would be killed in the street by an infuriated Catholic bigot. There seems to be quite a number of people whose notions of fair play and of what is due to any claim put forward under the profession of religious conviction so greatly outweigh their sense of what is due to the children that they can look with equanimity at such a prospect; but it is to be hoped that such people are not in an overwhelming majority. Once the "atmosphere" claim is disallowed the separation of the secular from the religious teaching becomes possible, and the claims of denominationalism can be considered after the requirements of efficient secular education have been met, and not before, as is the case with the latest Education Act. The school buildings belonging to certain religious bodies could be left in their possession, and the "definite, dogmatic, religious teaching" carried out in separate hours; but the grants of public money would be extended, and the compulsory powers of the law exercised, to maintain the efficiency of the secular or general teaching, and to secure observance of the law as regards secular education only.

The following extract from the *Times* report of the address of Professor Henry Armstrong, as president of the Educational Science section of last year's meeting of the British Association, is given in order to show how it is possible to reconcile suggested requirements which may have seemed inconsistent—the limitation of State-controlled education to the teaching of the three R's., and the creation of an atmosphere of enlightened tolerance by the attainment to a

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higher level of general knowledge. And at the same time the suggestion may be put forward that perhaps the only way by which educational efficiency will be generally secured and maintained will be that the Educational Department of the Executive shall no longer be content with such supervision of the results as is ensured by the casual visits of inspectors at the different schools, but shall undertake the supervision of the methods themselves, to some extent, and lend the authority of the law to some of the main recommendations upon which prominent students of educational science are agreed. If those recommendations, for instance, implied that a most desirable adjunct to any school is a library, and that it might be well in future to build together free schools and free libraries, it is obvious that such a step could not be left to the individual initiative of teachers.

The problem that Professor Armstrong has set, and of which the following is the solution, is how to impart to the scholar the maximum of intellectual stimulus and enlightenment without burdening and wearying the mind and dulling the faculties of the young student:

"The solution he ventured to offer was that an honest attempt be made to teach not only the three R's, but also a fourth—Reasoning, the use of thought-power—and that a properly wide meaning be given to all the three R's. Of all powers acquired at school that of reading was of first importance. Reading was not taught in schools in those days. . . .

"Why should not children be encouraged to be 'well read'? Let us admit this and sow books in their path. Thring, in giving utterance to his 'Practical Thoughts on Education after Thirty Years' Work,' spoke strongly on this point. 'Great interest will make up for want of time. Create great interest,' he says—and these are noteworthy words. 'As soon as children can read, throw away all lesson books for a time. Let them read. Let them read aloud—really read, not tumble through the pages. Give them to read poetry, the lives of good men, narratives of noble deeds, historical stories and historical novels, books of travel, and all the fascinating literature of discovery and adventure. The person who has once learned to read well is tempted to go on. And such books, selected by a carefully graduated scheme, would supply endless knowledge whilst kindling the mind, without any waste of time from drudgery and disgust. Geography, history, and power of speech are all comprised in such books if properly used.' Thring here advocates what he would advocate—the incidental method of teaching. Why should there be any set lesson in subjects such as history and geography? Nothing was worse, more stereotyped, more cramping to the intellect, than the set lesson of so many lines or pages—of a sort of Liebig's essence of information—with the attendant obligation of committing the facts recorded in them to memory. The child, like the restive, high-mettled young steed, wanted to be off and away—not to be held severely in hand. Why should not the method by which we get up a subject in later life be followed in schools? At least it should be properly tried. . . .

"The second R might be held to cover not only mere writing, but also composition. . . .

"The third R must be held to cover not merely the simple rules of

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arithmetic, and all that was necessary of formal mathematics, but also measurement work.

"The fourth R—Reasoning—would necessarily be taught in connection with every subject of instruction, not specifically."

It may appear to some hypercritical to make the comment on the above that perhaps the only portion to which any objection can be taken is that in which the teaching of a fourth R—Reasoning—is proposed. It will not be thought for a moment that the objection is to teaching that will stimulate the reasoning faculty, but that it seems to support that mental habit of presumptuous superiority that the majority of adults and teachers take up towards the young, and which finds expression sometimes in the declared intention of teaching children how to think. They do not, as a rule, go the length of proposing to teach the stomachs of the children how to digest or their blood to circulate, which shows that they are more conscious of the limitations of their self-knowledge or self-comprehension in the one case than in the other. It is possible and desirable, of course, to stimulate the faculty of thought by providing the material for thought and also by example. But who taught the world's greatest thinkers how to think? It is because such proposals provide a loophole for those who would consider themselves competent to teach the children not only how to think but *what* to think, or, as they perhaps would express it, how to think *right*, that this criticism is made. Professor Armstrong's additional observation as to the teaching of reasoning in connection with other subjects, not specifically, may mean that this mental stimulus or encouragement to reason is all that he has in view; but otherwise his metaphor of the high-mettled, young steed might serve for further application. It might be pointed out that to attempt to teach the young student how to think was to attempt to teach the "restive, high-mettled, young steed" how to lift its legs and how to place its feet, and if the young steed kicks during the process it is not to be wondered at.

As to the manner in which Professor Armstrong's (and Thring's) suggestions could be incorporated in a national scheme, it is suggested by the sentence in which Thring speaks of a carefully graduated scheme which would supply endless knowledge whilst kindling the mind, and which would form an integral part of the thorough teaching of the most important of the three R's—Reading. Why should not such a scheme be drawn up by the Board of Education acting on the advice, not only of educational experts, but of representatives of different denominations, which would prevent any particular theological bias being given to the scheme of reading? Then let this scheme be included in the curriculum of every elementary school in the country and insisted upon as part of the law. It would almost necessarily involve the addition of libraries to

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the schools. It is not likely that such a scheme would meet with the approval of the Roman Catholics; but perhaps their noisy opposition to every scheme of enlightenment which threatens the reign of the old night of Romanism will assist the majority in this country to a realisation of the truth long ago recognised by Victor Hugo—that the liberty they desire is the liberty not to teach, but license to bias and to mentally cripple.

THOMAS GARDINER.

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IS SCIENCE TEACHING PASSING AWAY?

It would be interesting to know precisely on what evidence the Ven. Archdeacon Wilson, in the *Contemporary Review*, bases his opinion—that the teachings of science "are distinctly temporary, and belong to a time of transition. All these effects are passing away; some have almost completely passed away from certain levels of education"[1]—as it is almost diametrically opposed to the opinions of students of science in all its branches. In *The Anglo-Saxon, a Study in Evolution*, I have compiled a mass of evidence tending to show that, from the date "when John Ball, 'the mad priest of Kent' began to preach 'the natural equality and the rights of man,' and thus asserted the principle for which the Anglo-Saxon has been struggling in the past and is still fighting,"[2] the evolution of what I regard as the science of our race has been fairly continuous. That the age is one of transition is true, but it is a matter of opinion whether it is science or the Christian religion that is changing. In fact the admission of the Archdeacon, that he "listened lately to a secularist orator declaiming in a town square exactly what would have been said a generation ago by any educated man of that way of thinking," tends to show that science, so far from passing away, is spreading and becoming more and more the property of the people of our race. And every new invention or discovery, in which the past century has been so rich, has had an influence in consolidating our science and bringing it into homogeneity. That this expansion—not transition—has had an influence on the Archdeacon he admits, but his opinion is that "One learns how to combine a very high estimate of the dignity and utility of science with an acknowledgment of its insufficiency, nay, its inappropriateness, as a guide to life." But here the question arises: On what is religion based if not on science? In the past, it appears to me, man has always based his religion on what he knows, or believes that he knows, to be true, and when an advance has been made in science—as with the Greeks some two thousand years ago—it has been followed by a revolution in religious belief.

A great deal has been said or written about a "conflict between

[1] "The Influence of Scientific Training on the Reception of Religious Truths."—*Contemporary Review*, March 1903.

[2] *The Anglo-Saxon*, p. 131.

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religion and science," but is there such a contest? I think not. I have endeavoured to show that each of the great races which has grown to maturity has evolved a religion for itself, and that these racial religions are each based on the science of the race which evolved it. Religion, therefore, is the highest expression of the science of the race. The contest, therefore, is between the religions based on the science of two thousand years ago, and the new religion which is slowly being built up on our new science. Dean Milman says: "At the present juncture the ancient religions were effete; they belonged to a totally different state of civilisation though they retained the strong hold of habit and interest on different classes of society, yet the general mind was advanced beyond them; they could not supply the religious necessities of the age."[1] I need scarcely point out how strikingly appropriate this is to the present day, and any one who reads the Dean's history, in the spirit in which I read it recently, will be astonished to note how much of it is applicable, with merely a change in the titles of the contending parties, to our own times. In fact, I am very largely indebted to Dean Milman for the theory I have formulated in my book.

For those who have accepted the theory of evolution as a reasonable explanation of the beginning of things, the Bible has ceased to be the highest authority on science, as it was to our forefathers, and, therefore, the "verbal inspiration and literal interpretation of Scripture," on which the Archdeacon lays stress, is no longer accepted by educated men; but this does not mean that the Bible is to be discarded as worn out or worthless. If we can no longer regard it as the divinely written word of God, as our forefathers did, it still remains our highest authority on morality, and it further supplies us with an admirable model of the manner in which our own histories should be written. It is no respecter of persons. If the king or the priest commits sin it is not hidden or cloaked, after the modern fashion, and the consequence is that we know more of the age of the patriarchs, of the kings, prophets, priests, and even of the common people of Biblical times than we do of our own kings, nobles, priests, or people of the past ages—I might also say, perhaps, of the present day. In the Bible we see human nature in all its varieties and phases. It is because of its representative human character that it is as true to-day as it was in the ages when it was written, however faulty it may be in science as we regard it. The object of the writers was "to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." And this is not overdone or come tardy off so that it makes neither the unskilful laugh nor the judicious grieve. How thoroughly Catholic it is is proved by the number of religions and religious sects which

[1] *History of Christianity*, Book I., chap. i.

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have been built up on its teachings. In fact, by carefully selecting particular passages the Bible may be cited in support of almost any creed or belief of which the human mind is capable of conceiving. This specialising of certain parts is perhaps not quite fair, but it is natural, and perhaps it has done less injury with the Bible than it would with any other book. It seems well-nigh impossible to even estimate approximately the enormous influence this book has had in forming the character of the Anglo-Saxon. As a consequence we owe a debt to the Semitic race which we can never repay. Its value in the past cannot be ignored, and if we can no longer accept the Bible as an authority on physical or other sciences, if we are compelled to admit that its history of the first appearance of man on earth is not true, the knowledge we may gain from it of human character will be no less valuable in the future than it has been in the past. But, "the Anglo-Saxon has, from the earliest times, been content to take his religion from an alien race and to read even the Jewish scriptures through Greek or Latin spectacles. He goes to the Greek to interpret the Hebrew scriptures instead of to the Hebrew himself, although it must be apparent to any impartial thinker that the Jew is quite as worthy of study as the Greek."[1] Archdeacon Wilson says that:

"Scientific training accentuates Biblical difficulties; and demands, if faith is to be preserved, more thought on first principles of Biblical interpretation than is often given; it accounts for the strong materialistic bias at present felt in education; it weakens the religious faculties by leading to their disuse; it provokes resentment in some minds against untruthful religious teaching, and in others leads to a still more emphatic dogmatism of despair. Nevertheless, in the more thoughtful minds, even at present, scientific training is leading to the establishment of faith on firm foundations other than those which have been undermined."

This seems to me to imply that religion is changing its base, because, as the Archdeacon says: "Science has, of course, infinitely widened our conception of the universe as to its extent in space, its duration in time, and as to the inconceivable complexity of what is spoken of as matter and ether." Exactly; in fact, we are no longer living in the world in which Christianity took its rise.

"It is a very necessary part of the training of the Christian apologist to-day that we should be enabled to meet with confidence a man holding this opinion on his own ground," says Archdeacon Wilson, and this suggests the question: Is the tone apologetic the right note to strike in a religious discussion? We have grown so accustomed to Christian apologetics that we fail to realise that apology is not the tone of conviction. No one who truly and unfeignedly believes feels any inclination to apologise for his belief. He may refrain from asserting his belief—out of politeness, or to

[1] *The Anglo-Saxon*, p. 36

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avoid what he regards as a useless discussion—but he does not apologise for it. Apology, therefore, implies a doubt, latent or unacknowledged perhaps, but still a doubt. We hear of no apology from the Catholic, the Jew, or the Mohammedan. When the late Professor St. George Mivart accepted the new science he was promptly excommunicated. It was he who was expected to apologise, not the Church. Judaism is more liberal than Roman Catholicism, and a Jew may accept far more of our new science than a Christian, but if he goes too far he cuts himself off from his race; he ceases to be a Jew.

"To the Roman Catholic the voice of the Pope is as the voice of God. It represents the *vox populi*, and is therefore the highest authority which men and women of the Latin race can recognise. The utterances of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Moderator of the Presbyterian Church, the Chairman of the Wesleyan Conference, or the head of any other sect into which Protestant Christianity is divided have no such value, because these do not represent the science of the race to which they speak."[1]

Hence, perhaps, the apologetic tone of those who represent these sects.

Perhaps I may be permitted to illustrate the difference between what I call a racial or positive religion and a non-racial religion by quoting an old folk-story, told me many years ago by a Catholic friend. It is as follows:

"Once three men were on the road, and they agreed to travel together for company. As they proceeded they conversed amicably on various subjects, until, at length, one of them introduced religion. Then it appeared that one was a Catholic, another a Jew, and the third a Protestant. They quarrelled, naturally, for neither would admit that his religion was false, or that either of the other religions represented was true; but just as a fight appeared to be imminent it was proposed that the question should be referred to the Archangel Gabriel. This was agreed to, and they went at once to the Archangel."

The legend appears to be somewhat unsatisfactory here, as it does not give us any indication as to how the Archangel may be approached, or where he may be found. However:

"When they came before him he listened patiently while each one explained the reasons for the faith that was in him. When they had finished, he said to the Jew, 'If Jesus was the Christ you're wrong'; and to the Catholic, 'If Jesus was not the Christ you're wrong.' Then, turning to the Protestant, he said, 'Whether He was or was not the Christ you're wrong.'"

As a Catholic story it tends to indicate the difference in the attitude of the Catholic towards other religions, including the Protestant sects. According to his belief Judaism was the true religion until Christ came and fulfilled the law. But all other

[1] *The Anglo-Saxon*, p. 319.

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religions, including those which represent secessions from the one true Church, are due to the influence of Satan. But although the Catholic has no doubt as to his religion, he does not make even the Archangel Gabriel pronounce definitely in its favour. He says, "If Jesus was the Christ," and this is the question which men like Count Tolstoy try to answer from another point of view.

"What is to be the attitude of religious men towards this new science?" inquires Archdeacon Wilson, and he continues: "A saying of Agassiz is the best indication of what that attitude ought not to be. He said that the reception of scientific discoveries generally passed through three stages: first, men said, 'It is not true'; next, 'It is contrary to religion'; and then, 'Everybody knew it before.' It may be hoped that the effect of scientific training on us all will prevent our receiving this new science in this old spirit."

But in what other way can a new science be received? Doubt as to the truth of new assertions is very natural. In fact the acceptance of every new assertion without inquiry would probably lead to more evil than good. The inventors or discoverers of new truths have no right to complain if they are not accepted at once; but I fail to see that "one great and permanent effect of scientific training is thus a reversion to the Greek or Eastern or Athanasian type of theology, and the re-interpretation of the language of our formularies in that sense." If this is all that Archdeacon Wilson has to offer us it will be of little use. The new conception of the Great First Cause due to modern science differs so completely from the conception based on the ancient science of the Greeks or Latins that they can never be reconciled. Hence the Archdeacon's desire to strengthen the so-called religious instruction in the schools would, if it were carried into action, tend only to prolong a useless struggle between the old and the false and the new and true sciences. As he concludes: "No scientific training and no scientific results can ever obscure our inner conviction of the need of righteousness, and of the supremacy of the moral law; and if scientific training tends to enthrone this law as supreme in our lives, we may welcome it as a great educator of the mind of man for the reception of religious truth." Whether the religious truth as taught by modern science corresponds with the teachings of the Church is a matter to be inquired into, but we know that the course of the evolution of religion has always been from a lower to a higher plane. At present every Christian country is afflicted with terrible evils. What are the churches doing to abate these?

History teaches us in the past that it is religion which has been the great incentive to action. It is religion which has elevated man above the other animals. But the religion has not been based on an ancient science, but on a new science, at the time when any great advance has been made in civilisation. And the need for a

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new religion was never greater than now, when the only incentive to action is greed—lust of wealth and power. But a new religion does not spring into existence at once. It grows very gradually. History shows us Wickliff, Huss, Luther, Calvin, Cranmer, Knox, Bagster, Fox, Wesley, Irving and many others more or less altering the Christianity of their day to bring it into conformity with the spirit of the age. Outside the pale of Christianity we see Descartes, Swedenborg, Kant, Schopenhauer, Comte and others striving to formulate the new religion which should satisfy the minds of man; but all these men seem to have started too early. There was in their time no new theory of the Creation on which to base a new religion. Since Darwin formulated his theory Herbert Spencer, Huxley, Tolstoy and others have done something to pupularise the new idea, to bring out the new conception of God by studying His laws. And, as in the days when St. Paul began to preach the new science, they are denounced and despised by the world and by those in high places. In fact I believe that the present unrest is due to precisely the same causes as those which operated two thousand years ago in Athens and Rome, and opposition to the new science is of the same character and will be just as useless as it was in the age of Julian. Whether, when we establish our new religion, we shall realise the dreams of the early Christians by founding a millennium—"an age of peace on earth, goodwill to all men"—remains to be seen; but I think that the new religion should be as superior to the old it is destined to replace as the new science is superior to that of the Greeks or Latins. The greater our knowledge the better and happier should we be.

GEO. E. BOXALL.

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THE TERCENTENARY OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

MARCH 24, 1603. MARCH 24, 1903.

MARCH 24, 1903, was the three-hundredth anniversary of the death of Queen Elizabeth, and of the union of Scotland and Ireland and England as one kingdom. The date is a fateful one in the annals of the human race. It marks the moment when the career of England as a World Empire became a possibility. Three hundred years before, the union of the two Kingdoms had seemed on the eve of accomplishment. The death of a sickly child—the Maid of Norway—blighted these hopes and entailed upon England and Scotland the heritage of three centuries of war. Possibly the progress of Europe has not suffered in the long run, for had Edward III. undertaken the conquest of France with the united forces of the British Isles behind him, France must have been blotted out of the map of Europe. England would have become a Continental Power. Her liberties would have succumbed to absolutism, and in all probability her history would have been very similar to that of Spain. It was the strain of the long wars with Scotland which drew back England from the Continent, and forced her to shape her destinies in accordance with the traditions of her older liberties. The union of the two crowns came at the right moment, when the Reformation and the reign of Elizabeth had, for the first time, made England England, and broken off all those links with Rome which have been so powerful a factor in the destinies of other states. It had been rendered possible by the wise foresight of Henry VII. in allowing the marriage of his daughter Margaret with James IV. of Scotland, and by the singular political necessities which, in the long run, left the Stuarts as the sole heirs of the Tudor dynasty. The Tudors themselves were a dynasty of transition. Henry VII. did not represent the old English tradition: he, like his son and his grandchildren, was a Celt not a Teuton, and represented the union of Wales with England as truly as James I. did the union of Scotland. The fact was of importance not only because Foreign Powers thus found themselves deprived of a possible foothold on the British mainland during the critical period of the Reformation, but because the statesmen who shaped the Tudor policy during that period were

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of Celtic and not of English blood. Cromwell, Pembroke, the Cecils, were of Welsh origin. Dr. Morice's recently published letters prove that Burghley could read Welsh, and the Welsh had at no time had a very passionate attachment to the Church of Rome. Unlike the Irish, they never forgot that they had been Christians before Saint Augustine. Incidentally, perhaps, the predominance of Welsh interests at the English Court prevented Wales from being turned into another Ireland. It is certain that it did much to accustom the English to a non-English rule, and thus paved the way for the peaceful succession of the House of Stuart.

It is probable, moreover, that their Celtic blood was one great reason why the House of Tudor, rather by diplomacy than by force of arms, succeeded in rendering England independent of the shifts and changes of foreign politics. The Celt understands foreigners, the Teuton does not; the great diplomatists who have dreamt dreams of welding Germany into one empire, from Wallenstein to Bismarck, had Slavonic blood in their veins. It was the Saxon and the Bavarian who, until 1870, frustrated the realisation of their hopes. With the exception of Henry II. and of John, no diplomat had, since the Conqueror, mounted the English throne until Henry VII., and he, by utilising the geographical position of an island weaker in material resources than many a third-rate Continental State, made England a deciding factor in the affairs of Europe. Henry VIII. continued the same policy; we judge Mary's reign by its event and not by its guiding principles, for we must always remember that, at the time of her marriage, the Netherlands were flourishing under the rule of Spain, the Council of Trent was still sitting, the drift of Philip's religious policy had not become obvious, and men like Pole and Contarini still regarded a union between Rome and the English Church as within the reach of possibilities. Elizabeth carried it to its furthest extent. But for the folly of Philip II. in closing the Colonial trade to the English merchants, to whom it had been open throughout Mary's reign, and the ill-judged fanaticism of Pius V. in excommunicating the Queen of England at a moment when there was no political necessity whatsoever for such a course, it is not too much to say that Elizabeth would have succeeded in her object without firing a shot against Spain. The Armada may have been a "glorious victory," but the destruction of the power of Spain led to the rise of France, and we paid for our triumph in 1588 with the long years of civil war, greatly due to French intrigues, in the seventeenth century, and the long years of open war against France from 1688 to 1815. To these wars the growth of English pauperism is in the main due. Even up to the death of Mary, Queen of Scots, we know that Elizabeth and Philip bore no personal ill-will to one another, and would gladly, could they have done so, have come to a peaceful understanding. In their

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own personal temperaments there was little to prevent it. Elizabeth had laid aside the dreams which every English Sovereign since William the Conqueror had indulged in of dominion on the Continent, and fully recognised that, if England were to expand at all, her natural field was for the time to be found in Ireland. At bottom she cared little or nothing either for Protestantism or Catholicism, and had not allowed the massacre of Saint Bartholomew to disturb the good relations between herself and Charles IX. Of the suffering of Alva's victims she recked as little as did Philip II. of those of Mary, Queen of Scots, and she avowedly helped the Dutch rebels solely "to keep from her own gate" a war which she had provoked by seizing Alva's treasure ships in 1570, and by sheltering the privateers of William of Orange. It must not be forgotten, moreover, that in this war the English and not the Spaniards were the first aggressors, for Hawkins, when infringing the Trade Regulations of Mexico, at San Juan de Ulloa in 1565, had acted like a pirate; whilst Englishmen, who complained of the cruelties of the Spanish Inquisition to their sailors and merchants, did not, probably, know that breaches of the Custom Laws in some cases fell within its cognisance. We ourselves made the same mistake, for Charles V. had earnestly advised Mary to have her rebels executed as traitors and not as heretics, and had his advice been followed, *Fox's Martyrs* would never have been written. Elizabeth's defence, could she have had her choice, would have been the pen, not the sword.

But the Celtic nature of the Tudors had another great advantage for English liberty. The Celt may be obstinate, but he is pliable. He is the willow, not the oak, and, above all, he is a born legist. Had James I. and Charles I. had at their disposal the financial resources which the Fall of the Monasteries placed in the hands of Henry VIII., they would certainly have abolished Parliament. Henry VIII., Mary, and Elizabeth clothed their most arbitrary acts with the due forms of law, and it is now generally held that, on the whole, their Parliaments were fairly elected. Mr. Round has well shown, by the dates of the Patents of Peerage granted by Henry VIII., how he shaped the House of Lords to his wishes during the crisis of the Reformation by exactly the same methods as Lord Grey wished to use to carry the Reform Bill in 1832; whilst we know that in the Lower House not only were the successive religious changes opposed in every instance by an active and resolute minority, but that, in most instances, the new writs granted to constituencies in those reigns were given to places which the movements of English trade had rendered of importance. Some of the worst of the rotten boroughs of 1832 were either decayed villages which, like Newtown (Isle of Wight) or Winchelsea, had been created boroughs by Edward I. in the hopes that they would become great seats of trade, an expectation which had been frustrated by the course of events; or con-

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stituencies which, like Wendover and Amersham, had received their writs on the motion of the patriots who had opposed James I. and Charles I. in their Parliaments before 1640, and who had discovered both that such towns had once been represented in the Parliaments of the earlier Edwards, and that they could be influenced by their political allies like Hampden. It is not too much to say that Mary's charters to boroughs like St. Michael's conferred a far more liberal franchise than was granted to corporations like Bath under its new charter at a later date; nor that half the great patriots in the Long Parliament sat for constituencies which, in later days, formed the main argument for constitutional reform. It is probable, therefore, that Parliament under the Tudors was a far more real body than is usually supposed. Elizabeth knew what she was doing when she yielded to the wishes of Parliament as in the case of the Monopolies, and refused to yield to their representations in such cases as that of her marriage and of the changes in the Common Prayer. Her one great fault was that she did not trust her Catholic subjects, and failed to distinguish between the old Catholicism of England which proved its loyalty during the crisis of the Armada and the new Catholicism taught by the missioners from Douai, who poured into the country after her excommunication. The English and Irish Catholics have paid a heavy price for the Catholic Reformation, but, unfortunately, Cardinal Allen was not a Saint Francis Xavier nor a Saint Francis Borgia, and was ill fitted to temper the overwhelming zeal of a Parsons or a Champion. The reaction in Poland, for example, was managed on far more statesmanlike lines. We can hardly, however, wonder that a Tudor, who remembered the Ridolfi conspiracy, did not recognise the virtues of the men who saved Southern Europe from sinking into Paganism.

Her attitude towards Dissenters again has profoundly influenced our whole subsequent history, yet it is perfectly intelligible. We must remember that to the men of those days Dissent in religion was identical with Socialism in politics. As a rule it took the forms of Antinomianism and Anabaptism, the two factors to which were mainly due such events as the peasants' wars in Germany and the horrors of the siege of Münster. In the England of Queen Mary the extreme Protestants had been the chief agents in at least four rebellions in five years; in France they were identified with the Huguenots under Condé, who had given up Havre to the English; in Scotland they had driven Mary from her throne; religion was the excuse for that rising in the Netherlands, in reality due mainly to Alva's fiscal policy, which was shaking the power of Spain to its centre. Consequently, though Elizabeth had not shrunk from toying with treason against other people in nearly every one of these instances, she was naturally led to look upon religious conformity as the main test of loyalty to herself. Hence she refused to make

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those moderate concessions on points of ceremonial with which, if we are to believe their own professions, the Brownists would have been satisfied, and thus established religious faction as a motive force, whether for good or evil, in English politics, a phenomenon which does not exist in any other Protestant country. Neither in the Netherlands, in Prussia, nor in Scandinavia is there any agitation for the disestablishment of the State Church.

Of Elizabeth's Imperial policy it is, perhaps, superfluous to speak at length. It was that of her Tudor ancestors, who knew that England could only maintain her independence by expanding her commerce. Henry VII. had laid the basis of English commercial expansion by his great treaties with Burgundy, Spain, and the Italian Powers. Henry VIII. toyed with expeditions to America, where Englishmen had been established on the Venezuelan coast ever since 1502, and with factories in Samos, Edward VI and Mary promoted the trade with Russia, which had sprung into being with Chancellor's expedition, and, in Mary's case, encouraged that traffic with Central and South America which her marriage with Philip had opened to her subjects. Elizabeth continued the same policy. It is, perhaps, curious to remember that a Jesuit, Stevens, was the first promoter of intercourse between England and India. But in one thing she was truly original: she was the first Sovereign who really perceived the importance of Wales and Ireland as a field for English colonisation and trade. It was from their Irish investments and not from their raids on Spanish galleons that the builders of the stately Elizabethan and Jacobean manors drew their wealth; and it was in Ireland that men learned how to colonise Virginia and Massachusetts. We do not underrate the wealth which accrued to England through the transfer of the Flemish looms from Arras and Antwerp to London and Norwich; but we cannot forget that in Cromwell's day the reports of the Committee on Compounding show how many a Cavalier squire owed his lands to his father's ventures in Munster, nor that Charles I. long found his chief source of financial strength in those Welsh silver mines which the wise policy of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth had opened up, and his chief supporter in that Wales which the Tudor Sovereigns had made a part of England. Who can tell to what extent England is indebted for her Empire of to-day to the continued existence of her monarchy? India, Canada, and Australia could scarcely continue to form part of an English Republic; and but for the fact that parties were, after all, very evenly balanced during the whole of the seventeenth century, such a republic, in place of our present limited monarchy, would have been the logical outcome of the downfall of Charles I. That monarchy was undoubtedly saved mainly by the loyalty of those Celtic fringes which the Celtic dynasty of the Tudors had made one with England, as it would have

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made Ireland one had the Cymry been able to understand the Gael in any age save that of the first Irish missionaries.

Into the private life of Elizabeth it is not necessary to enter. Students, like Bishop Creighton, believe her to have been pure, and their verdict is probably the right one. To use the weapons she so successfully wielded she must have killed passion. She loved Leicester, and, but for Lord Burghley, would most undoubtedly have married him, and she was attached to her cousin, Lord Hunsdon; yet, for the rest, love, either for man or woman, scarcely seems to have entered into her life. Mary had lived as a saint amongst saints. It is doubtful if Elizabeth had, with the exception of Lady Jane Grey, ever known a really good woman. Mary's confidante was the saintly Duchess of Feria. Elizabeth's was Lady Nottingham. As we have already said, had Mary adopted the policy of trying her opponents as traitors, as in most cases she would have been amply justified in doing, not one word would ever have been said against her. Elizabeth treated religious opposition as treason, but her policy towards both the Catholics and the Puritans was, if we remember Burghley's attitude towards Mary Stuart in his part of Agent Provocateur, far less justified than was that of Mary of England towards those who had twice nearly driven her from her throne. It is difficult to believe that Elizabeth was not aware of the part which Burghley had played in incidents like the Babington conspiracy. Her sister Mary was, at least, never guilty of treachery.

But Elizabeth was a great queen, and she was a great queen because she made England a nation. England became great because it was parted from the Continental world and forced back upon itself just at the time when the theories and forces of absolutism in Church and State were becoming everywhere triumphant. During the seventeenth century every state, save England and the Netherlands, lost its old free popular institutions. That Europe has won them back, though in an artificial form maybe, is the work of the French Revolution and its wars. To those wars England owes the wealth and power which she enjoyed during the past century, but it is due to the fact that England had retained and not reconquered her freedom that this country became the refuge of all who fled from the disorders of the Continent.

Elizabeth, unconsciously perhaps, cut England off for a time from the currents of the world's thought, and made her secure by her sea power, so that she could work out her own destinies for herself, and thus it came to pass that the England of Elizabeth became the England of Victoria. What wonder that Queen Elizabeth stands alone beside Queen Victoria in our history to-day.

HUBERT READE.

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THE MYSTERIOUS "MONSIEUR DE BLOWITZ."

It was during the last Paris Exhibition, a few years ago, that I saw for the first time the famed *Times* correspondent. His personal appearance struck me as very peculiar. A remarkably large head, with curly greyish hair and beard, and an enormously rotund upper body, were supported by quite dwarfish lower limbs. When he sat, he had the aspect of an Eastern idol. When he rose, he could scarcely be said to have risen; for he actually seemed then to be shorter even than when he had been sitting on a chair. His physiognomy struck me as of an Oriental cast; so also his manner of speaking.

He had come to visit a relative of mine, and he began the conversation in French, in which language we all continued for a while. My relative having made some remarks in his own native English tongue, M. de Blowitz politely attempted to follow suit. But I soon saw that he was by no means properly conversant with the tongue in which the readers of the *Times*, no doubt, imagined he wrote his communications to that paper. As a matter of fact, they had to be translated from French.

Seeing the difficulty he had in expressing himself in English, I began speaking in what I knew must be Blowitz's native language, with which my English friend is also familiar. In this way the conversation was satisfactorily continued in German. Blowitz, who had been for some years a teacher of the German language in France, spoke it perfectly, though with a slight trace of Jewish intonation.

As to his origin, a great deal of doubt has been created—quite unnecessarily so. In a London magazine of last month "A Special Correspondent" writes: "His early life, and even his nationality, are enwrapped in mystery. Though he was expansive enough concerning the achievements of his maturer years, he was curiously reticent about his youth, and as death overtook him in the act of composing his Memoirs, the curtain of uncertainty will never be drawn aside."

No doubt, he himself avoided speaking of his origin. The year and the town of his birth are differently given as 1825 or 1832, and as Pilsen, or as "Blovski," in Bohemia. That Austrian province, it

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will be remembered, was, like the remainder of Austria proper, until 1866 an integral part of Germany. He is said to have been "brought up in the Czech language and in the Roman Catholic religion," and to have "taken satisfaction, in late years, in surrounding himself with Catholic images, a crucifix having always hung upon the wall above his pillow."

All this is to a great extent incorrect. Maybe that he knew a little Czechian; Bohemia being a bi-lingual country. Maybe also that the assertion of his having been brought up in that Slav language was set afloat by him for the purpose of making himself out as of a nationality with which French chauvinists have endeavoured to cultivate special relations for anti-German purposes. His real racial descent was, however, always well known on the eastern side of the Vosges Mountains. The following facts may be taken as authentic.

His original name was Opper, and not Blowitz. Blowitz was the name of the townlet in Bohemia, where he was born. Opper, Oppert, and Opp, are various forms of a Jewish name which at first was Oppenheimer; that is, a man from Oppenheim, in Rhenish Hesse. It has been the frequent habit of Germans of Hebrew descent to assume towns' names.

When taking up his abode in France, Opper soon called himself "Opper de Blowitz." This might mean either a person of aristocratic descent, or one that hails from a town called Blowitz. The transition to "M. de Blowitz" was then easy enough.

After becoming a convert to Roman Catholicism under the Second French Empire, he received, through episcopal intercession, the regular Governmental permission to change his name of Opper into that of "de Blowitz." Henceforth, dropping his pre-name, which is said to have been Abraham, he, in apparently high aristocratic fashion, used no Christian name at all, but was from then figuring before the world, in simple grandeur, as Mons. de Blowitz.

It must be said to his credit that, in later years, he now and then told the people of his second country some necessary, though often unpalatable, truths—especially during the Dreyfus scandal. But then they fell foul upon him; forgetting that he had frequently even strained more than one point as regards truth for the purpose of serving France against Germany, though he was born at a time when Austria still formed an integral part of the German Confederation.

As he naturally took sides with those who defended Dreyfus against the infamous generals' and officers' plot, French journalists sneeringly began to speak of him again as "de Blowitz, *né* Opper." The distinguished Assyriologist, Professor Julius Oppert, at Paris—who is also of German and Jewish origin, and very proud of it—has always been much annoyed when being asked at that time

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whether M. Opper, or Oppert, de Blowitz was a relation of his. In this connection a well-known anecdote, or fact, is brought to mind by sensible Jews themselves, who are averse to the weakness of seemingly nobilitating a good Hebrew name.

M. Cohen, or Cahen, of Antwerp, the well-known musical writer —who had changed his name into "C. d'Anvers—one day, when going to see his friend, the banker Oppenheimer at Cologne, handed in a visiting card with that apparently aristocratic description. On making his return visit, Herr Oppenheimer chaffingly sent in a card of his own, on which was written: "O. de Cologne."

M. de Blowitz has been styled "the Father of the Interview." That is, however, a mistake. He certainly interviewed a great many notable men—sometimes without their being aware of the object of his visit. This afterwards gave rise to recrimination. But the horrors of the now well-established process of "interviewing" are originally of American make. M. de Blowitz only continued the existing custom.

When we were at Paris, he would have had a fine opportunity of interviewing. In the vast rooms of one of the largest hotels, about a hundred eminent friends of ours had been invited to an evening party. There were, among the guests, French members of Parliament, public writers, political economists, professors, scientists, archæologists: men of French, German, English, Belgian, Greek, Turkish, American, and other nationality; also the whole Chinese Embassy. But Blowitz was already so affected in his eyesight that he did not venture into that crowd of distinguished men.

In private conversation I found him pleasant and manifestly endeavouring to show himself as amiable as possible. Yet it is known that, on occasion, he could be most offensively satirical. The introductory words of his, when he came to see us, were of an appreciative kind towards those he visited, but did not go, as to flattery, beyond the bounds of good taste.

We spoke, among various other subjects, of the position and the prospects of the French Republic, for the maintenance of which he had often used his able pen. His observations were made in simple language, not free from a certain melancholy. They were utterly unlike the often stilted, grandiloquent, and ridiculously pompous style which he seemed to have acquired in France. The tone of his voice was that of goodheartedness.

Evidently he felt—and in this I was entirely of his opinion—that the Republican cause in France has yet to go through many life-and-death struggles, and that any lack of watchfulness, of cohesion, and of firmness among its various democratic groups may suddenly bring about the destruction of the Commonwealth by an energetic and unscrupulous army leader.

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During our conversation the eyes of Blowitz were already so weak that he had to lean forward quite close to get a glimpse of my face through his double glasses. This ailment of his may have tinged his utterances with the sadness and melancholy that characterised his bearing. His remarks, made in a quiet and subdued tone, showed good political sense and perspicacity on the subject of the future of the Republic, whose maintenance we all had at heart.

OBSERVER.

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THE MEDICAL KNOWLEDGE OF SHAKESPEARE.

I FEAR Dr. Knott did not do me the honour to read my article on "Lawyers and Shakespeare," in the February number of the WESTMINSTER REVIEW. He has actually perpetrated afresh the curious misquotation to which I there called attention. In last month's issue he writes as follows:

"But the most clearly defined expressions on this subject [viz., the circulation of the blood] occur in the first scenes of the play of *Coriolanus*. The stomach, replying to the attacks of its enemies, proceeds to say:

> "'True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
> That I receive the general food at first,
> Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
> Because I am the store-house and the shop
> Of the whole body; but, if you remember,
> I send it through the *veins* of your blood,
> Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain;
> And through the cranks and offices of man,
> The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
> From me receive that natural competency
> Whereby they live.'"

Now I pointed out (and, surely, Dr. Knott's ear should have told him this) that Shakespeare did not write "through the veins of your blood," but "through the *rivers* of your blood." I thought this might have been a mere printer's error, but a second offence calls, I think, for a protest, if only in the name of the outraged metrical sense!

But Dr. Knott may say that the correction does not affect his argument, which is that this passage indicates "a distribution of pabulum by the circulating fluid to the various tissues of the body, distinctly foreshadowing the outline of what is known at the present day." Now, in the first place, I would point out that the speech of Menenius Agrippa (*Coriolanus*, act i., sc. i.) is merely an amplification of what the author of the play had read in North's Plutarch. "It is true," says the belly, "I first receive all meats that nourish man's body; but afterwards I send it again to the nourishment of other parts of the same." And how was the belly supposed

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to send it? Obviously by "the rivers of the blood." Dr. Knott will, surely, not contend that it was not known to the ancients that there was *a* circulation of the blood—that the blood *flowed*, and that the veins acted as canals for the "distribution of pabulum." We are told by Harvey's biographer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* that:

"Aristotle taught that in man and the higher animals the blood was elaborated from the food in the liver, thence carried to the heart, and sent by it through the veins over the body. His successors of the Alexandrian School of Medicine, Erasistratus and Herophilus, further elaborated his system, and taught that, while the veins carried blood from the heart to the members, the arteries carried a subtle kind of air or spirit."

Galen, however, "discovered that the arteries were not, as their name implies, merely air-pipes, but that they contained blood as well as vital air or spirit." Again, "The physicians of the time of Linacre knew that the blood is not stagnant in the body. So did Shakespeare, and Homer, and every augur who inspected the entrails of a victim, and every village barber who breathed a vein." Plato, even, had said that the blood is carried with energy through all the members. Cæsalpinus had even made use of the word *circulatio*. But all this knowledge is dim, vague, and beset with errors. The glory of Harvey's discovery was that he proved the true nature and process of the circulation, and especially the true functions of the heart as the motor power of the movement of the blood.

Now, all that Shakespeare says, amplifying what he found in North's Plutarch, and using the common knowledge of the time, is that the belly receives the food as the storehouse of the whole body, but sends it through the rivers of the blood to the various parts, among which are mentioned not only the "strongest nerves," but the "small inferior veins," which by obscure processes ("the cranks and offices of man") receive from the belly "that natural competency whereby they live." Malone, by the way, points out that "the heart" and "the seat of the brain" are here in apposition, it being the belief of the ancients that the seat of reason—"the court"—was in the heart; in support of which he cites Camden, who tells this same story of "The Belly and the Members" in his "Remains," 1605, which work, as Malone conjectures, was before Shakespeare when he wrote, as well as North's Plutarch. But, however this may be, it seems quite clear that no peculiar knowledge beyond that of his contemporaries—no prophetic "foreshadowing," or anticipation of Harvey's great discovery—can be claimed for the poet on the strength of this quotation. In short, the passage seems to have no value whatever with reference to the question of Shakespeare's medical or scientific knowledge. It seems to me, if I may be forgiven for saying so, but one more of those mare's

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nests which are continually being found by the too-ingenious commentator.

Bacon, by the way, did not say that he had "taken all nature" for his "province," but "all knowledge" (*omne scibile*). I suspect that Dr. Knott is right in thinking that the medical attainments of Shakespeare and Bacon were about on a par!

G. G. GREENWOOD.

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CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

MUCH has been written, and probably more will continue to be written, on the weights and measures of the ancients. The subject is a fascinating one, but replete with difficulties, not so much for want of evidence, but because of the abundance of it. Not only the weights and measures themselves which have been handed down to us, but also public buildings and tombs have been used as means of identification of units of measurement. We need only refer to the various theories centring in the Egyptian pyramids as an instance of the difficulties surrounding the searcher for truth as to ancient measures. A valuable contribution to what we may venture to term antiquarian metrology has been made by Sir Charles Warren in his recent work on *The Ancient Cubit*.[1] Although we cannot quite agree with some of the theories propounded by the author, yet many of the coincidences which he has discovered between ancient and modern weights and measures are so remarkable that they can scarcely amount to mere coincidences. For instance, the primitive inch, as recorded in the Great Pyramid of Gizeh, according to the latest measurements of Mr. F. Petrie, is identical with our British inch. Our troy pound is 1 per cent. lighter than the ancient Roman pound, while the avoirdupois pound is 1·6 per cent. heavier; small variations after the lapse of so many centuries. Many similar links with the past have been unearthed by the author, and the careful research to which his pages bear witness deserves the gratitude of all who are interested in the records of antiquity.

The ease with which books can now be illustrated renders it possible to produce at a moderate price excellent and accurate works, especially on natural history, which are rapidly extending the study of biology and awakening an interest in our fellow-creatures. Such a work is Mr. Charles Dixon's *Open-air Studies in Bird Life*,[2] which is enriched with excellent illustrations by Mr. C. Whymper and others. Mr. Dixon's classification of his interesting and careful studies is an exceedingly practical one. The birds are arranged according to the haunts which they frequent, such as woodlands,

[1] *The Ancient Cubit and our Weights and Measures.* By Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Warren. Palestine Exploration Fund. London. 1903.

[2] *Open-air Studies in Bird Life.* By Charles Dixon. London: Charles Griffin and Co., Ltd. 1903.

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mountains, open fields, and downs. This arrangement enables the ornithological student to identify those birds which he is likely to meet with much more readily than when the usual classification according to families is adopted. The identification is much facilitated by sketches of the beaks of various birds; these are much more easily recognised than verbal descriptions of the plumage. In some cases the feet and claws are shown. Appearing, as it does, when so many of our summer migrants are arriving, Mr. Dixon's book will be a welcome addition to all libraries in the country.

Students of chemistry will be glad to learn that the third edition of Messrs. Dupré and Hake's *Manual of Inorganic Chemistry*[1] has been re-issued at a moderate price, which ought to render it accessible to all. The work is so well known that we need add nothing further in favour of it.

Another volume of the University Tutorial Series has recently been issued in the shape of the fifth, sixth, and eleventh books of *Euclid*,[2] by Mr. R. Deakin. The general arrangement of the work is similar to that of the previous volumes.

There is perhaps no country in which the weather is more carefully watched or has greater influence on the well-being of the population than India. A deficiency of rainfall at a critical period may mean starvation to millions of the inhabitants, who are entirely dependent upon the produce of the soil and too poor to buy imported food in times of scarcity. It is fortunate that the Indian Government are fully alive to the importance of keeping an accurate record of meteorological observations, which is the only basis upon which reliable forecasts are ever likely to be made. In order to secure perfect uniformity in the observations, Mr. J. Eliot, the director-general of Indian Observatories, has issued a volume of *Instructions*,[3] which deserves to be known in wider circles. Much of it is based upon the publications of the Royal Society, but there are many additions and practical suggestions which will be found useful to other observers placed in similar circumstances.

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

WE give a hearty welcome to Mr. A. B. Bullock's translation of Schopenhauer's famous essay on the *Basis of Morality*[4] which,

[1] *A Short Manual of Inorganic Chemistry.* By A. Dupré and H. W. Hake. Third Edition, re-issue. London: Charles Griffin & Co., Ltd. 1903.

[2] *Euclid: Books V., VI., XI.* By R. Deakin. London: W. B. Clive. 1903.

[3] *Instructions for Observers of the Indian Meteorological Department.* By J. Eliot. Calcutta: Government Printing Office. 1902.

[4] *The Basis of Morality.* By Arthur Schopenhauer. Translated, with Introduction and Notes, by Arthur Brodrick Bullock, M.A. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1903.

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though called by himself a "prize essay," was really rejected by the Danish Royal Society of Sciences in 1840. According to the judgment of the Society the essay was not approved because, so it is stated, the writer did not properly tackle the question submitted for competition, and that in the essay Schopenhauer had given just occasion of serious offence in referring to several philosophers of the highest standing in an unseemly manner. The philosophers referred to are especially Hegel and Fichte, for though Schopenhauer differs from Kant, and on some points criticises him severely, yet on the whole he treats Kant with respect and admits the value of some parts of his philosophy. But upon Hegel and Fichte he had no mercy. The passage which no doubt roused the ire of the Danish Royal Society is worth quoting—it follows his condemnation of Kant's attributing an absolute ethical authority to the practical reason: "Here, then (he says), is the origin of that philosophical method which appeared immediately after Kant, and which is made up of clap-trap, of mystification, of imposture, of deception, and of throwing dust in the eyes. This era will be known one day in the History of Philosophy as 'the Period of Dishonesty,' for it was signalised by the disappearance of the characteristic of honesty, of searching after truth in common with the reader, which was well marked in the writings of all previous philosophers. The philosopher's object was not to instruct but to befool his readers, as every page attests. At first Fichte and Schelling shine as the heroes of this epoch; to be followed by the man who is quite unworthy even of them and greatly their inferior in point of talent —I mean the stupid and clumsy charlatan, Hegel. The chorus is composed of a mixed company of professors of philosophy, who in solemn fashion discourse to their public about the Endless, the Absolute, and many other matters of which they can know absolutely nothing." This was burning his boats with a vengeance, and the aspirant for the prize could scarcely have been surprised that a respectable body like the Danish Royal Society would have none of it. But Schopenhauer has been vindicated and the idols dethroned. Dismissing Kant with his universal test and his categorical imperative, Schopenhauer set himself to establish a new basis of morality, and this he found in anti-egoism or compassion, as everybody knows. That he succeeded in establishing this we seriously doubt, as it appears to many that compassion is rather the end than the beginning of morality, and that loving-kindness is rather the child than the parent of justice. We frequently feel called upon to act with justice towards those for whom we feel no sympathy or compassion, and we are sometimes tempted to suspect that unchecked compassion is detrimental to morals. From his principle of compassion Schopenhauer derives two axioms to which no one can object: *Neminem laede; omnes, quantum potes, juva.* Finally, Schopenhauer

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passes into metaphysics in seeking an explanation of compassion itself, and this he finds in the identity of the ego and the non-ego, the "Εν καὶ πᾶν." Further we need not follow. But as Hegel was to Schopenhauer so is Schopenhauer himself to Nietzsche.

When we took up Professor R. Mackintosh's volume on *Hegel and Hegelianism*,[1] in "The Worlds Epoch-Makers" series, we naturally expected to find a complete vindication of the philosopher whom Schopenhauer despised. But even Dr. Mackintosh's admiration for Hegel is qualified and his praise is halting. Indeed, he sometimes approaches Schopenhauer himself in his admissions as to the character of Hegel's methods. He speaks of "the extraordinary and licentious logical laxity we find in Hegel"; and again he says, "one doubts whether Hegel's apparatus of grading is much better than sleight-of-hand." "Hegel is like a crystal gazer," or "like Hamlet studying the clouds," or "his system is like a kaleidoscope." There is nothing definitive in the system. "For a moment it might seem that we had a rock to build on; the next moment Hegel has proved that our supposed rock was the usual old quicksand." After this it scarcely seems worth while to go any further and attempt to find what the famous system of Hegel is supposed to be, and we are not surprised to learn that British Hegelianism is not Hegelianism at all but something else. One only wonders what such a man is doing amongst the "world's epoch-makers."

Swedenborgianism is the name given to a peculiar form of Christian theology which generally is little known or understood except by Swedenborgians; and Swedenborg as a philosopher, apart from his theology, is still less known. However, the Swedenborg Society, with a zeal that is almost unique, continues to publish fresh editions of the works of the great mystic. *The Infinite and the Final Cause of Creation*,[2] translated more than fifty years ago by Dr. Garth Wilkinson, is now reprinted, with a new introduction by Mr. L. F. Hite. Mr. Hite endeavours to show many ideas in recent philosophy were suggested or anticipated by Swedenborg.

We can express our admiration for Mr. Gough's laborious industry and extensive reading without committing ourselves to any agreement with the system he adopts in his voluminous work, *The Bible True from the Beginning*,[3] the eighth and last volume of which has now reached us. Put in plain English, his view is that the writers of the Bible did not mean what they said, but that in all they wrote they had a hidden meaning, which, apparently, it was left for

[1] *Hegel and Hegelianism.* By R. Mackintosh, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1903.

[2] *The Infinite and Final Cause of Creation; also the Intercourse between the Soul and the Body.* By Emanuel Swedenborg. Translated from the Latin, with introductory remarks, by James John Garth Wilkinson, M.D., &c. With a New Introduction by Lewis Field Hite, M.A. London: The Swedenborg Society. 1902.

[3] *The Bible True from the Beginning.* By Edward Gough, B.A. Vol. VIII. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1903.

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Mr. Gough to discover. Every presumably historical statement in the Bible is turned into a representation of some moral or spiritual "fact," though why one representation rather than another should be chosen we are unable to say. The method is purely arbitrary, and the results depend upon the fancy of the interpreter.

We have derived no small amount of pleasure from the study of Mr. Moorsom's *Companion to Hymns Ancient and Modern*.[1] It is just the kind of book that one often wishes for when one comes across some well-known hymn originally written in some other language. Generally speaking, the ancient hymns are far superior to the modern versions of them, and we are inclined to regret that English congregations are not able to sing them, especially the Latin, in their original form. Here, at any rate, they have the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the originals, and such an acquaintance would almost amount to a religious education.

The Makers of Hellas,[2] by E. E. G., is a long and learned work by which he seeks to prove that the Greeks were "the world's greatest pioneers and experimenters, whilst the value of their contributions to religion has generally been overlooked." St. Paul said of every nation of men "that it was determined that they should seek after God, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him." Now E. E. G.'s contention is that this people did not wholly fail in their search, the evidence of which is to be found, not in rites, but in the literature of Greece. "There are two facts which stare us in the face—viz., that in all ages men have been believers in the unseen, and also that the unseen has exercised over their lives an influence far transcending that of the seen, the visible." The author certainly appears to hold a very strong brief.

Aryanism, or that conception of history which attributes the moral and material gains of humanity to the all but exclusive influence of the Indo-European races, may be said to be somewhat exploded, the modern view being that the affinity of language existing among them does not imply the bond of consanguinity. To quote M. Reinach, "le concept aryen a singulièrement pâli, en attendant que quelque réaction érudite lui apporte un éclat renouvelé, et plus éblouissant peut-être que celui de son précédent zénith." Nevertheless, the writings of Count de Gobineau, an eccentric *savant* who died twenty years ago, have, of late years, attracted so much attention amongst the most ardent disciples of Richard Wagner, that a society (*Gobineau-Vereinigung*) has been founded

[1] *A Historical Companion to Hymns Ancient and Modern.* Containing the Greek and Latin; the German, Italian, French, Danish, and Welsh Hymns; the first lines of the English Hymns; the names of all Authors and Translators; Notes and Dates. Edited by the Rev. Robert Maude Moorsom, M.A. Second Edition. London: C. J. Clay & Sons. 1903.

[2] *The Makers of Hellas; A Critical Inquiry into the Philosophy and Religion of Ancient Greece.* By E. E. G. With Introduction, Notes, and Conclusion by Frank Byron Jevons, M.A., Litt.D. London: Charles Griffin & Co.

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for their translation into German. These views of northern imperialism are now analysed and discussed in a masterly way by M. Ernest Seillière in *Le Comte de Gobineau et l'Aryanisme historique.*[1]

In *Le Bienheureux Bernardin de Feltre et son œuvre*[2] the Capuchin Father de Besse, well known in France as an eloquent preacher and an active promoter of social work, tells a wonderful tale of the career of an early predecessor of his to whom miracles appear to have been meted out by the hundred. There is curious reading in this, which may edify the believing and amuse the sceptic. However, there is something more generally interesting related in this book of two volumes. There are vivid and instructive descriptions of the distress and the strange moral deterioration prevailing in Italy in the fifteenth century. And in the second volume we have the story of the first creation and early extension of those useful institutions which are now known as public pawnshops, savings banks, mortgage banks, and co-operative banks of every sort. Father Bernardin, in fact, was the original inventor of "Philanthropy and five per cent." without which the most educating and creative kind of beneficence could never have come into being. It is curious to observe how tenaciously some of the distinctive features of St. Bernardin's early *monti di pietà* have lived down in Italian savings banks and co-operative banks to the present day, although in its entirety, or quasi-entirety, the original *monte* has been preserved only in the one institution of the *Monte dei Paschi* of Siena. Father Ludovic's book is rather long, but it is throughout lively and well written, although becomingly devout.

In the *Theory of Education in Plato's Republic*,[3] Mr. John E. Adamson, Principal of the Normal School, Pretoria, has ably performed his self-set task of showing how Platonic ideas may illuminate modern educational problems. With Plato the subject of education is connected more immediately with the stability and permanence of the State in which justice is to be revealed: more remotely with the essentials of justice. The spirit of Plato's conception of education is this: a slow maturing of worthy habits and refined tastes in a healthy environment, to be followed by a close communion with what is highest and best during the whole course of a man's life. "We start," writes Mr. Adamson, "from the economic fact that for most men but a short span of years can be devoted to direct education, and we readily fall into the error of seeking to compress too much into that short period, and the even more fatal mistake of

[1] *Le Comte de Gobineau et l'Aryanisme historique.* Par Ernest Seillière. Paris: Librairie Plon. 1903.

[2] *Le Bienheureux Bernardin de Feltre et son œuvre.* Par le Père Ludovic de Besse, Capucin. Paris: Œuvre de St. François d'Assise. 1902.

[3] *The Theory of Education in Plato's Republic.* By John E. Adamson, M.A. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1903.

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endeavouring to give it a veneer of completeness. . . . The leaving of school, or the passing of a 'final,' is, too often, a great emancipation day."

There is no abler defender of philosophical and religious Theism than Dr. Robert Flint, and his recent volume on *Agnosticism*[1] is sure to receive a wide and warm welcome on all sides. It is written in such an admirable spirit of consideration and tolerance that it cannot offend those with whom he disagrees, while those who are disposed to agree with him will find much help and encouragement in his pages. Dr. Flint quite rightly protests against the restriction of the use of the term "agnostic" to those who reject religious belief, as, if it means anything, it means much more. The propriety of the use of the word at all is also questioned, as the object intended is better met by the established term "sceptic." However, as the word has come into vogue criticism is probably thrown away. Taking agnosticism in the wider sense, Dr. Flint gives an interesting historical sketch of its appearance at various times, and in various forms. In the present-day use of the term Dr. Flint distinguishes between religious agnosticism and anti-religious agnosticism, and admits that the second is the more logical. But it ought to be borne in mind that Huxley introduced the term as a protest, not against rational religion, but against the unfounded claim certain religious people make to a familiar knowledge of God, of the Divine economy, and of the future life. Dr. Flint argues throughout as if theologians had never made any claim to a knowledge of things of which they were inevitably ignorant, and that all agnostics were guilty of refusing to accept what is at heart reasonable evidence for certain beliefs. Indeed, it appears to us that Dr. Flint grants all that a reasonable agnostic can ask. He says, "All belief ought to be reasonable. We have no right to believe what we do not know to be true. Evidence should be the measure of assent." No wonder he adds that for this he has been called a rationalist—the wonder is that he has not been called an agnostic. The demand of the theologian has often been that we should believe without evidence, or even against evidence. Again, speaking of the prevalence of false religious beliefs, he admits that there is plainly far too much assurance and far too little hesitation in a vast number of minds as regards what is true and what is false in such matters. We cannot help but think that if all religious people had been as careful as Dr. Flint we should not have heard so much about agnosticism. As Dr. Flint appears to reduce, or rather raise, religious belief to an acceptance of spiritual theism, we find no cause to quarrel with him upon that ground. But he lays down one proposition which suggests a problem that does not seem to

[1] *Agnosticism.* By Robert Flint, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1903.

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have occurred to him. He says: "The mere probability that there is a God lays us under the strongest obligations to seek Him with earnestness in every way within our reach. If He may be known it is criminal in us not to know Him." Surely one might suggest, with all reverence, that it is for God to make Himself known to us. The writer of the 139th Psalm felt that it was impossible for him to escape from the consciousness of the Divine presence, which seems to us a more religious conception than Dr. Flint's. Curiously enough also, Dr. Flint maintains that a unitarian conception is inadequate, and the trinitarian conception the only one in which reason can rest as self-consistent. He further says that all the more thoughtful trinitarian divines of the present day endeavour to make it apparent that the doctrine of the Trinity is not one which has been merely imposed by external authority, but one which satisfies reason, &c. Divines are fond of endeavouring to make things appear what they are not, and we greatly doubt if the doctrine of the Trinity would ever have survived if it had not been imposed by external authority. "God," he says, "cannot be thought of consistently as, *e.g.*, Absolute Life, Absolute Intelligence, and Absolute Love, unless He be thought of in a trinitarian manner," this is purely arbitrary, as we might by adding other attributes—with as much justice contend that God can only be consistently thought of in septenarian manner. After all our criticisms we are bound to say that Dr. Flint's book is one of the most fair and able upon the subject.

SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, AND JURISPRUDENCE.

In *To-day and To-morrow in Ireland: Essays on Irish Subjects*[1] Mr. Stephen Gwynn has given some admirable pictures of Irish life. There is no attempt here to offer a systematic "view of the state of Ireland." The only bond of union between these essays is the treatment of the influences—material, intellectual and spiritual—which are in operation in Ireland to-day. Mr. Gwynn is a Nationalist in politics; but with Ireland placed upon the same constitutional basis as Canada he is prepared to become "as good an Imperialist as Sir Wilfrid Laurier." The tendency of British Imperialism, says Mr. Gwynn, is in the direction of the further strengthening of local control and individual life everywhere but in Ireland. In the Colonies, where Imperialism is undisputed, local interests are placed before Imperial interests. When Ireland has similar privileges of

[1] *To-day and To-morrow in Ireland: Essays on Irish Subjects.* By Stephen Gwynn. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co., Ltd. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 1903.

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self-government, "patriotism in Ireland will take on the same aspect." Of the danger of Home Rule Mr. Gwynn is sceptical. In the event of a European war Ireland would be disaffected and would require a strong garrison. If she had the colonial status Mr. Gwynn believes she would have the same motive as the Colonies for coming to the help of the Empire. Of the author's analysis of Irish character we cannot speak too highly. He clearly shows how the deadening level of poverty, stretching through seven centuries of oppression, has left the Irish without the slightest wish to improve their material position. To them the Anglo-Saxon doctrine of economic progress is meaningless. And yet he is careful to point out how those same people rise superior to their physical surroundings. Squalid and sordid as their lives are from an economic aspect, they are keenly alive to the poetic and sentimental sides of their environment. Poor they may be, but not unhappy. The doctrine of the progress of humanity will of course in the end prevail, and when they lose their suspicion of new movements and begin to appreciate the advantages offered, they will succeed as easily in the old country as they now succeed in our Colonies and the United States.

In *The Political Re-organisation of the People*[1] Mr. Sanders endeavours to show that the time has come for the organisation of a third party and for its introduction into the political arena. He admits, as he is bound to do, that in this country third parties have up to now proved failures; but, believing that the distinctions between Liberalism and Conservatism have disappeared, he considers there is ample justification for an independent Democratic party. We quite agree that official Liberalism has been far to seek of late years. We quite agree that the trail of Manchester *laisser faire* is still over it; but we do not agree that Liberalism and Conservatism are convertible terms. Since the world began two great forces have been in constant operation and at war with one another—the principle of progress, or Liberalism; and the principle of reaction, or Conservatism. As long as civilisation lasts, so long will these two forces continue to play their parts under whatever names we may apply. Surely the recent reactionary measures of the present Government are sufficient to make abundantly clear the essential difference between the principles of Liberalism and Conservatism. With the Manchester School eliminated there is no necessity for a third party however democratic. Under the old Liberal banner all men of progression can and ought to unite. Conservatism may be intelligent opportunism, as Lord Hugh Cecil has said, but it will never become progressive in the true sense of the word. Recent elections have proved the tremendous force behind a Liberal and Labour alliance. Together, both can fight and destroy the present party in power—a party resting on

[1] *The Political Re-organisation of the People.* By William Sanders. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd. 1902.

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privilege, caste and wealth; a party which is the natural enemy of Liberalism and Labour alike. A Labour party acting alone on its own selfish lines is little better than the plutocratic power it seeks to destroy. United with Liberalism it rests on a broader and higher basis, with great traditions and a national past of which any party may be proud. Mr. Sanders appears to us to be entirely wrong in his premises. If he is right we should be sorry for the future of our country. A Labour party pitted against a Unionist party would simply mean a war to the death between "The haves and The haves not," a sordid and miserable end to our political progress. The great mass of Liberals throughout the country are thoroughly alive to the great doctrine of the progress and elevation of humanity. We cannot congratulate Mr. Sanders upon his ethical ideas of present-day politics. There is nothing in his programme which is not already favoured by the progressive Liberal.

Women under the Factory Act[1] is an attempt to show in simple language the position of women under the Factory and Workshops Amendment Act, 1901, which has consolidated, and in many respects amended, the industrial law in this country. Miss Nora Vynne appears to have been chiefly responsible for the book. She has had the assistance of Miss Helen Blackburn, a lady well known in this sphere of economics, and also of Mr. H. W. Allason, who has been consulted on technical points of law. The treatment is twofold. Part I. deals with the position of the employer under the Act; Part II. of the position of the employed. The objects of the authors are: first, to make clear what each class may do and what each may not do; and, secondly, to bring before the public the exact legal status of women workers among the poor. In effecting these objects they are careful to point out the distinction between restriction and protection. They also, whilst advising strict obedience to restrictions, urge that such restrictions should be removed or modified in accordance with public opinion. As we have pointed out, offences against laws which have ceased to have the sanction of public morality ought not to be regarded as offences deserving punishment. Many instances of such restrictions are given by the authors which are manifestly absurd. And yet, if the hands rebel and commit a breach they will be punished. This is a work which will appeal to many, other than those women workers for whom it has been written.

Is Liberty Asleep?[2] is the title of a series of essays by Mr. Allan H. Bright. It is a spirited protest against present political reaction. In comparing three Prime Ministers—Pitt, Peel, and Lord Rosebery—Mr. Bright shows that though party names may change,

[1] *Women under the Factory Act.* By Nora Vynne and Helen Blackburn. With the assistance of H. W. Allason, M.A., Solicitor on Technical Points of Law. London and Oxford: Williams & Norgate. 1903.

[2] *Is Liberty Asleep?* By Allan H. Bright. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1903.

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the root principles remain the same. The Tory of Pitt's day may present a different appearance now, but the fundamental principle of Toryism, says Mr. Bright, is the same—the protection of vested interests—although the form which it now takes is the insidious one of grants-in-aid to the privileged classes. Mr. Bright touches upon a number of the burning questions of the day, from devolution in the House of Commons to the Venezuela muddle. In all he has something original to say and he is stimulating without being wearisome.

Books without stint upon the South African problem have poured from the Press and yet we seem as far from the real facts of the situation as ever. *Africanderism, The Old and the Young*,[1] by Anglo-Africander, is an attempt to give an impartial account of this tangled business, viewed from a standpoint which has seldom been taken. The writer's main point is that there are two Africanderisms, the one a natural growth from social rather than racial origin; the other adventitious and largely artificial, the result of political intrigue, the work of such Dutch-speaking officials as Reitz and Hofmeyer. From the days of the Dutch occupation the first existed. Amongst the Dutch colonists of the Cape existed two parties—the town or coast colonists and the farmers or Boers. As we have ourselves pointed out in this REVIEW, long before the British occupation, the Boers objected to the rule of the townsmen or official class, and their subsequent hatred to British rule was merely antipathy to any rule at all. Recognising that we shall have the Boers always with us, the author bids us beware of the young Africander. He is not killed, only scotched. "Give the least hope that independence or quasi-independence may be one day restored to the Republics, and he will be found trading as before on Boer ignorance and Boer Anglophobia."

Public Morals[2] consists of a collection of essays by a number of writers well known as workers in the field of social morality. They belong for the most part to the school of Christian Socialists. Bishop Barry is responsible for the first paper, on the "Duty of the Church of Christ against Impurity," and this forms the keynote to the book. Other contributors are Canon Lyttleton on "The Moral Training of Youths," Mrs. Ormiston Chant on "Women and the Streets," Mrs. Bramwell Booth on "Principles of Rescue Work," and Canon Barnett, Dr. Heston, Dr. Russel Wallace on remedies for "The Social Evil." These writers and others are introduced by the Bishop of Rochester. We need scarcely say that these essays are for the most part broad-minded, practical, and educative. At the same time, from our point of view, they would have gained in

[1] *Africanderism, The Old and the Young.* By Anglo-Africander. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. 1902.

[2] *Public Morals.* Preface by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Rochester (Edward Stuart Talbot, D.D.). London: Morgan & Scott.

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strength if the writers had as a whole recognised that morality can exist apart from religion. If the patient can be induced to lead a moral life by an appeal to religious faith and precepts, well and good. But what if the particular creed or faith has no meaning to him? Then the whole superstructure falls to the ground. As we have often urged, morality is a growth quite apart from all creeds and dogmas. It does not require the support of any God or inspired doctrines. Right for right's sake and the good of humanity, is after all, the highest form of religion.

Students of comparative jurisprudence are greatly indebted to Mr. C. H. W. Johns, Lecturer in Assyriology, Queen's College, Cambridge, who has enabled them to study what he rightly describes as "one of the most important monuments in the history of the human race." In a small volume entitled *The Oldest Code of Law in the World*,[1] he has introduced us to the full text of the Code of Hammurabi, King of Babylonia from B.C. 2285 to 2242. For many years fragments of this Code have been known, but it is only a little more than twelve months since the complete Code inscribed upon a block of black diorite has been discovered.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Une Saison en Nouvelle-Zélande[2] is, as the author remarks, written from a personal point of view; the idea of the book being to preserve for himself and a few friends a record of his stay in the Antipodes. Necessarily, therefore, the work is full of narrative and incident, unweighted with social inquiries or political views. Two things seem to have vividly impressed Monsieur de Ségur—the development of the civilisation of this new country, rivalling that of Europe, and the immediate contiguity of another and different community still primitive and of an almost pre-historic type. It is in this that lies the peculiar charm of this colony. The author is extremely complimentary to the race which has been able to raise up such a civilization in so short a time. The work is well illustrated.

It is not given to many women to write an extremely simple, interesting book of her travels,[3] giving her impressions and describing the manners and customs of the very old world and the new through which she journeyed. The authoress speaks most enthusiastically of India and native hospitality, and the book is enhanced immensely by the numerous photographs taken by herself.

[1] *The Oldest Code in the World.* The Code of Laws Promulgated by Hammurabi, King of Babylon, B.C. 2285–2242. Translated by C. H. W. Johns, M.A. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clarke. 1903.

[2] *Une Saison en Nouvelle-Zélande.* Par Gaston De Ségur. Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie. 1901.

[3] *Mon Tour du Monde.* Par la Comtesse du Bourg de Bozas. Paris: Librairie Plon.

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HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

The Tutorial History of England,[1] by Mr. C. S. Fearenside, whilst mainly intended for use in the upper forms of schools, will be found an invaluable text-book for examination purposes. The candidate for honours would be ill-advised to neglect so readable a compendium when finally reviewing his subject, whereas the passman will nowhere else find his wants so well catered for as here. The work is liberally furnished with maps, plans, and genealogical tables; indeed, owing to the abundance of cross-references and to the admirably lucid arrangement of the chapters—each of which, from the Danish Kings downwards, is preceded by headings labelled respectively Personal Details, Contemporary Rules, Topics of the Period—we venture to prophesy that it will prove a dangerous rival to all existent text-books of the kind, and eventually oust many of them from the field.

Out of the 103 parishes into which the province of Verona is divided, only twelve possess documents of a date anterior to the fall of the Venetian Republic. The materials from which Signor Ciro Ferrari compiled *Com'era amministrato un Comune del Veronese*[2] consist of two parchment-bound volumes dating from the first years of the sixteenth century, supplemented by other documents from the archives of Tregnago and Verona. The work throws a vivid light on the inner life of an outlying mountain *commune*, far from the giddy whirl of the Renaissance.

We have lately received from Rome a reprint, in phamphlet form, of a review of *Il Libro di de Wet* (*Three Years' War*, by Christian Rudolf de Wet), which appeared in the October number of the *Nuova Antologia*. The review is of the nature of a careful analysis, free from partisan bias.

Sir James H. Ramsay has, in *The Angevin Empire*,[3] given the public a further instalment of the important work he began in *The Foundations of England* and resumed in *Lancaster and York*. It is to be hoped by all who recognise the crying need for a verified and consecutive narrative of the Annals of England, rather than the dogmatic impressions of individual historians, that Sir James H. Ramsay intends, in a subsequent volume, to treat of the period intervening between the death of John and the beginning of the Wars of the Roses. Special attention is given to military affairs, *e.g.*, the minute investigation, illustrated by two plans and a map, of the arrangement of the opposing forces at the Battle of Bouvines,

[1] *The Tutorial History of England.* By C. S. Fearenside, M.A. London: W. B. Clive, University Tutorial Press. 1903.

[2] *Com'era amministrato un Comune del Veronese al principio del Sec. XVI.* (*Tregnago dal 1505 al 1510*). Da Ciro Ferrari. Verona: Stabilimento Tipo-Lit. G. Franchini. 1903.

[3] *The Angevin Empire; or, the Three Reigns of Henry II., Richard I., and John.* By Sir James H. Ramsay, of Banff, M.A. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1903.

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which settled the future of France by rendering the ultimate reduction of the soil of Gaul under the sway of the Kings of Paris merely a question of time. The author rightly insists on the necessity of checking the extraordinary exaggeration of chroniclers, in respect to numbers of men or sums of money, by comparison with more authentic personal or Record evidence, "the last being the only authority really trustworthy. . . . Whether dealing with the strength of an army, or the produce of a tax, the student *primâ facie* will do well to take one-tenth of any number given if he would arrive at a prudent estimate. In some cases that proportion would be found too large."

BELLES LETTRES.

MR. A. J. WYATT'S excellent edition of Chaucer's *Prologue and Nun Priest's Tale*,[1] though primarily intended to meet the requirements of candidates at the London Intermediate Arts examination in 1904, may well serve as an introduction to the study of Middle English poetry. It is a model of condensed scholarship; the notes are short and to the point, and the glossaries are such as satisfy all philological tests. Chaucer's mastery of the technique of versification, though halting and unmusical lines occasionally occur, may almost be regarded as a discovery of the nineteenth century. Hence, to appreciate Chaucerian poetry aright, it is imperative to know when the syllabic final *e* is sounded, and when it is not. Mr. Wyatt not only clears up all difficulties on this score, but adds, in an appendix, a table of phonetic values of simple vowel sounds.

The Egyptian vernacular differs in many respects from the more classical Arabic of Syria; for instance, the natives of Cairo cannot articulate three consonants in quick succession, and with them the *q* sound becomes a mere hiatus. *A Manual of the Spoken Arabic of Egypt*,[2] by Mr. J. S. Willmore, comprises a short grammar and an English-Arabic vocabulary of current words and phrases. The system of transliteration adopted is simple, yet adequate for the needs of intelligent tourists.

We have just received from Mr. Fisher Unwin an excellently-printed, popular edition of *The Stickit Minister and some Common Men*—the work by which Mr. R. S. Crockett at once secured a place among the most original story-writers of the present day.

In his "Introduction" to *The Age of Shakespeare*,[3] Professor Hales

[1] *Chaucer: Canterbury Tales. The Prologue and Nun Priest's Tale.* Edited by A. J. Wyatt, M.A. London: W. B. Clive, University Tutorial Press.

[2] *A Manual of the Spoken Arabic of Egypt.* By J. Selden Wilmore, M.A. London: David Nutt. 1903.

[3] *The Age of Shakespeare (1579–1631).* By Thomas Seccombe and J. W. Allen. 2 vols. London: George Bell & Sons. 1903.

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summarises the conditions and circumstances that combined to render the Elizabethan period unique in the annals of all literature. The first of these compact volumes, which is entitled *Poetry and Prose*, begins with the year 1579, when *The Shepheardes Calendar*—"the earliest published poem of the first great English poet since Chaucer"—saw the light, and ends with the appearance of the Authorised Version of the Bible (1611). The second volume is devoted to the evolution of the drama from the precursors of Shakespeare down to Ben Jonson and his contemporaries. In a work so encyclopædic in its range as this, any attempt at detailed reviewing is, of course, impossible. We notice with satisfaction the entire absence of that lyrical note which has marred the criticism of so many scholars, from Charles Lamb to Mr. Swinburne. The Chronological Table adds value to a work which may, without exaggeration, be pronounced indispensable to all serious students of Elizabethan literature.

Taking for his key-note the lines from Shelley:

> "Son and Mother, Death and Sin,
> Played at dice for Ezelin,
> Till Death cried, 'I win! I win!'"

Mr. Eugène Lee-Hamilton has woven, in *The Lord of the Dark Red Star*,[1] a fascinating and wholly original romance, in the weird vein familiar to all readers of Dr. Maurus Jókai, around the person of Frederick II.'s inhuman Imperial Vicar—the vilest of all the Ghibeline despots. The holy and heroic lives of the hermit, Fra Luca, and Gisla, the long-suffering wife of Ezelin, together with the courageous devotion of Lionello serve to relieve the picture of absolute gloom. The style is admirable; rhythmical at times, but never surcharged with colour.

The issue of a cheap edition of *Lady Wilmerding of Maison Rouge*[2] may be taken as a proof that the works of Dr. J. Duncan Craig enjoy some measure of popularity, at any rate amongst that restricted class of readers who enjoy a sensational novel, provided it be interlarded with sermons and moral reflections. The story is neither convincing nor well constructed. Surely the long unlovely streets of some London suburb would form a less incongruous setting for a Low Church drama than the romantic scenery of the Riviera?

In view of the present crisis in education, the Prefatory Essay to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*,[3] vol. xxxii., is perhaps of more general interest than any separate article that has hitherto appeared

[1] *The Lord of the Dark Red Star: being the Story of the Supernatural Influences in the Life of an Italian Despot of the Thirteenth Century.* By Eugène Lee-Hamilton. London and Newcastle-on-Tyne: The Walter Scott Publishing Co. 1903.

[2] *Lady Wilmerding of Maison Rouge: A Tale of the Riviera.* By T. Duncan Craig. London: Elliot Stock.

[3] *Encyclopædia Britannica.* Vol. XXXII. Pribiloff Islands—Stowmarket. London: The *Times*, Printing House Square.

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in this work. Frankly accepting the Darwinian theory of evolution, Mr. Karl Pearson, writing on "The Function of Science in the Modern State," sounds a note of warning against the abuse of County Council scholarships. "Let there be a ladder then, that indisputable capacity may climb to the place where it is most wanted, but the nation needs that the great bulk of its members shall work at the same tasks as their forefathers. . . . Make it easy for the Michael Faradays to climb, but only for such as he was; the increase of the intellectual proletariat is a sign not of efficiency but of chaos in national education. . . . These County Council scholars are on the average not up to mean middle-class intelligence. . . . The bitterness of failure is upon those who, scholarships ended, sink to usherdom in small private schools, or to second-rate draughtsmen in engineering works." Dr. Oelsner contributes a highly interesting article on "Provençal Literature (1350-1900)," and Mr. J. Fitzmaurice Kelly deals with that of Modern Spain. Here the genius of that gifted poet, Christina Georgina Rossetti, finds due recognition, while the merits of her brother, Dante Gabriel, as an artist, form the subject of Mr. F. G. Stephen's sympathetic criticism. Of the longer articles, that on "Schools of Painting" is one of the most elaborate. Very rightly, the "Roman Catholic Church" is dealt with by Cardinals Vaughan and Gibbons. Professor W. R. Morfill's account of recent "Russian Literature" is terse but brilliant. There is an elaborate article on "Railways" by a group of specialists.

Signor Loforte-Randi, in his four striking studies in *Nelle Letterature Straniere: "Poeti,"*[1] displays, in a marked degree, the merits and defects of Mr. Swinburne as a critic. These essays alternate between lyrical rapture and savage diatribe. The lyrical note is loudest in his appreciations of Shakespeare and Shelley. Mr. Churton Collins, however, has quite recently exploded the myth that Shakespeare was *un ignorante di genio*, or an ignoramus endowed with genius. Signor Loforte-Randi claims for Byron a high place as the author of *Don Juan*, and pleads, in a prefatory note, justification for his own ferocious attack on Goethe's *Faust*. Never before have the praises of Shelley been so splendidly sung, partly from the critic's sympathy with the revolutionary spirit; partly from an intense admiration of our most intellectual and most supersensually passionate poet.

Under the Iron Flail,[2] by John Oxenham, may possibly prove appetising fare for literary palates not yet jaded by the plentiful crop of romances produced by the Franco-Prussian war. The character of Elrode Eason Smartee, the eccentric American philanthropist, who accompanied his own ambulance throughout the

[1] *Nelle Letterature Straniere.* (Quinta Serie). "*Poeti.*" Da Andrea Loforte-Randi. Palermo: Alberto Reber. 1903.

[2] *Under the Iron Flail.* By John Oxenham. London: Cassell & Co. 1903.

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campaign until he was grievously injured by a shell, is a clever and original creation. But why did the author spoil a good story by selecting for his abnormally wicked villain a Jesuit of the stock, melodramatic pattern invented by Eugène Sue?

It cannot be reasonably contended that, either in plot or construction, *Truth*[1] is on a level with the earlier novel-sequence by which Émile Zola gained his fame, and proved himself the spiritual successor of Honoré de Balzac. All men must respect him for the brave way in which he took up the cudgels on behalf of Dreyfus; but the political and religious animosities engendered in him by that conflict seem to have exercised a deteriorating influence on the artistic quality of this novel, which owes its origin to it. Mr. E. A. Vizetelly's translation reads smoothly enough; the trifling slip of "'take' (instead of 'make') his First Communion," on page 9, being probably a printer's error. The preface, which contains an eloquent testimony of Mr. Vizetelly's admiration of, and affection for, the dead author, conveys a salutary warning against "mixed marriages." "It is certain that a difference of religious belief is a most serious danger for all who enter the marriage state, and that it leads to the greatest misery, the absolute wrecking of many homes."

Mr. E. Kay Robinson was well advised in publishing in book form, under the title of *My Nature Notebook*,[2] his charming series of articles on the passing seasons, which have already delighted the readers of the *Daily Graphic*. His records, always shrewd, are at times eloquent, *e.g.*, those on the life of the queen wasp in "The Foundation of an Insect City." Blank pages are provided for naturalists desirous of recording their personal observations.

We have received from Mr. T. Fisher Unwin a sixth edition, revised and enlarged, of *Public Speaking and Debate*, by George Jacob Holyoake. No better guide to this difficult art exists; it ought to be studied by all who are preparing to take an active part in public life.

Gulliver Joe,[3] by Jonathan Quick, is a clever skit on Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's tour in South Africa. If at times the humour seems somewhat forced and also in doubtful taste, it is, nevertheless, distinctly amusing.

All students of early English are, or should be, acquainted with Mr. T. Wright's edition of *The Book of the Knight of La Tour-Landry*, published in 1868 for the E.E.T.S. This text is in many respects superior to Caxton's translation—from which it occasionally borrows—entitled, *The Booke of Thenseygnementes and Techynge that the Knyght of the Towre made to his Doughters by the Chevalier Geoffroy*

[1] *Truth* (*Vérité*). By Émile Zola. Chatto & Windus. 1903.
[2] *My Nature Notebook*. By E. Kay Robinson. London: Isbister & Co. 1903.
[3] *Gulliver Joe*. By Jonathan Quick, Dean of St. Pattrick's. London: Isbister and Co.

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de la Tour-Landry,[1] which Miss (?) Gertrude Burford Rawlings has recently edited, with a short but sufficient glossary. Caxton's spelling has been faithfully reproduced; but, by the omission of the coarser and more tedious chapters, the work has been reduced to about half its original length. Miss Rawlings has exercised commendable judgment in her selection, but the utility of Bowdlerising a work of this description may be fairly questioned. It remains, however, an elegant specimen of fifteenth-century English. The engravings reflect as much credit on the artist as does the *format* on the publisher.

The Transit of the Red Dragon and other Tales,[2] by Eden Phillpotts, form a volume of exceptionally clever stories of an exciting character, which every one ought to buy or borrow. The first of the three stories relates to treasure-trove; the rest are about diamonds.

To classical scholars, M. Victor Bérard is known as the author of two important monographs, viz., *Les Phéniciens et l'Odyssée* and *De l'Origine des Cultes arcadiens*. He has also written books on Macedonia, Turkey, Crete, and other subjects of a politico-historical nature. His *Questions Extérieures* (1901-1902)[3] have been developed from a series of articles published by him in the *Revue de Paris*. The seven chapters, or rather treatises, of which the last named work is composed, deal with England in relation to the Transvaal and Japan; the prospects of the Panama Canal; Tripoli as the key to Africa; Turkish railways; the position of Alphonsus XIII., &c. M. Bérard views with dismay the dominant note of British policy at the present day. "Imperialist England is pursuing to-day the ways of Philip II.: we know whither they lead; if, unfortunately for her and for mankind, she follows this line, every year will signalise a fresh step towards aristocratic indolence and bigoted indolence. She will become what her Australian Colonies are already, viz., a community of fine gentlemen, speculators, and noble 'do nothings.'" The work is amply furnished with statistics and references.

We heartily welcome a book of stories from the pen of Jean de la Brète, the author of *Mon Oncle et mon Curé*—one of the most delightful French novels for young people—and their elders—which it has been our pleasure to notice for several years. *Conte Bleu*[4] is the romantic story of a poor and unknown young man's love, for a handsome and rich maiden. *Amour Lointain* may be mentioned as another charming story contained in the volume.

[1] *The Booke of Thensegnementes and Techynge that the Knyght of the Towre made to his Doughters by the Chevalier Geoffroy de la Tour-Landry.* Edited, with Notes and a Glossary, by Gertrude Burford Rawlings. London: George Newnes.

[2] *The Transit of the Red Dragon and other Tales.* By Eden Phillpotts. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith. 1903.

[3] *Questions Extérieures (1901-1902).* Par Victor Bérard. Paris: Librarie Armand Colin.

[4] *Conte Bleu.* Par Jean de la Brète. Paris: Librairie Plon.

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A good deal of attention has lately been called in France to one of the most pathetic heroines of the Court of Louis XIV.[1] M. Lair has added several new chapters to his work, compiled from unpublished MSS., one of the most interesting, with reference to the history of Paris and St. Germain, being the one on the different houses in which Louise de la Vallière passed her sad life; with confirmatory plans of Paris, and the reproduction of hitherto unknown paintings and portraits of "La Carmelite."

The appearance of the twelfth remodelled edition of Baedeker's well-known *Guide to Italy*[2] is the best evidence of the well-deserved popularity of these excellent guide-books.

We have also received a new edition of Mr. M. J. B. Baddeley's really "Thorough" *Guide to Yorkshire*[3] and the country between the north-east main line and the sea, as well as of the castle and cathedral of Durham.

POETRY.

The premature death of that profound Orientalist Mr. E. W. Gibb, on December 5, 1901, would have proved an irreparable loss to science had not the unfinished MS. of his monumental work, *A History of Ottoman Poetry*,[4] been entrusted for publication to Prof. Edward G. Browne. The first volume appeared in 1882, and was entitled, *Ottoman Poems translated into English Verse in the Original Forms.* Volume II., the manuscript of which contained many *lacunæ*, embraces the first seventy years of the "Classical Period" (1450–1520), and ends with the death of Selim I. The learned editor of the foregoing tells us that he faithfully adheres to the author's principles of translation and transliteration. "In order to understand aright the relationship between the literatures (*Persian, Ottoman, Turkí Urdu*, or *Pushtu*) of the non-Muhammedan peoples, we should conceive of them as forming together a single unit, to which we might give the name of West-Asiatic literature." In this sense Ottoman poetry should be described as a branch of Persian rather than as an imitation. The faults of Turkish poetry are affectation, pedantry, and artificiality. All such poetry up to late in the nineteenth century is marked by "preciosity," just as if the English poets had from the days of Spenser persisted in writing

[1] *Louise de la Vallière et la Jeunesse de Louis XIV.* Par J. Lair. Paris: Librairie Plon.

[2] Baedeker's *Guide to Italy.* Part I. Twelfth edition. London: Dulau & Co.

[3] *Yorkshire.* Part I. By M. J. B. Baddeley. London: Dulau & Co.

[4] *A History of Ottoman Poetry.* By the late E. J. W. Gibb, M.R.A.S. Vol. II. Edited by Edward G. Browne, M.A., M.B. London: Luzac & Co. 1902.

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in the artificial idiom of the "Faerie Queene." The Renaissance in Europe failed to touch Islam; at the close of the sixteenth century the Turk was to all intents and purposes the same as his ancestors of the days of Osmán was. Hence the poetry of this second period is wholly mediæval. With it "we enter into an ideal world. The voices of theologians and schoolmen are silent, and in their stead we hear the lover's sigh and the nightingale's lament. The poets seem to move in an enchanted land full of blooming roses and singing birds and beauties fair beyond all telling . . . we are in the realm between heaven and earth, where the mystic love has met the human and joined hands, and the two have become one. And so it were vain to ask what we see in the sweet face of some mortal fair one, or a flash from the eternal beauty, a glimpse of God's own self." Two stanzas from the Murebba of Mesíhí—that famous "Ode on Spring" which is to Ottoman literature what the *Pervigilium Veneris* is to that of Rome—must here suffice as a sample of the translator's skill and of the Turkish muse at her best:

"Hark the nightingale a-warbling: 'Now are come the days o' spring!'
Thronged are all the garden-ways, for such the merry ways o' spring.
There the almond-tree bescatters silvery showers, sprays o' spring.
Drink, be gay; for soon will vanish, biding not, the days o' spring!

. . . . .

"With the fragrance of the garden so imbued the murky air,
Every dew-drop, ere it reacheth earth, is turned to attar rare;
O'er the earth the heavens spread the incense-cloud's pavilion fair.
Drink, be gay; for soon will vanish, biding not, the days o' spring!"

We heartily congratulate Prof. E. G. Browne on the brilliant manner in which he has performed this portion of his task, and eagerly look forward to the appearance of the remaining volumes.

David and Bathshua,[1] by the author of *Ad Astra* and *Songs and Lyrics*, is undoubtedly the most noteworthy achievement in the domain of poetic drama that has appeared in England for some years past. Whether there does or does not exist at the present day a play-going public sufficiently in sympathy with the dramatisation of a Biblical theme, and, at the same time, sufficiently cultured as to appreciate blank verse of high distinction, is a question which we are, happily, not called on to decide. The name Bathshua—selected, obviously for metrical reasons, instead of the more familiar Bathsheba, of which it is a weakened variant—only occurs in a single passage, viz., 1 Chronicles iii., 5, in the Old Testament. Mr. C. W. Wynne seems to have taken for his model the plays of Mr. Swinburne, and, for the quibbling and clowning of his prose dialogues, imitated, though with indifferent success, the Eliza-

[1] *David and Bathshua; a Drama in Five Acts.* By Charles Whitworth Wynne. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1903.

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bethans. His lyrics, which rarely rise above mere prettiness and often fall below that level, are reminiscent of light opera as, for instance, the opening chorus. It is interesting to compare Mr. Wynne's minute description of his heroine with that in George Peele's last play, which bears the same title:

> "Fairer than Isaac's lover at the well,
> Brighter than inside bark of new-hewn cedar,
> Sweeter than flames of fine-perfumèd myrrh,
> And comelier than silver clouds that dance
> On Zephyr's wings before the King of Heaven."

The finest passage is Merab's speech to Saul:

> "A woman injured is far more to be fear'd
> Than twenty men; men know not how to hate,
> Their hates disperse like mists before the sun:
> But woman, when she hates, hates once for all,
> Hates with a fury that no force may quell,
> Hates with a hate for ever at white heat
> Till it burn on to vengeance, or consume
> The vessel that can hold such bateless fire."

The fourth act vibrates with David's passion for Uriah's virgin bride, who yields herself up in tremulous ecstasy:

> "O David, David! (*sinking in his arms*)
> The stars are going out: I faint: I fail (*swoons*)."

A sin of human frailty finds its natural sequence in one of Machiavelian wickedness; divine justice must be satisfied ere peace can descend on the culprits' hearts; Nathan consoles Bathshua with the promise that

> "Thro' thee shall spring a line of mighty kings,
> And mightiest He that is the lowliest born!"

And David, having put off the signs of mourning, embraces her, exclaiming:

> "And thou, O queenly heart!
> As thou'st endured thro' all my years of anguish,
> So shalt thou be partaker of my joy—
> This blessèd joy of reunion under God.
> And His hands shall guide us, His peace enfold us
> Until we know Him as He truly is."

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THE

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A SOUTH AFRICAN SALMAGUNDI.

IT may be thought by some people that the language used in this essay is perhaps too vigorous, and that in characterising the deeds of the chief performers in the terrible tragedy recently enacted in South Africa less forcible terms would be adequate. It may even be thought that, during twenty years experience in the House of Commons, I might have learned to be complimentary in method while denouncing atrocities that have excited the horror and detestation of the civilised world. The imperative necessity of conforming to the strict rules of parliamentary debate within the legislative Chamber, of which, however, I am not now a member, must be at once conceded. It would never do to shock the ears of Hon. Members by "calling a spade a spade." Admitting so much, there is something to be said on the other side. It seems somewhat of an anomaly that while an Hon. or Right Hon. gentleman can rise in his place and give expression to a statement known to be untrue, it would be quite out of order for another member, in the venerated presence of Mr. Speaker, to call that statement by its proper name. The interchange of extravagant compliments between members on opposite sides of the house, who would, if they could, consign their adversaries to the limbo of obscurity or possibly to "another place," is one of those mysteries which the celebrated Lord Dundreary would have said "No fellow can understand." Now, as to the use of strong language: plain speaking, the plainer the better, is required in certain cases—it is imperatively called for in regard to acts of political profligacy, criminality, and moral depravity; and the higher the station of the delinquents the greater becomes the obligation of exposing their delinquency. "The mailed fist" must

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be requisitioned when men possessed of great abilities, no principles, inhuman natures, and leprous with ambition, abuse the positions to which fickle fortune has elevated them by doing the devil's work on the plea that "the end justifies the means." With this exordium I pass on to the subject matter of my essay. There is a work of considerable interest, entitled the *History of Birmingham*, by W. Hutton, F.A.S., which is a curiosity in its way. Mr. P. Dixon Hardy, M.R.I.A., writing in 1835, says in regard to it:

"Notwithstanding all its defects it is well worthy the perusal of those who are fond of tracing character in the rises and falls of fate and fortune, and of following the intelligent individual who, by the proper application of his energies and exertions, has risen from the lowest to the highest situations in life. The volume is also worthy of notice as presenting a kind of panoramic view of the various trades and manufactures carried forward to such an extraordinary degree in this mistress of the arts (Birmingham), and as showing how large a fortune may be realised from the manufacture of such trifling things as pins and buttons."

So much interest now centres round this modern "mistress of the arts" that many people might wish to know what it looked like in ancient times so as to realise from what a lowly state it has arisen. Here is the description as given by its historian Mr. Hutton:

"Less than one hundred straggling huts, which we will dignify with the name of houses, built of timber, the interstices wattled with sticks and plastered with mud—covered with thatch, boards, or sods, none of them higher than the ground storey. . . . If the curious reader chooses to see a picture of Birmingham in the time of the Britons he will find one on the turnpike road between Hales Owen and Stourbridge, called the Lie Waste, *alias* Mud City."

With regard to the costume of the inhabitants silence has to be observed. We read: "The chief, if not the only manufacture from its first existence to the restoration of Charles II., was in iron; (and further) there is the highest probability that Birmingham produced her manufactures long before the landing of Cæsar." Her title to the illustrious rank inseparable from antiquity is vouched in the following sentence: "Perhaps there never was a period in which she saw a decline, but that her progress has been certain, though slow, through the long space of two or three thousand years." Strange to say, notwithstanding the well-established claim of Birmingham to the highest antiquity, we have the chronicler declaring:

"It does not appear that Birmingham from its first formation to the present day was ever the habitation of a gentleman, the lords of the manor excepted. But if there are no originals among us, we can produce many striking likenesses: the smoke of Birmingham has been very propitious to their growth, but not to their maturity. Gentlemen as well as buttons have been stamped here; but like them when finished are moved off. They both originate from a very uncouth state, *without form or comeliness*,

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and pass through various stages uncertain of success. Some of them at length receive the last polish and arrive at perfection, while others ruined by a flaw are deemed *wasters*."

There is an immense amount of curious and interesting matter concerning the ups and downs of life contained in this history of *Bromicham*, as the old chronicler has it—a name modernised or, perhaps, it may be said, vulgarised into Brummagem; a term generally applied to articles coming from Birmingham, which are commonly regarded as inferior. The modern name of this great emporium of polyparous products, chiefly of the pinchbeck sort, pinchbeck being a metal compounded of copper and iron, but resembling gold in outward appearance, is evidently derived from the Lord of the Manor, Edward Birmingham, who succeeded his grandfather in infancy, and during whose minority Henry VII. granted the wardenship to Lord Dudley. This was in the year 1500. The old chronicler thus goes on in his quaint fashion to record that

"After a peaceable possession of a valuable estate for thirty-seven years, the time was now arrived when the mounds of justice must be broken down by the weight of power, a whole deluge of destruction enter and overwhelm an ancient and illustrious family. The world would view the diabolical transaction with amazement, none daring to lend assistance to the unfortunate."

It must be understood that in directing attention to what happened to Edward Birmingham and his manor, I am merely drawing a parallel between two cases; the curiosity of the resemblance lying in the fact that both were cases of cruel oppression and usurpation, and both had their origin in Birmingham. It is always pleaded in palliating atrocities committed in former days, Oh! that is "ancient history"; yes, but the enormities committed, under Government sanction, in our own times exceed in infamy those of ancient date, as a mountain exceeds a mole-hill in magnitude. The following quotation from *Dugdale's Antiquities of Warwickshire* is so suggestive of what has just happened on a gigantic scale in South Africa, I make no apology for the citation:

"John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, a man of great wealth, and one of the basest characters of the age, was possessor of Dudley Castle and the fine estate belonging to it. He wished to add Birmingham to his vast domain. Edward Birmingham, therefore (like President Kruger in our own day), was privately sounded respecting the disposal of his manor; but, as money was not wanted, and as the place had been the honour and the residence of his family for many centuries it was out of the reach of purchase. Northumberland was so charmed with its beauty (although it was not enriched with gold mines and diamond fields) he was determined to possess it; and perhaps the manner in which he accomplished his design cannot be paralleled in the annals of infamy. He procured two or three rascals of his own temper (the word 'Outlander' had not yet been

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invented), and rather of mean appearance to avoid suspicion, to take up their quarters for a night or two in Birmingham, and gain secret intelligence when Edward Birmingham would ride out and what road. This done one of the rascals was to keep before the others, but all took care that Edward should easily overtake them. Upon his arrival . . . . the two villains joined him, entered into chat, and all moved soberly together till they reached the first man; when on a sudden the strangers with Edward drew their pistols and robbed their brother villain."

Edward Birmingham (like Paul Kruger) was thus made the victim of an infamous plot. He was arrested, tried on the charge of robbery, convicted, and deprived of his property. "Northumberland, thinking a conveyance insufficient, caused Edward to yield his estate into the hands of the King, and had interest enough, in that age of injustice, to procure a ratification from a weak Parliament by which means he endeavoured to throw the odium off his own character and fix it upon theirs, and also to procure to himself a safer title." The historian tells us "in the Act there is a reservation of £40 per annum for the said Edward and his wife," which the plunderer doubtless considered proof of great generosity on his part as a provision for the family he had so grievously injured by robbing them of their ancestral home, their property, and all they possessed in the world. We have now arrived at the modern parallel.

The pushful politician from Birmingham, who originally posed as a Radical leader but now poses as a Jingo statesman and a patriot, has, like his prototype the Warwickshire nobleman, had his way so far, to the irreparable injury of England, the ruin of the South African Republics, and the lasting disgrace of the arms of Great Britain. The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain (for though the title is a paradox it belongs to him) who, at the inspiration of, and coached by, that most remarkable, unscrupulous, and inconceivably successful adventurer and speculator, Cecil Rhodes, invented the South African infamy, and his colleague, the Right Hon. St. John Brodrick, who did duty as Provost Marshal and executed the death warrant against the life of the Boer nation, have treated John Bull to a Salmagundi which, though for the moment it may flatter his vanity, is more than likely, before all is over, to try his temper and strain both his physical strength, his staying powers, and his financial resources to the breaking point; and eventually, perhaps, may, in the not very remote future, "bring down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave." Nations, like men, have their allotted span of life, and when the limit is reached they go the way of all other nations that have gone before them. Probably some readers may not have a very clear idea as to what is a "Salmagundi." According to Johnson's definition it must be a very nasty mess, being "A mixture of chopped meat with potted herrings, oil, vinegar, pepper, and onions." Other orthodox authorities, who are not so precise in details, describe

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the *mixtherum gatherum* as a "hodge podge," made up of many ingredients, invented by the Countess Salmagundi, a Lady of Honour to Marie de Medici, who, doubtless, proud of her achievement, gave her own name to the villainous compound. Some people with depraved appetites and extraordinary powers of digestion may like such filthy messes; there is no accounting for tastes. It is said "imitation is the sincerest form of flattery"; probably the versatile Colonial Secretary, whose coat is reversible and of many colours, blood-red predominating, imitating the example of the ambitious countess, may desire to make his name immortal in a similar manner, and the world may expect to hear before long that the usurped, wasted, and blood-sodden country of the Boers is in future to be called "Chamberlainia" which sounds no worse than Kimberley or Rhodesia. The ingredients for a South African Salmagundi are already known to history. Here is the list, *in part:* Rifles, revolvers, dum-dum bullets, cordite, lyddite, dynamite, maxims, pom-poms, shells of all sorts and sizes, bayonets, swords, and lances; in short, every description of lethal weapon and human life destroyer of the latest and most approved patterns, and, as a necessary concomitant, human blood and "chopped meat" *ad lib.*, with chocolate, plum puddings, and many other delicacies too numerous to mention, thrown in by way of seasoning. It is not stated in any document at present within my reach what may have been the cost of the original medley compounded by the celebrated countess; but it is very well ascertained that, when all the items are included, three hundred million pounds sterling is about the sum total John Bull will have to pay for his South African Salmagundi, a rather high price for such a hell broth as the witches in Macbeth, gyrating round the infernal cauldron of Hecate, concocted. There is a very great difference, however, when the results are regarded. The diabolical spells woven by the three weird Sisters were comparatively harmless, mere child's play, when compared with the awful consequences of the incantations worked by the three weird Brothers who brought about the South African usurpation with all its accompanying horrors. The Thane of Birmingham might well have taken his cue from the language Shakespeare put into the mouth of one of the apparitions that tempted the villain of the piece, the Thane of Cawdor, to carry out his murderous designs: "Be bloody, bold, and resolute, laugh to scorn the power of man." The scenes of blood-guiltiness depicted by the great dramatist were the creations of imagination—the incidents limited in point of time, space, and the number of victims represented as done to death or given over to ruin and infinite misery. Not so the South African "abomination of desolation," which lasted nearly three years and inflicted unutterable suffering and woe upon the peaceful, prosperous, God-fearing, and law-abiding people of the two Republics; reddening the soil,

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over an area as large as France and Italy united, with the blood of thousands of the bravest of brave men. Gracious God! to think that not only were the male population of the country slain in thousands, imprisoned, or sent into exile, but that women and children to the number of over 20,000, and perhaps more, as we are told by Miss Emily Hobhouse, in the pathetic recital contained in her book *The Brunt of the War and Where It Fell*, perished miserably in various ways; not only amid the wreckage of their devastated farms and burned homesteads, but in the concentration camps into which they were driven, like cattle into a pound, and where so many of them died miserably from disease and slow starvation on "half rations." This brings me to a characteristically flagitious statement made by the Colonial Secretary in the House of Commons on March 4, 1902, the occasion being the motion to go into Committee of Supply on the Army Estimates, a statement which for bare-faced hypocrisy surpasses anything ever uttered before within the walls of the Legislative Chamber. The War Secretary, in submitting the Army Estimates to the House, attempted to defend, or at least to account for, the enormous increase in the military expenditure, and said incidentally: "When I proposed the Army Estimates to the House of Commons last year the concentration camps were hardly in existence, but now there are 150,000 human beings . . . in these camps." This simply meant that at one fell swoop the country had been cleared; in other words, that the whole female and juvenile population had been swept, under circumstances of appalling cruelty, from the face of the land—from their happy, comfortable, and beloved homes, which so many thousands of them were never again to behold, into the concentration camps, where they had to endure untold privations, misery, and suffering. After the War Secretary had finished his dismal oration Mr. Humphreys Owen, Member for Montgomeryshire, drew attention to the fearful loss of life amongst the Boer women and children, and moved: "That the House deplores the great mortality in the concentration camps formed in the execution of the policy of clearing the country in South Africa." In the course of his speech Mr. Humphreys Owen said: "According to medical testimony one of the main causes of the terrible death rate was that the beds were laid upon the ground, and another cause was the wretched system of 'half rations.'" Mr. Channing (Member for East Northamptonshire), in seconding the motion, condemned the whole system of concentration camps, saying: "Miss Hobhouse's first report was amply confirmed from official sources." The Colonial Secretary then made a vehement speech, in support of the action of his Right Hon. friend and colleague, Mr. Brodrick, in the course of which, with brazen effrontery, he used these astonishing words: Why, never in the whole history of the world had there ever been such a gigantic effort made by any

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nation to minimise the horrors of war." Mr. Bryn Roberts thereupon interrupted with the terrible question: "Why did you burn their farms?" A question Mr. Chamberlain, no doubt to his great relief, was prevented, by the ruling of the Speaker, from entering upon.

Many people think Mr. Chamberlain might have used very different language, and that he might have said with absolute truth: "Never in the whole history of the world had there been such a gigantic effort made by any nation to intensify the horrors of war, to destroy the lives and liberties and constitutional rights of a heroic but numerically weaker people, to desolate their homes, to outrage their feelings, and to compel them by force of arms to submit to tyranny and usurpation." I am not going into the details of the infamies committed in South Africa under the flag of England. Many abler pens than mine have told the gruesome tale, and, in language I cannot attempt to emulate, described the horrors perpetrated during the fateful events of the protracted and sanguinary conflict between a handful of Boer farmers and the most powerful military force Great Britain ever put into the field. We know how the Boers faced overwhelming odds in defence of their hearths and homes and precious liberties, and went down, fighting to the death, against England's murderous policy of extension of empire. Upon this point reference has before been made to the doctrine embodied in Milton's noble lines, but the conception is so sublime, and so true to ethical principles, it cannot be put in evidence too often:

> "They err who count it glorious to subdue
> By conquest far and wide, to over-run
> Large countries and in field great battles win,
> Great cities by assault: What do these worthies
> But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
> Peaceable nations, neighbouring or remote
> Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
> Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
> Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
> And all the flourishing works of peace destroy,
> Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods
> Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers."

It is interesting here to note what a high authority has said in our own day on this very point, the sentiments being completely in harmony with those of the author of *Paradise Lost*. The late Mr. Sidgwick, Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge, in his admirable work on *Practical Ethics*, writing about the morality of strife, said:

"We should not lay stress exclusively or even mainly on its physical mischief, but still more on its moral evils; its barbarous inadequacy as a means of settling disputes of right, the frequent triumphs of injustice, and their demoralising consequences, the constant tendency of the bitter

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resentments, and the intensification of national self-regard, which war brings with it, to overpower the sentiments of humanity, and confuse and obscure those of justice and good faith."

Mr. Sidgwick went on to say: "I do not mean that in modern times unscrupulous statesmen have never made wars that were substantially acts of conscious brigandage, and have been applauded by the nations whom they led, who have suffered a temporary obscurity of their moral sense under the influence of national ambition." A little further on, enlarging upon the theme, Professor Sidgwick said: "The immorality of such unscrupulous aggression is simple, and the duty is no less clear for any individual in the aggressing country to use any moral and intellectual influence he may possess, facing unpopularity to prevent the immoral act." Have we not in these citations the case of England and the South African Republics presented with photographic accuracy years before any idea was, apparently, entertained of the burglarious attack upon the Transvaal, known as the Jameson raid, or of the tremendous military invasion following hot foot upon it, now known as "The Great Boer War?" I have used the word "apparent" advisedly for this reason, that, probably, if one could have access to the esoteric records kept in the muniment rooms of the Colonial Office and the War Office, hidden secrets of an astounding character as to the intentions of "unscrupulous statesmen" about South African affairs would be revealed.

To come to the consideration of the South African aggression. It is clear the aggressor was either British or Boer—which? An aggression is defined as the *first* act of hostility. In other words the aggressors are the first invaders. Who were they? Who began the war? Undoubtedly the English. Cecil Rhodes, prompted by an insane, immoral, it may be said Satanic purpose, the offspring of pride and of phenomenal success in all his previous enterprises, conceived the idea of universal empire, with Great Britain dominating the world—the very conception which led to the downfall of the overgrown empires of old, and in modern times brought the greatest military genius the world has ever seen down from the position of a mighty emperor and master of many kingdoms to die a miserable death on the lonely island of St. Helena. Yes, it was the English millionaire, who went to South Africa an impecunious adventurer. He it was who sowed the seeds that produced such a ghastly harvest, and consigned to ruin or death tens of thousands of men, women, and children. This was done, as after events have amply proved, with the connivance of another Englishman, whose career has been even still more extraordinary than that of Cecil Rhodes, the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P. for West Birmingham, Secretary of State for the Colonies and a Cabinet Minister. If this were not so, how is it England was ready, when the Jameson raid had fizzled out, to

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send forward to crush the Boers, and deprive them of their territories, an army of conquest far exceeding in power the hosts of the Persian monarch Xerxes of old, or the legions led by the great Napoleon against the Russian Empire? Put it how you like. England levied war against the Transvaal not honestly, openly, and aboveboard, but, in the first instance, covertly, by deputy, through Outlander conspirators and agents, aided by a gang of unscrupulous and disreputable adventurers. When the Raid had collapsed there was a momentary pause, but it was only the calm that precedes the storm. The Boers knew what was coming. They were fully aware of the iniquitous plots hatching in London and in Johannesburg against their national independence.

It is the way with Imperialists, who hunger and thirst for the extension of Empire, to sneer and gibe at honest people, and call them "little Englanders" because they respect the rights of others and think it contrary to the laws of honesty, humanity, and justice to use the giant's strength to take forcible possession of their property, their lands, their gold mines, and their diamond fields, and in doing so to commit wholesale robbery and murder, and to wreck, burn, and destroy all before them. Any one who saw the army of invasion going on board the immense steam fleet of Government transports bound for South Africa will remember the spirit in which the men embarked, and can realise the shocking truth expressed in the lines:

> "Glad were our troops, all roaring like thunder,
> Pleased with the voyage, *impatient for plunder*."

It may here be observed, with regard to the understanding between Mr. Chamberlain and Cecil Rhodes, a very intelligent correspondent of the *Times*, a lady who, if not actually on the stage as one of the *dramatis personæ*, was permitted to go behind the scenes, has, by her telegrams and letters, let in a flood of light upon the incubation of the conspiracy which led to the Jameson raid, that prelude to the direful tragedy so soon to be enacted, and which only awaited the signal from the stage manager to ring up the curtain for the bloody performance to begin. All the world knows how the Boers, acting strictly in self-defence, parried the first blow, how Cecil Rhodes, Doctor Jameson, and their gang of adventurers were ignominiously checkmated, and how to all outward appearances the war was nipped in the bud. For had not the Colonial Secretary dissociated himself from all participation in that piratical adventure, and disclaimed absolutely any intention of making an attack upon the integrity of the Transvaal or upon the independence of the Boer nation? It appeared to be quite evident, whatever Cecil Rhodes, Jameson, and their mercenaries might do, the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain would keep himself clear; he would have

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neither hand, act, or part in such a disreputable business. According to his public utterances, being immaculate, he intended to remain so; as yet his hands were unstained with Boer blood, and he would keep them clean. Now to go back for a moment to what happened when Jameson and his freebooters were captured. With extraordinary magnanimity and self-restraint, instead of hanging them up or shooting them as England undoubtedly would have done under similar circumstances, and perhaps on much less provocation, the Boers handed them over to the British Government to be taken home, there to be tried under the laws of their own country. It is matter of common knowledge that on arrival in England the raiders were received with enthusiasm by the public, led on by the anti-Boer press. Regarded, *pro forma*, as malefactors they were in reality looked upon as heroes. Well, a trial took place, but (as the distinguished head of the legal profession in England said of the terrible war to which the Raid led up that "it was only a sort of a war"), the trial was only "a sort of a trial." The raiders were tried *pro forma*, convicted *pro forma*, sentenced *pro forma*, and punished *pro forma*. It is said the leader of the Raid has since been rewarded with a lucrative appointment in South Africa. Moreover, the British officers who took a leading part in the invasion of the Transvaal on that occasion still retain their positions in the British Army.

Now, to pass from the prelude, the one act farce or "curtain raiser," to the actual tragedy the *ultima ratio regum*, as runs the inscription which Louis XIV. of France had engraved upon his big guns. It has always been mendaciously asserted by the anti-Boers, or Jingos, that the Boers were the first aggressors, a falsehood repeated in all the moods and tenses, in season and out of season, until the British public actually came to believe it. The statement is the sublimation of hypocrisy and falsehood. It has just been shown that the English, led by Jameson the creature of Cecil Rhodes, with the cognisance and approval of the Colonial Secretary, made the first hostile inroad into the Boer country, and without even the formality of a declaration of war attempted to take the Boers by surprise. "Conscious brigands" never give notice of their intended onslaughts. House-breakers, burglars, and highwaymen always make their attacks unawares and in the dark. The Boers stood to arms, few but fearless, prepared for the worst, and resolved to astonish the world and "startle humanity" by entering the lists and fighting even to the death against the overwhelming forces of England. Knowing that an immense army and an enormous amount of war material were being despatched from England and other places to the Cape with the evident intention of crushing them, and aware, also, from bitter experience of British methods, such as the breach of the Sand River Treaty and the seizure of the

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Kimberley diamond fields, an act denounced by James Anthony Froude as "perhaps the most discreditable incident in British colonial history," the thimble-rigging over the suzerainty question, &c. Knowing, in short, what they might expect from Jingo honour and Jingo justice, resolved to take the only course open to them. As just stated, it has been falsely alleged the Boers first invaded English territory, and it has also been made perfectly clear that the Jameson raid, the first hostile move, was essentially an English invasion; but admitting, for argument sake, that the Boers were first in the field, let us hear what Professor Sidgwick has said about the "duty of self-defence": "War is not only obviously just against actual aggression, but when aggression is unmistakably being prepared the nation threatened cannot be condemned for striking the first blow, if this is an important gain for self-defence." The very case in point. But with the damning fact of the Jameson raid in evidence the Jingo contention cannot be sustained.

Now to consider for a moment the relative positions of the Boers and the British in South Africa. We know that in the eighteenth century the Dutch formed the first European colony at the Cape, having bought the land upon which they settled, and upon which Capetown now stands, from a native chief for a large sum of money. We know that later on the English got possession of their territory, and dealt so cruelly and unjustly with the colonists that they eventually made up their minds to clear out, to leave the Cape for good and all, and to seek "fresh fields and pastures new" in some distant region, far away from British control or interference, where they could possess their souls in peace and their bodies in freedom. As Conan Doyle says of them in his book, *The Great Boer War:* "They are one of the most rugged, virile, and unconquerable races ever seen upon earth." Fearless hunters some of them had gone far into the interior and knew that vast tracts of virgin territory lay before them, and so the great trek, or migration, of 1836 was undertaken with the sole object of getting as far away from "the sphere of British influence" as they could. Like the Israelites in search of the Promised Land they crossed the desert and colonised the country beyond the Vaal River now known as the Transvaal. Here they had a few tranquil and prosperous years of peaceful life. But the "Pirate Empire" was not satisfied. The British Pharoah was not going to let them slip so easily out of his clutches. The demon of unrighteousness, envious of their happy lot, came to trouble them in the pleasant paradise created by their honest enterprise and industry. After much indignant protest on the part of the Boers against this fresh and outrageous attempt to bring them within the sphere of British influence, the Treaty of January 17, 1852, known as "The Sand River Treaty," was made between the British Government and the President of the Transvaal Republic, which

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guaranteed to the Boers their national independence for ever, under the hand and seal of the Sovereign of Great Britain. The document is of considerable length, but the following brief extract shows its drift and the intention, so far as the Boers were concerned, to secure their liberties. The sequel leaves little doubt of the ultimate intentions of England: "The Assistant Commissioners guarantee in the fullest manner, on the part of the British Government, to the Emigrant Farmers beyond the Vaal River the right to manage their own affairs, and to govern themselves according to their own laws, without any interference on the part of the British Government, and that no encroachment shall be made on the territory beyond to the North of the Vaal River." This is about as precise and binding a clause as language could make it. People with ordinary ideas of rectitude will think such a treaty should have been held to be inviolable, yet at the end of twenty-five years it was broken in the most shameless manner by an emissary of the Colonial Department, Sir Theophilus Shepstone, a special Government Commissioner, who, in the course of his official peregrinations in South Africa, robbed his own employers by falsifying his accounts, so that he was eminently qualified to carry out the criminal Commission entrusted to him by the home Government. The conduct of Sir Theophilus Shepstone has been before referred to and has been stigmatised, as it deserved to be, on the irreproachable official authority of Sir Reginald (now Lord) Welby, and of Mr. Leonard Courtney, who was at the time Secretary to the Treasury, in language such as only honourable men would use in regard to a nefarious transaction. This Sir Theophilus Shepstone may be taken as a type of the unscrupulous adventurers employed by the Colonial Office to do their dirty work. "Her Majesty's Special Commissioner," forsooth—sent to make the first assault upon the independence of the Transvaal in 1877 by breaking the Sand River Treaty—a man who doctored his accounts to the extent of £13,000, as appeared by the appeal of the Colonial Office to the Treasury not to call upon him to refund that amount as he was an old servant of the department, and to do so would ruin him.

It is, as we read, an eternal and immutable decree of the Divine Wisdom that "crime brings its own punishment." The experience of every-day life bears witness to the verity of the dogma, and the history of all nations in all ages confirms it. Retributive justice is not an idle phrase. The sleuth hound, whose name is "Nemesis," cannot be thrown off the scent of blood and crime; retribution is sure to overtake the evil doer sooner or later. Is it not written in the sacred volume, which all true Christians believe and venerate, reverently endeavouring to shape their conduct in accordance with its divine precepts, that "the sins of the parents shall be visited upon their children even to the third and fourth generations?" The

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question here, naturally, arises, is Christianity a myth, and, if not, where are the true Christians to be sought for? Are we to ask the Right Reverend and Reverend Prelates of the Protestant Church, high or low, whose professed mission it is to teach the divine precepts promulgated in the Sermon upon the Mount? Alas! If we go to them we find some of the highest of these high ecclesiastics approving of the marauding expedition into South Africa, and composing forms of prayer to be offered up in their churches for the success of the marauders. Are we to look for them amongst the professors of Machiavellian doctrines—the "unscrupulous statesmen" who hold that the end justifies the means, no matter what infamy, duplicity, chicane, mendacity, and bloodshed are resorted to to effect the desired object? Or amongst titular Christians, men without any sense of moral responsibility, whose eyes are blinded and hearts hardened to the inconceivable turpitude of their acts, who, though they may be regular church-goers, trample upon all law, human and divine, and shamelessly violate every principle of rectitude, morality, and justice—men who, in the words of the great English dramatist, act bloodily, boldly, and resolutely, and laugh to scorn the opinions and the powers of man? Are we to look for them amongst the martial heroes of that profession which, by an incomprehensible paradox, is supposed to spread the light of Christianity and civilisation amongst the nations whose territories they invade, plunder, and appropriate? Men who, from the highest to the lowest, with some honourable exceptions, such as go to prove the general rule, are ever on the watch for opportunities—military cadgers who scramble, as street arabs scramble in the mud for a miserable coin, for honours, emoluments, promotion, and a V.C.; always ready to shed their own blood and the blood of innocent people in furtherance of their ambitious and iniquitous designs, utterly regardless of the unrighteousness of their actions. Though much more might be said, I must here close my essay on the South African Salmagundi, lest I exceed the limits of space. Enough has been said, however, to show the righteous people of Great Britain who, in the words of Professor Sidgwick "have suffered a temporary obscurity of their moral sense under the influence of national ambition" how they have been misled by those whom they themselves elected to rule over them. How the public interests and national finances have been sacrificed, and how the honour, the escutcheon, and the proud flag of England have been brought to shame under the administration of a pseudo statesman—from Birmingham.

W. J. Corbet, M.R.I.A.

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THE IRISH UNIVERSITY QUESTION AS AFFECTING WOMEN.

> "With regard to women students, I have some apprehension that in a large rearrangement of higher education in Ireland they run the risk of being left out of the reckoning, more or less."
> —PROFESSOR RHŶS.

MEN, Irish or English, are apt, in dealing with the claims of women, to repeat the blunder so often made by Englishmen in dealing with the Irish—namely, to give them after agitation something which they don't want and won't have. The cleric, of whatever denomination, is always the natural enemy of any improvement in the position of the other sex; and in Ireland opposition to women's progress unites on the same platform the Catholic bishops and the Provost of Trinity—who excludes women lest they might contaminate the immaculate youths he has in charge! Against this unholy alliance it behoves the supporters of woman's full and unfettered development to be ever on the alert; more especially now, when great changes are impending. If a false start is made in inaugurating the new system—if women are relegated to an inferior position, the struggle for their mere rights may occupy many weary years. Therefore, now that the Royal Commission on University Education in Ireland, having concluded its secret sittings and published three large volumes of evidence, has arrived at what it is pleased to call a "Final" Report, it it advisable to take stock of the position, and see how women stand in relation to the new state of things. It is not, indeed, expected that this halting and inconclusive report, with which no section in Ireland is contented, will form a basis for immediate Government action; but the report, and still more the mass of evidence collected by the Commission, must necessarily be factors to be taken into account in any settlement hereafter attempted. If and when the Irish University system is cast into the melting-pot, what have women to hope from its altered shape? Professor Rhŷs has answered:—in the drafting of any scheme attention is likely to be concentrated on the higher education of men, to the detriment of the sex not represented amongst the country's governors. The very appointment of the Commission furnished an instance of this tendency; for in spite of protests from the Schoolmistresses' Association, no woman was included among its

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members. The evil results of this wholly masculine composition are manifest throughout the proceedings of the Commission. Take, for example, Section x. of the Final Report, devoted to higher technical education; it entirely ignores any needs of women in this department. No negligence can be charged against Professor Rhŷs, against Mr. Justice Madden, or the few other feminists who repeatedly emphasised the women's case for the benefit of their colleagues, and to whose influence the sympathetic tone of the recommendations in Section ix. of the Final Report may be attributed; but their efforts have inevitably lacked the force that would have accrued from the presence on the Commission of one woman, like Mrs. Sidgwick or Mrs. Bryant (at present members of the Senate of London University), who sat on similar Commissions in England; hence the incomplete and unsatisfactory nature of the provision made for women by the Final Report. Before dealing, however, with the actual recommendations of the Commission, it will be well to consider what evidence they had before them as to the position and the requirements of Irishwomen in the matter of higher education.

Even a casual perusal of the three blue books of evidence [1] will show that Professor Rhŷs' apprehension is only too well founded. Pages on pages may be turned without the slightest reference to the requirements of women students; elaborate schemes of settlement are discussed, which deal in minute detail with every phase of University education for men, but calmly ignore the very existence of women.

Dr. O'Dwyer, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Limerick, whose evidence occupies 46 pages of the first blue book, and who submitted a detailed statement not only as to the Catholic claim but as to the various suggested modes of satisfying it, had nothing to say about the position of women under any scheme, except that "some provision must be made." "I have not thought that out," he admitted. "On that question of women I cannot give you any answer." "They are admitted to degrees now. They must be admitted, but how that would be done, what relationship they would stand in—as to collegiate life and other things—to the new University, I have not thought out." (I. p. 44). Yet Dr. O'Dwyer is one of the ablest of the Irish Bishops and actually one of the most advanced on the question of women's education. Some three months later, when he presented a draft scheme to the Commission, he had been so far stimulated by their questions as to devote a paragraph to the needs of women, proposing to admit them to degrees, and possibly to lectures, in the new University. The indifference of the Episcopal Bench is paralleled in the Judicature. Chief Baron Palles treats the inferior sex in a still more slighting

[1] Hereafter referred to as I., II., and III.

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fashion. He seems to have aimed at covering the whole available ground in his twenty pages of evidence; yet the only allusion to women is contained in one sentence: "There must be also be provision made for the education of women, and for their maintenance in a separate residential hall" (II. p. 137). Men, however learned and capable, have a fatal facility for accepting any ineptitude that concerns women; else how could the Commissioners have allowed to pass unnoticed the following extraordinary irrelevancy on the part of the O'Conor Don? Asked whether he would approve of women attending the same University lectures as men, he said (I. p. 117): "A great many of these young ladies are educated in convents, and I don't think their parents would like them to be going out late in the evening going to lectures and coming back." It does not seem to have occurred to any member of the Commission to ask the O'Conor Don what was the precise connection in his mind between attendance on University lectures, always given in the forenoon, and late hours in the evening! The great bulk of the evidence, questions and answers alike, would give one the impression that women students either occupied in Ireland a position analogous to that of the snakes, or were so insignificant a body as to be practically negligible.

A negligible quantity, however, the women students are not. "The women," says Dr. McGrath, secretary to the Royal University of Ireland (I. p. 12), "constitute, roughly, one-fourth of the students in the University for the year." Remembering that the Commission was, for all practical purposes, an inquiry into the education provided by the Royal University with a view to its reorganisation, it follows that the mere numerical strength of the women entitles them to much greater respect than they have received. Further, the number of women students is steadily increasing, as is shown in the following table giving the number of women who graduated in Arts in each year since the foundation of the Royal University of Ireland:

1884	1885	1886	1887	1888	1889	1890	1891	1892	1893
9	9	9	17	19	27	10	27	27	33

1894	1895	1896	1897	1898	1899	1900	1901	1902
38	45	43	44	56	43	61	38	50

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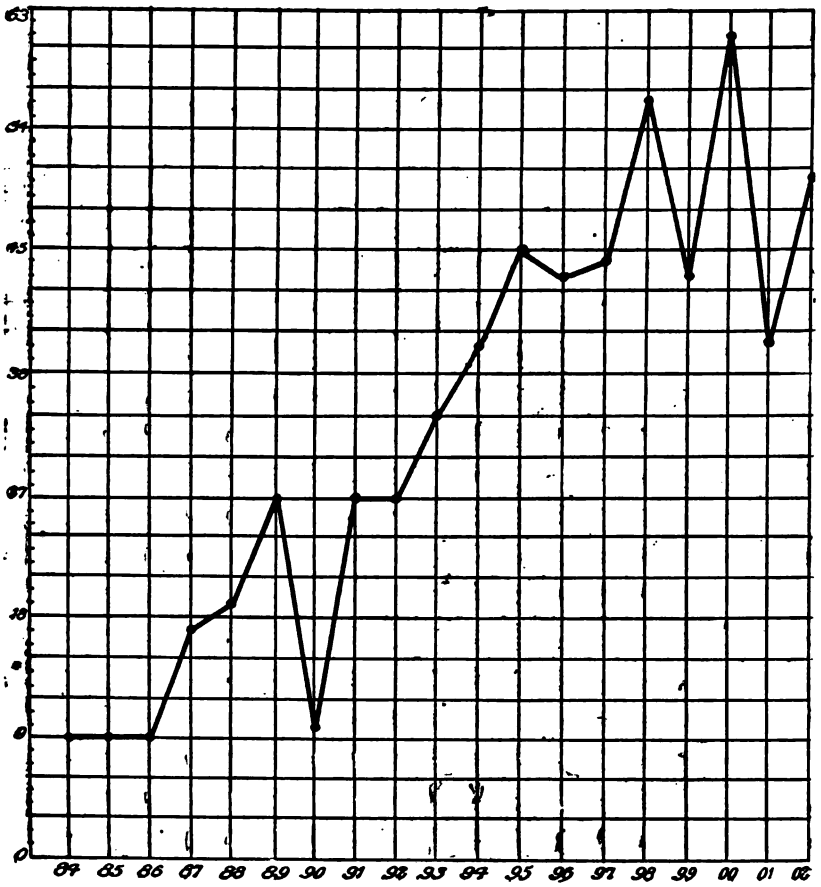
When we add that at the Second Arts Examination of the year 1902 the number of women who passed was 69, or 27·8 per cent. of the total passes, it will be seen that the harvest of women graduates in 1903 promises to be no less abundant than in former years, and that there is ample justification for the statement (Final Report,

GRAPHIC REPRESENTATION OF TABLE.



p. 47) that "there is in Ireland a growing demand on the part of women for higher education of a University type."

Nor are these women mere pass candidates. They challenge competition with the men in all the courses of the University, and have carried off some of the highest prizes in its gift. In the ten years previous to the appointment of the Commission, 421 students graduated with honours; of these 99 were women (I. pp. 280, 282). Since the University was founded the total number of honours gained by women in all Arts examinations had been 1971, to which must be added 31 Scholarships, 5 Studentships, and 3 Junior

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Fellowships. There is no more sign of falling off in distinction than in numbers. In the year 1902 women obtained sixteen honours at the B.A. examination, 1 Studentship, 2 Gold Medals, 2 Special Prizes, and 3 Scholarships. In the Medical Faculty the number of successful women is smaller, while in Law they are almost entirely absent, which is not surprising, since no professional legal career is open to them. But from the statistics of the Arts course alone a complete case is made out in favour of special attention to the claims and needs of Irish University girls. What these claims and needs are we must now consider.

As matters stand the only provision made for the higher education of women in Ireland is that afforded by the examinations of the Royal University; the University of Dublin does not admit them to degrees, and its solitary constituent college closes its doors to them. Hence the importance to them of this otherwise despised Royal University, and the vital necessity of securing that, if it is to be swept away, all the privileges now enjoyed by women shall be (at least) continued in its successor. They now possess the right of unrestricted competition with men in all the examinations of the University, whether for pass or for honours and prizes, whether in Arts, in Medecine, or in Law. The acceptance, to this extent, of the principle of equality of the sexes is perhaps the best feature of the Royal University; it has, indeed, been recognised as such by the Commission (Final Report, p. 22); and this, at least, must be preserved in its entirety. A backward step in the direction of a Women's University, or, worse still, an autonomous Women's College, examining its own pupils for its own degrees, would be fatal to the prospects of women's education in Ireland. It would tend to encourage the unfounded and already too common division of the intellectual sphere into two distinct and usually unequal portions—masterful man appropriating all that is of any permanent or intrinsic value, while permitting woman to cultivate the curious fringes of the field of learning. It would, by further promoting the already too great sequestration of women, unduly foster that feminine tendency to become "over sexed" which has been acutely remarked on by Mrs. Stetson.[1] It would retard the material advance of women towards economic independence, by giving the average man a fresh pretext for scoffing at woman's qualifications; no matter how admirable the curriculum, how able the teachers, how brilliant the students, of such a women's college or university, its graduates would find it much harder to convince the man-ruled world of their capacity than if their degrees had been won in open competition with men. No woman has been asked for this solution; no witness on behalf of women (except the Rev. H. Tierney, speaking for the small college conducted in Cork by the Ursuline

[1] *Women and Economics.*

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Nuns) has given it favourable consideration; and most of those interested reject it indignantly. One noted advocate of this retrograde policy may be referred to, the Rev. Dr. Salmon, Provost of Trinity College, the man responsible for the continued exclusion of women from that institution. He quoted with approval a memorandum of the Board of Trinity College, inspired, of course, by himself:

"The Board . . . are convinced of the inadequacy of anything that can be done to further that cause [*i.e.*, the higher education of women] by an institution all of whose arrangements have been made, *and must continue to be made*, in the interest only of the education of men; whose funds have been given them only with the latter object, and cannot, *without breach of trust*, be diverted to a different purpose. . . . They are persuaded that the true solution of the problem is to be found in the establishment of a Central University for Women with affiliated colleges. Such a university would select courses of study, with special reference to the wants of women. It ought to be enabled to reward proficiency by degrees, or other certificates and titles of honour; and would, perhaps, be able to find some more suitable title than bachelor to designate a well-educated woman" (III. p. 373).

Apart from this expression of purblind prejudice, cultivated Irish opinion, with practical unanimity, supports open competition between men and women for degrees. The statement of Miss Mary Hayden, M.A., on behalf of St. Mary's University College (an admirable epitome of the objections to the "separate" scheme), puts in the foremost place the serious financial obstacle. The modern standard of adequate equipment for a college is high; and Ireland, naturally enough, will not rest content with anything short of the highest standard of efficiency; the claims of the Presidents of the Queen's Colleges in Belfast and Cork, for additional chairs and more generous equipment, may be taken as illustrating this. Now taking into account sectarian and provincial difficulties, at least two, and probably three fully equipped colleges must be provided to meet the wants of men alone. The further establishment and equipment of two or three women's colleges would add so enormously to the expense, that the cost is regarded as the chief bulwark against any attempt to dispense with co-education.

It is satisfactory to notice that the Final Report shows no approval of the "separate" system. But it contains no adequate summary of the strong objections to it, and it becomes necessary, therefore, to continue to keep these prominently before the public. For there is in Ireland a silent but powerful body of obscurantist opinion, that will strenuously oppose anything resembling co-education, or likely to emancipate women from the servitude of domesticity. It must, therefore, be emphasised that open competition for degrees is the irreducible minimum of the women's demand. So much equality they possess at present; but

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if the Royal University is to be reformed in the direction of a Teaching University, women as well as men must benefit by the reform. At present, of the six colleges[1] in which the Fellows of the Royal University teach, five are entirely and one (University College, Dublin) partially open to women; but, no attendance at lectures being compulsory except in the medical courses, most women (as well as many men) prepare for the Arts examinations at other institutions, or by private study. "Of the 2019 women who passed Arts examinations (excluding the Matriculation examination) in the Royal University during the ten years 1891–1900, not 10 per cent. passed from the Queen's Colleges, Magee College and University College" (Final Report, p. 18). It is further noted in the Report, with regard to the seven women's colleges which prepare the majority of Irishwomen for the Royal University examinations, that "none of these colleges receive any direct endowment from the State, nor is any indirect endowment given to them under the Fellowship scheme of the Royal University." Should attendance at lectures be part of the new University system, women will naturally expect to share the same advantages as men—to be taught, and not merely examined by the university itself. Co-education, so general and so beneficial in American universities and schools, can alone make women's opportunities really equal to those of their masculine fellow-students.

Professor Reichel, Principal of the University College of North Wales, succinctly stated (II. p. 204) the advantages of the joint teaching of men and women as follows:

"Firstly, a dual college can be worked far more economically than two colleges, and, in a poor country like Wales, if the women were not admitted to the University Colleges their total exclusion from higher education would be the almost inevitable consequence. . . . The second [point] is that, as far as my experience goes, the dual system, if rightly managed, is productive of advantage to both sexes, having a civilising influence on the men, and promoting a more healthy tone in certain respects amongst the women."

If in the first part of this statement we read "Ireland" for "Wales" the financial argument is greatly strengthened. And as to the second point, an equally emphatic testimony to the success of co-education, so far as tried in Ireland, can be adduced. Dr. Hamilton, President of Queen's College, Belfast, referring to the attitude of his college towards women's education, says:

"We here have solved the difficulty of their attending the same lectures as men, or rather, we have found, when we have faced it, that there was no difficulty at all about the matter. . . . After an experience of nearly twenty years we are able to say that . . . instead of the admission of

[1] The Queen's Colleges in Belfast, Cork, and Galway; Magee College, Derry; Catholic University Medical School, Dublin; and University College, Dublin.

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women being attended with evil results, either to them or to any one, those results have been all the other way" (III. p. 8).

Although the extension of this successful experiment is the natural direction of progressive development, opinion on this point is not absolutely unanimous. The opposition, however, comes entirely from those who have a vested interest in the maintenance of separate women's colleges. Thus, Mrs. Byers, Principal of Victoria College, Belfast, in the course of her statement, says (III. p. 63): "It is not the absorption of women's into men's colleges that is demanded, or that will meet the necessities of the case. Women's educational work is in immediate need of such surroundings and support as have given dignity and prestige to the education of men of the same class." And she proceeds to argue in favour of the education of women in women's colleges, distinct from those attended by men, although competing with them at the examinations of their common university. This point of view, a very intelligible one on the part of the head of a most successful women's college, is not supported by any convincing arguments. Mrs. Byers' chief objection to the attendance of women at the same lectures as men is that this would ultimately close the teaching profession to women, not only in University, but in all Irish education:

> "In education, as in everything else, there is a fashion. If women are allowed nothing but mixed education in the higher colleges, with men as teachers, a similar state of things will extend to every institution in the country, and the better status as teachers of their own sex that women have gained will, by the suppression of educational posts, be insidiously but effectually lowered."

But it does not appear that the result dreaded by Mrs. Byers has actually followed in the United States, where co-education is the rule. On the contrary, complaints have recently been made that women are allowed to absorb too many of the teaching positions in that country; and the American "school-marm" has become a commonplace of contemporary fiction.

Mrs. Byers was followed in her plea for the separate education of women by the Northern Women Graduates' Association, composed of a few past students of Victoria College, and by some other women's colleges, large and small. Against this, however, may be set the liberal attitude of the authorities of St. Mary's, the most successful Catholic college for women, who (III. p. 357) "strongly and earnestly request that all lectures . . . all professional schools, and all scientific laboratories should be open to women." Indeed, apart from the heads of colleges, educated Irishwomen show a most laudable disinterestedness, looking only to the permanent interests of the women students of the future, and opposing that "separate" scheme which would most immediately secure their own material interests as

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teachers. The organ of this unselfish public spirit is the Irish Association of Women Graduates and Candidate Graduates, amongst whose 200 members every Irish college is represented, without distinction of province or religion.

The delegates of the Association, Miss O'Farrelly, M.A., and Miss McElderry, M.A., protested very forcibly against the seclusion of women in separate colleges.

"The points that the Association wishes to emphasise most are that attendance at recognised lectures should be compulsory, and that lectures in general colleges should be recognised and not lectures in exclusively women's colleges. We don't want the women to be shut up in women's colleges alone" (III. p. 319).

The authoritative nature of this assertion is plain from the answers to the queries sent out by the Schoolmistresses' Association to all the women graduates who could be reached (III. p. 567). Only five graduates were in favour of separate women's colleges, while 279 pronounced for the admission of women to the general lectures. This throws the ninety members of the northern association decisively into the minority.

The alternatives to the co-educational scheme are not such as to command confidence. They are very inadequately touched on, or, rather, slurred over, in the Final Report, where some discussion and refutation of them might have been expected. There is, first, the suggestion that the teaching Fellows might repeat their lectures in certain recognised women's colleges. This system was tried in Glasgow University, and the waste of time and energy it involved led to its speedy abandonment. It would be practically impossible thus to ensure genuine equality. "My experience of double sets of lectures," said Miss A. Oldham, B.A., hon. secretary of the Central Association of Irish Schoolmistresses (I. p. 220), "is that those who attend the second set do not get the same advantage as those attending the first." And which class would be most likely to come second in the arrangements? Not the self-assertive male. Then libraries, laboratories, and museums—all essential to a true teaching university—could not be duplicated with any exactness, especially as the funds available will probably be scanty.

Another party favours the allocation, to recognised colleges for women, of a certain number of women Fellows. But what chance is there of women's colleges obtaining a full equipment of Fellows in all departments? In some branches, in the beginning at all events, very few women would present themselves, and the women Fellows might have no pupils for years together. Yet the number of such women Fellows could not be curtailed, or reduced below that of a fully equipped men's college, without producing immediate inequality and potential injustice. Undoubtedly the university should have

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the benefit of women Fellows in subjects which these women have made their own by special study; but I shall show farther on how this benefit may be secured without involving any disadvantages.

Yet another substitute for the co-educational scheme, which has, seemingly, the approval of some, at least, of the Commissioners, is that the tutorial teaching given in the women's colleges should be recognised as sufficient for pass examinations, whilst women competing for honours and prizes should be allowed to attend the same lectures as men. This plan would not involve the same flagrant inequality as the others; but it would be a half-hearted and wholly unnecessary measure. In practice it would throw difficulties in the way of women who wished to attend honour lectures in some portions only of the course; the division of their time between two institutions would be attended with many inconveniences. Once the principle of admitting women freely to sit on the same class benches as men is accepted there is no reason for halting in its adoption, except the powerful reason supplied by the tenacious grip of the vested interests—in this case, of the authorities of women's colleges.

One more section opposes co-education in the medical courses in particular. This view is embodied in the evidence of Rev. H. Tierney, on behalf of the Ursuline Convent, Cork (III. p. 183): "As far as the medical faculty is concerned, the Bishop of Cork desires me to emphasise the fact that no provision for girls would be satisfactory to Catholics that would not arrange for separate class-rooms and separate teaching." This objection, fruit of the morbid pruriency of a certain type of clerical mind, can best be answered out of the mouth of another clergyman, Rt. Rev. Monsignor Molloy, who says:

"I have taken pains to ascertain whether any practical inconvenience has arisen from having women in our Medical School [Cecilia Street, Dublin], and I am informed that there has been none whatever, although the difficulty with us has been specially great, on account of the limitation of our space in relation to the number of our students. That I consider very satisfactory" (II. p. 156).

Thus on the whole field co-education holds its ground as the most natural, most equitable, and most economic system, threatened with no serious opposition save that of the vested interests. Perhaps the best way to conciliate the latter would be by adopting the suggestion of the Loreto Nuns, put before the Commissioners by Mr. Macken (III. p. 318):

"If the mode adopted for providing facilities for the higher education of Catholic women be the opening of the laboratories and lectures of any new university foundation, then the authorities of Loreto College would ask that their institution be recognised as a Hall of Residence for women students of the university, with some financial assistance, for the purpose of providing tutorial lectures."

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The witness added, "and that these tutorial lectures should be recognised as satisfying the University requirements for Pass students at least"; but without this addendum, the plan is a workable one. These halls would provide for girl students the advantages of social companionship and the important and valuable influence of fellow-students at various stages of their career. Of course companionship restricted to one sex must always fall short of what can be attained by the free association of both; but it might be hoped that community in class, in libraries, laboratories and museums, would soon lead to the mixing of men and women students for social and recreative purposes, in University societies and so forth; and thus the evils of the male and female barrack system would be neutralised or diminished.

The ex-colleges thus become halls of residence would, of course, require a grant in aid to maintain their position, and this is probably as much financial aid as the Treasury will be disposed to give to the advancement of women's education alone. It is certainly much less than what would be required to equip a separate women's college, with professors, laboratories, &c., of its own.

The problem of the extern student is yet untouched—the student, namely, who presents herself for a University examination without any previous connection with the life or lectures of the university. Extern students, both men and women, flourish, naturally, under the Royal University of Ireland; but, in the new teaching university projected, will there be any room for them? Are they to be admitted to certain examinations on sufferance, or is attendance at lectures to be an indispensable condition of candidature for University degrees? Attendance at lectures and participation in college life admittedly furnish an important part of University culture, and it can hardly be questioned that the mere passing of an examination with the help of a grinder is not University education at all. This is the view taken by the Commission, which recommends the abolition of the extern student. On the other hand, there are many earnest students scattered in Irish provincial districts well deserving of a degree, yet too poor to think lightly of the cost of a college education, with the concomitant expenses of city life. The women in this position, though less in numbers and in proportion than the men, are still sufficiently numerous to warrant consideration. If the provincial woman is not allowed to obtain a degree by private study, she will naturally, since she must leave home, seek the best education anywhere open to women; and if this is not to be had in Ireland she will journey elsewhere—to London or Cambridge, Scotland or Wales—where, in nearly every case, the lectures are open to all comers without distinction of sex. The woman extern student, then, must not be shut out altogether from degrees unless she is offered in exchange the best education in her own country—

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unless, in other words, she is permitted to attend the same lectures as her male competitors. Otherwise, a large body of earnest students will be driven out of the country, to the lasting detriment of Irish education.

In their treatment of the problem thus sketched, it must be admitted that the Commissioners have, on the whole, taken a broad-minded view of the situation. They show a proper appreciation of the Irish Women Graduates' Association and its representative character, they quote its demands with approval, and base their own recommendations upon these demands. This passage of the report is worth quoting in full (p. 49):

"The case presented to us cannot be stated more clearly or more succinctly than in the following recommendations of the Irish Association of Women Graduates:

"(1) That, whatever scheme of University Education be adopted, all degrees, honours, prizes, privileges, and appointments of the university be open to women equally with men.

"(2) That all lectures in general colleges, all laboratories, and all professional schools, be open to women equally with men.

"(3) That attendance at recognised lectures he a necessary preliminary to graduation.

"(4) That the lectures of the Fellows and Professors in the general colleges only, and not lectures delivered exclusively for women, be recognised.

"(5) That bursaries, to enable students of limited means to take advantage of the teaching and degrees of the university, be established, or maintained where existing.

"(6) That, if attendance at lectures in a recognised college be not made compulsory, the degree given to extern students (*i.e.*, students not attending recognised lectures) be distinct from that awarded to intern students.

"(7) That if residence be provided for students, some endowment be given to provide Halls of Residence for women, where they may enjoy the full advantage of collegiate life.

"(8) That Fellowships be awarded as the result of a fixed test, such as examination, or examination combined with original work.

"It is satisfactory to know that the recommendations which we are about to submit are in general accord with the views of those who are best acquainted with the requirements of Ireland in regard to the higher education of women. We think that women and men students should attend lectures and pass examinations in the same colleges and obtain degrees on the same conditions. We recommend that all degrees and other privileges of the university should be open, without distinction of sex. The existing women's colleges might easily be converted into residential halls in connection with the University of Dublin, or with the constituent colleges in Dublin and Belfast, under the reorganised Royal University; and the existing materials in Cork might be developed into a similar institution in connection with the Queen's College. We are of opinion that the provision of adequate buildings and equipments for these halls, and the establishment of bursaries in connection therewith, are objects to which the State may fittingly contribute."

It will be seen that the Commissioners have gone a considerable length towards satisfying the demands of the Association; and it

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has, in fact, been assumed in some quarters that nothing more is necessary, and that all women's claims are here adequately met. But closer examination reveals a certain unsatisfactory vagueness. What are those "privileges" to which, in the most general way, the right of women is acknowledged? How far do they extend? Why is the demand as to laboratories and professional schools not explicitly conceded? What is the significance of the omission, in the recommendations, of the word "appointments," which occurs in the first demand of the Women Graduates' Association? Those who know what a patchwork the whole report is, and what pains had to be taken, by quietly slurring over points here and there, to avoid offending the clashing susceptibilities of its signatories, will readily trace in this omission the influence of Dr. Healy, the new Roman Catholic Archbishop of Tuam. In fact, while recommending a fairly equitable provision for woman in the capacity of scholar, the Commission fails to complete its task by definitely opening to her a free path to the attainment of teaching, directing and governing positions in the new co-educational University. In this respect, the present position of women in the Royal University of Ireland is full of injustice and anomaly. No woman can become a member of Convocation, though all male graduates can, on payment of a small fee. No woman, therefore, can be elected as representative of Convocation on the Senate; and, as the nominated members of the Senate are invariably males, women are thus excluded from all share in government of the Royal University, of which they form a fourth part. Again, women are admitted, by the Charter of the Royal University of Ireland, to all distinctions, honours, and prizes; but the Senate, with gross injustice, has "always held," says Sir James Meredith, Secretary to the University (I. 9), "that women were not eligible for Fellowships." On this point the report says (p. 8): "No fellowship of the University other than a Junior Fellowship has ever been held by a woman; the question of the eligibility of women for such posts has indeed arisen, but does not seem to have been determined." It has never been "determined" by a court of law, because the Senate, knowing the indefensible nature of its position, has taken good care not to allow the question to be thus tested, but has consistently acted on the tacit assumption that women are ineligible. The Fellows, properly so called, who are bound to teach in certain colleges, as well as to conduct the examinations of the university, are appointed by nomination. On the other hand, the Junior Fellows, whose duties are confined to examining, and who are only eligible for one term of office, are chosen by a competitive examination—the most difficult, naturally, in the University course. Women, as before mentioned, have several times succeeded in obtaining these coveted positions; but there they must stop; the avenue of promotion is closed. Several male Junior Fellows have subsequently

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received Senior Fellowships, but no woman. The most exquisite reason advanced in defence of this injustice is worth quoting. Dr. Delany, President of University College, Dublin, told the Commission (III. p. 360):

> "The Standing Committee . . . had also before them the consideration that the appointment to the Fellowship carried with it the obligation of lecturing in University College to large classes of young men, and that I, as President, did not feel myself authorised to introduce so strange a novelty in a Catholic University College, whereas Trinity College has persistently excluded ladies altogether."

This was spoken with reference to a particular appointment, where the passing over of a distinguished woman graduate (Miss Hayden, M.A., ex-Junior Fellow) occasioned much comment. It should be noted, however, that it is not the non-appointment of any particular woman which constitutes the gravamen of the charge against the Senate, but the adoption of a general principle excluding all women, in virtue of their sex, and in spite of any qualifications they may possess, from these positions, because, forsooth, they would have to lecture the superior masculine—an outrage on male dignity not to be contemplated without a shudder! Yet the position, for example, of Miss Jane Harrison at Cambridge might well reconcile the unprejudiced to this "strange novelty." The lopsided type of mind which is the product of the cloister is well brought out in the objection to women as teachers of men, while no murmur is ever raised against men as teachers of women, as seen daily in numerous convent schools. Whatever new University system is founded, all this cant must be cast aside, and in a fresh foundation women must be allowed to become, whenever qualified, Fellows and Professors over the mixed classes which will be therein established. Distrustful of securing this through any nomination, the women graduates have, as we have seen, put forward a claim that all Fellowships shall be awarded as the result of a fixed test, an eminently reasonable claim as against the present system, and a striking mark of the moderation of the women graduates, and their desire to ask no more than bare justice and equality of opportunity. There is, of course, much difficulty in imposing such a "fixed test." Examinations may be crammed for, and are inadequate as a criterion of teaching capacity; "original work" as a test is too vague. But, if the fixed test is found impracticable, then some body free of anti-feminist bias must be entrusted with the making of the appointments, preferably a Senate one-third of whose members shall, from the beginning, be women. Thus, too, the needless anxiety lest women teachers should disappear under a co-educational system would be finally set at rest.

After the approving citation of the programme set forth by the Irish Women Graduates' Association, we might have expected from

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the Commission a clear and explicit pronouncement of the right of women (1) to be appointed to Fellowships and Professorships on the same terms as men; (2) to become members of the governing bodies of the new Colleges and University. We find no such pronouncement. Probably, indeed, none such would have been signed by Dr. Healy, who, in the course of the Commission's sittings, expressed himself as strongly opposed to the suggestions that women should act as lecturers and teachers of men (III. p. 321). Some may think, however, that the word "privileges" must be taken to include the capacity to fill teaching and governing posts. This may possibly be the view of the majority of the Commission; but even if it be so, the question is, How is the word likely to be interpreted? It must be remembered that, so far as Fellowships and Professorships are concerned, there is nothing in the Statutes or Charter of the Royal Universisy to exclude women; but the interpretation of these by an anti-feminist Senate has resulted in their permanent disqualification. Unless, therefore, it is very clearly laid down, beyond possibility of doubt, that women are to be eligible for such posts, it is quite certain that they will be tacitly excluded by any masculine ruling body. Then the right of women to become members of these ruling bodies themselves should be stated with similar definiteness. The Final Report, in sketching a constitution for the Senate of the proposed Federal University, and for the governing bodies of the constituent colleges, makes no mention of women. It is quite certain that, without an express stipulation that they shall be eligible, women will be permanently excluded from these bodies. It should be made as clear and definite as possible that, in each of the categories from which these governing bodies are to be chosen (Representatives of Professors, Representatives of Graduates, and so forth), women are eligible; and in the category of "Persons nominated by the Crown," the Government should be urged to appoint, from the commencement, a certain proportion of women, to guard the interests of women students pending the direct election of representatives of the latter. If these defects in the report be not amended in any statute based on it, they will suffice to neutralise many of the advantages it offers, and to create anew a situation requiring earnest and vigorous agitation. Let the Irish Association of Women Graduates look to it; in their hands it lies to maintain the struggle for that absolute equality in every respect between men and women which alone can secure for the new University system the much-desired and oft-discussed element of finality.

F. S.

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KOWEYT.

"MR. BALFOUR'S FOLLY."

THE latest exhibition of pro-German policy on Mr. Balfour's part[1] serves but once more, at least to the ordinary observer, to exemplify the truth of Oxenstjerna's adage as to the government of the world. It may be that fools rush in where angels fear to tread when the man in the street presumes to criticise the foreign policy of an omniscient Cabinet; but even the man in the street may be excused if he is unable at first sight to recognise the archangel who may lie hid under that "vesture of clay" which represents the earthly form of Mr. Brodrick, of Mr. Long, or of Mr. Gerald Balfour. Lord Salisbury had solemnly proclaimed that we had put our money on the wrong horse when we supported Turkey in the Crimean War and at the Berlin Congress. Mr. Balfour has rushed headlong into the one policy which can bolster up the Turkish Power for another half century in Europe. Abdul Hamed finds his most potent defence in the commercial ambitions of William II. The guarantee of the Bagdad Railway as a German undertaking is the completion of the policy by which, under the inspiration of a Parisian courtesan, Bismarck secured Germany a lever to intervene in the Eastern question when he placed Charles of Hohenzollern on the throne of Roumania. Germany, unable to secure for herself the sovereignty of Asia Minor, is willing to administer the province under the suzerainty of Turkey. She recks little that by adopting this policy she rivets the yoke of the Turk on Macedonia and Armenia, and deprives Austria of her access to the Ægean at Salonica. William II., imbued with the doctrines of Captain Mahan, prefers an outlet on the Persian Gulf to an outlet in the Mediterranean. He knows that as strategical positions Ormuz and Muscat can never replace Gibraltar and Perim. As long as Cape Town is in English hands the Persian Gulf represents the one unbarred channel for warships between the East and West. What object can Mr. Balfour aim at in putting William II. in a position to realise the dreams of Trajan and of Barbarossa?

It is true that, from a commercial point of view, Lord Palmerston may have been unwise when he refused to allow England to undertake the construction of the Suez Canal; but he recognised that the

[1] But see Ministerial declarations since April 23.

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construction of that Canal, if regarded from a military point of view, deprived India of the advantages of her practically insular position, and entailed upon England that occupation of Egypt which Sir Robert Peel had refused to undertake at the invitation of the Czar Nicholas I. in 1844. It may be true, likewise, that the proposed Euphrates Railway represents the nearest land route between England and the Middle East, and that England should not allow that route to fall into the hands of rival powers. But, on the other hand, Mr. Balfour, to all appearance, fails to recognise its obvious disadvantages. Germany, when this railroad is finished, will be nearer to Calcutta than is England, and most of the lines connecting it with Europe are under the control of the Deutsche Bank. Again, by placing Constantinople in connection with the warlike Turkish populations of Asia Minor, he has at a stroke doubled the Sultan's military power, whilst the fact that Germany cannot hope to occupy Constantinople herself renders it imperative for her to maintain the Crescent over Santa Sophia, and thus gives a new lease of life to the ever-menacing Eastern question. Lastly, by giving Germany an opening to the Eastern seas, he will justify Russia in claiming similar advantages in Persia, at a moment when, for the first time since Charles II. surrendered Dunkirk and Tangiers, he has imposed upon England the duty of defending an important strategic position, in which she can derive little or no benefit from her sea power. Koweyt, under English protection, will be the one Imperial outpost which can be reached by land more easily than by water; for, when the railway is finished, it will be within easy striking reach of forces massed in the fertile oases round Bussorah. Would Koweyt, like Natal, be defended in such a case by the whole forces of the Empire?

Moreover, by sanctioning the increase of the Turkish Customs in order to provide the means for the kilometric guarantees on the railroad, he ensures that the commerce of England and India will have to pay the cost of constructing a line which will be of advantage only to the commerce of her rivals, Germany, Austria, and Switzerland. He even seems to have forgotten that the Austrian and Swiss representatives on the Board of Directors will, like those of the Anatolian Railways, be at the disposal of Germany, for the great manufacturing centres of Switzerland and Austria will actually be placed within a nearer distance of Koweyt than will those of Germany herself. Mr. Balfour is a child, as we all know, in such matters, but he cannot fail to be aware that Austrian traders have already practically ousted English goods from the markets of some of the Balkan Provinces and of Syria.

Again, even supposing that the railway is built to benefit Bâle, Zürich, St. Gallen, and Olmütz at the cost of Liverpool and Manchester, it does not necessarily follow either that such is the only course by which our communications with India can be accelerated,

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or that the Gulf terminus, for alternatives could be found in Turkish territory at Khor Abdallah, or in Persian territory at Khor Musa, will be in a region under English protection. In any case, as the plan stands, the mails will have to be transshipped at Koweyt for either Karachi or Bombay; for not only does the physical nature of the Persian and Baluchi coasts bar the way to railway construction through Persian territory along the shores of the Gulf, but under the provisions of the Russo-Persian Treaties all Persian railways must be constructed, at least for the present, with the approval of the Czar. Hence a sea passage to India will be inevitable, and it will still be impossible to carry landborne goods through from Europe to Bombay without breaking bulk; so that, even if we own Koweyt, we shall have but succeeded in creating a third-rate rival to Cape Town and Port Said, which will need a garrison to defend it, larger, perhaps, than that which holds South Africa. We have learnt nothing, apparently, from our experience at Port Hamilton, in Cyprus, and at Wei-hai-wei.

Again, supposing that the irrigation works, which once rendered Mesopotamia the most fertile land on earth, can be restored, as engineers maintain, it does not follow either that the object they have in view will be attained, or that the riches of a restored Mesopotamia will fall into English hands. Population rarely returns to spots which it has once deserted. It is driven away by the curse of malaria, and by the fact that the expenses connected with an elaborate irrigation system render produce grown under such conditions unable to compete in price with that grown in other countries on soils naturally watered. Turkish rule would still be paramount in Mesopotamia, even if the great canals which once bordered the Euphrates and the Tigris were again flowing to the brim, and, save in Palestine and the Hauran, no country under Turkish rule has ever become a centre for immigration. It is difficult, too, to say what crops could be grown under such conditions which could not be less expensively produced elsewhere. For the last hundred and thirty years constant attempts have been made in Italy, Spain, Greece, and Algeria, to reclaim the lands which had once been the centres of ancient civilisations. Hardly one of these attempts have succeeded. Immigrants will not settle in pestiferous swamps. The starving peasantry of Calabria prefer the Pampas of Argentina to the Campagna, or to the deserts where the roses of Pæstium once bloomed. It has been found difficult to attract immigrants to till those Algerian plains which were of old the granaries of Rome, and it is remarked that no product of Algeria is of first-rate quality. The invader who laid waste her soil seems to have struck down the plant and animal as well as the human world. Palestine was of old famous for wine and oil. She is now famous for her oranges, and oranges have only reached Jaffa since mediæval

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times. Where would crops or settlers be found for the plains of Mesopotamia? Like the Tuscan Maremma, Babylon is now a place for sheepfolds. The Cape railways could scarcely pay for their coal with the freight from the ranches of the Karroo. The Bagdad railway will be a military and not a commercial line. Are the English taxpayers to construct military railways for the Sultan and the Kaiser?

Mr. Balfour has proved singularly complaisant in allowing the Turkish tariff to be changed for the benefit of our German ally. Does he ever remember how lustily he protested against the changes in the Persian tariff for the benefit of Russia? Yet, if Mr. Balfour's mind were capable of receiving new impressions, the fact might awaken some strange reflections. Why should he not have been willing to use this opportunity to come to an understanding with Russia? Surely the means to do so lay ready to his hand.

It is certain that the only roads by which, so long as Afghanistan is a closed country, land communication can be established between Europe and India lie through Persia, and that the financial arrangements between Russia and Persia have placed the control of these roads in Russian hands. It cannot, moreover, be denied that geographical considerations bring all Northern Persia within the Russian sphere of influence, even though Southern Persia may be under the control of the Power which holds the Persian Gulf, that is to say, so long as that Power has the superiority at sea. Mr. Balfour has been willing enough to grant an outlet on the Persian Gulf to Germany, the one Power in Europe which, in reality, is impotent to do us either good or harm. He has refused an outlet on the Persian Gulf to Russia, the one Power in Europe which is feared both by Germany and by ourselves.

If we are going to allow other Powers to enter waters which, in theory if not in practice—for France under the Treaty of March 10, 1862, which expires next year, has equal rights with ourselves at Muscat—we have kept, as Lord Lansdowne emphatically reminds us, as our own close preserve for the last century, would not a prudent statesman have preferred to make those new arrangements a means of coming to terms with our most dangerous and redoubtable rival?

Is it certain that Russia would not have been willing to grant us a favourable tariff in Persia, favourable railway rates to India, and to guarantee the existing territories of Afghanistan and India, if not even of Tibet, in perpetuity, if we had allowed her access to the Persian Gulf at Bushire and at Bunder Abbas, and a free hand with respect to railway construction in Persia, on condition that she allowed our Quetta-Nushki line to be prolonged to Birjend or through Seistan, so as to form the link which will bind together the Indian and European railway systems? It must be remembered

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that Russia looks upon the Central Asian Khanates as of great value to her not only in a military but in a colonial and a commercial sense, that the tea and cotton of Merv are in Russian eyes destined to supplant the tea of China and cotton of Carolina in her markets, and that she is at present building thousands of versts of lines through howling deserts to unite the Trans-Caspian railway with Orenburg and the Trans-Siberian line. All this expense might be saved if Russia had the right of building a line from Erivan, the terminus of her Caucasian system, to Kizil Arvat or Askabad, round the south of the Caspian, through those fertile provinces of Persia, Ghilan and Mazanderan, which, for a few years, formed part of the Empire of Peter the Great; and this line is so placed that it might equally easily form part of a land route from Calais to Calcutta, nearly half of which would run over Russian lines, and all of which, thanks to the Arlberg Tunnel, and the Austrian and Roumanian railways, if not to the Simplon Tunnel and the lines of Northern Italy, could be rendered independent of the German railways. Again, it is evident that Bushire Mohammerah and Bunder Abbas are the natural outlets to the ocean of the Trans-Caucasus, and of Central Asia, if a line from Erivan over the high table-land of Persia and down the valley of the Karun be preferable to one from Tiflis over the high table-land of Armenia and down the Valley of the Tigris, as is probably the case, for a line south through Teheran would seem to be the seaward extension of the basin of the Volga, the great natural channel of Russian trade. Would the construction of these lines prejudice English interests? We howled when Russia occupied Manchuria in pursuance of Mr. Balfour's invitation to her to seize a warm-water port; but to-day English merchants own every building site of any value in Dalny, whilst our naval interests in those waters seem assured by our alliance with Japan. Would the presence of a Russian Customs administration at Bushire or Bunder Abbas be more harmful to our traders if the Black Eagle flew over the Customs House, than if our commerce passed barriers under the Persian flag held by Belgian officials acting on instructions from the Russian Minister at Teheran? We have experienced the effects of this system in Seistan. Our treaty with Muscat expires next year, and the Sultan of Oman will be free to throw open his ports to our most dangerous rivals. If those rivals—despite Lord Lansdowne's declaration, and we must recollect how little Sir Edward Grey's availed us in the Fashoda case—succeed in winning the good will of Italy and of France they will find coaling stations in the Red Sea, so that in reality our supremacy in the Persian Gulf depends upon the sea power which ensures us our hold upon Cape Town and upon the Suez Canal. Would the security of India be lessened if we had an understanding by which Russia would have no longer any object in threatening Afghanistan or Beluchistan with her land forces,

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whilst our Indian railways were united with the Russian lines either through Meshed or Teheran? Surely the fact that in such a case Calcutta would be placed within nine days of London would outweigh many military risks, and those risks would not be all on the British side. India could hardly be conquered by an invading army dependent for their communications either on a single line running through six hundred miles of Baluchi deserts, or on such sea transport as could be accumulated in the Persian Gulf, so long as a British and Japanese fleet was "in being" in the waters east of Suez. Is it certain that Russia would still covet India if her commerce had an outlet through Persia to the open sea?

We had until recently given up all thoughts of interfering with Russian expansion either in the Near or in the Farthest East. We had recognised that, to us, Constantinople had lost its value, and we had ourselves invited Russia to Port Arthur. Our policy was a wise one. Germany and Austria, the lords of the Danube lands, are more interested than is England in the freedom of the Bosphorus: France in Marseilles and Algiers has more at stake than we have in the Mediterranean. None of these Powers would willingly see Russia the mistress of Stamboul. In this Bagdad business Mr. Balfour, with a stroke of a pen, changed our whole course. We committed ourselves to support the Sultan and to an alliance with a Power which must ever be the humble servant of the Russian Czar, in a cause in which, nominally at least, Germany would seem to be opposing the most cherished ambitions of her much feared rival. What can be the object which the Prime Minister had in view? Had he any at all, or does he hold that the world has nothing real in it save golf links? Can he be hoping to reap profit from dividends drawn from the corpse-freights to Kerbela? The line is so placed that it will not even secure a share in this gruesome traffic of the charnel-house. Verily, *quantula sapientia regitur mundus*, though the tears of Armenia and Macedonia must pay the price of "Mr. Balfour's Folly."

Since the above was written Lord Lansdowne has in the most solemn way proclaimed a British Monroe Doctrine as regards the Persian Gulf, and Mr. Balfour has whittled down the action of the Government into a private discussion on financial matters with British financiers. We can only congratulate the Government on the damage which they have inflicted upon their prestige by the manner in which that discussion was carried on. Melodrama is scarcely their *forte*.

ACONCAGUA.

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AMERICAN IMPERIALISM TO DATE.

WHEN the clamour of certain classes, originally more noisy than numerous, led the McKinley administration into cutting the United States loose from their traditional moorings, as a result of the war with Spain, it was freely predicted by many of the hitherto most respected political leaders in the land that a detrimental reaction upon our own institutions would follow this apostasy in the matter of our relations with the world outside. With all due allowance for inconsistencies entailed upon us for the existence of human slavery within our borders at the time when our national existence began, it remained true that the doctrine of legal and political equality to all within our jurisdiction was a weighty element in our institutions from the very start. Within less than a century its growth had crushed negro slavery out of existence, and at the close of the conflict by which this was accomplished no voice was heard with heartier applause among the masses who had remained loyal to national union than that of George William Curtis, the accomplished orator, editor, and patriot, as he went from platform to platform declaring the meaning of the great war to be that this land should henceforth rest consistently and unmovably upon the full recognition of the grand doctrine of the equal rights of man simply as man.

Of course the aftermath of the war brought mistakes and disappointments to those who had worked for the liberation of the slaves and the placing of the country on a consistent basis of freedom. It was not long before many began to feel that it would have been the part of wisdom to grant the suffrage and the right of holding official position to the newly enfranchised race only gradually, as a certain standard of fitness for the exercise of these functions could be attained; but very few, aside from the recent supporters of slavery, would have accepted with any patience the thought of an indefinite denial of complete political equality to the negro. With all encumbering mistakes and prejudices, however, there can be no question that the third of a century immediately following the close of the Civil War saw substantial progress toward the justification of the view which Mr. Curtis had so eloquently set forth. The negro race was gradually producing from its own ranks men who won respect on the simple ground of moral and intellectual achievement,

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and these leaders were (and still are) cultivating among their people an appreciable development of those qualities which are best fitted to remove the prejudice retained from the days of slavery. An increasing number of them had found their way into the national service, even a Democratic President, Mr. Cleveland, making many such appointments without arousing any noticeable adverse criticism.

Then came the Spanish War, driving the Republican party, on the ground of supposed political exigency, into the position of extending the sovereignty of the United States over the Philippine Islands, while denying the Filipinos the freedom and political equality supposed to be secured by our Constitution to all within our borders and under our jurisdiction from the time of the Civil War amendments up to that date. The Democrats of the Southern States, by tradition adherents of the policy of a strict construction of the Constitution, would normally have opposed this radical departure, but party consistency was too weak to stand the clash with local interest. Whether right or wrong theoretically, negro suffrage had undoubtedly been a galling burden to the South, and that too for reasons much more tangible than mere inherited prejudice. Wherever the negro vote had developed a clear and coherent majority, the whites, who were of course the chief property holders and tax-payers, had suffered material damage from inefficient and often venal administration; and this had naturally led to seriously demoralising efforts to overcome such majorities, without regard to the character of the means employed. Direct disenfranchisement was impossible under the amended Constitution, and disenfranchisement by the imposition of a property or educational qualification, aside from the fact that it would also affect many whites, was liable to bring the penalty of reduced representation in the House of Representatives. But Southern politicians were quick to see that the Spanish War had effected a radical change in the practical aspects of the situation. The penalty of reduced representation could only come through act of Congress itself, duly passed by the two Houses and signed by the President, and such a drastic measure could stand any show of passage only under the spur of deep moral feeling on the part of the masses of the Northern States. But the McKinley administration, highly popular with the masses on other grounds, had effectively thwarted the chance of any such moral uprising by drawing the Republican party into the support of its Philippine policy, the very core of which was a complete reversal of the older theory that a man merely as a man has a right to participate on terms of equality with his fellows in the government under which he lives. With that theory repudiated by the leaders of the one party which had ever set itself up as the champion of the negro, there was no danger that the North could furnish a majority for the policy of reducing Southern representation on the merely

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technical ground of compliance with the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution.

The result was that a movement for the effectual elimination of the coloured vote was immediately inaugurated and has already been carried to completion by those of the Southern States most deeply concerned. The method employed has been a revision of the state constitutions, so adroitly drawn in the matter of qualifications for the suffrage that practically the whole of the coloured vote can be excluded by the officials in charge of registration and elections without entailing the exclusion of any appreciable percentage of the white vote. As these amended constitutions do not exclude the coloured vote as such, on the forbidden ground of race, colour or previous condition of servitude, they cannot be annulled by the United States courts on the ground of conflict with the Fifteenth Amendment; and as we have already shown there is no longer any fear that the Fourteenth Amendment, the enforcement of which was left by its framers not to the courts, but to the political discretion of Congress, can be effectively invoked. But this is not all. Successful so far, the people of the South are now receding from their former slowly acquired willingness to see negroes appointed to official positions under the federal government. Although Roosevelt has made fewer such appointments than either Cleveland or McKinley made during an equal period of time, those which he has made have stirred up violent opposition all through the South; and that opposition has gained such headway even in his own party that at the present writing it is extremely doubtful whether the confirmation of the most conspicuous among them can be secured from a heavily Republican Senate. The President has made a brave stand for his coloured nominees, and his appeal would sweep all opposition away were it not for the one damning fact, that everybody knows his unwillingness to apply to the coloured people of our unhappy outside possessions the same justice that he demands for the coloured people here at home. In other words, he has himself helped to cut the moral chord by means of which, were it still intact, he might easily set the masses into sympathetic vibration. In his hands the crusade for the right of the American negro to hold office can be nothing higher than a matter of mere political expediency, and all his attempts to raise it to moral ground will merely detract from his own reputation for sincerity.

Such is the most important phase, at present, of our new Imperialism. It has other phases which are liable to rise to high importance in the future. In the present era of material prosperity we are giving little serious attention to the fact that the appropriations made by the last Congress reached the enormous total of more than one billion five hundred million dollars. The Spanish War, by its direct and indirect effects, has within five years put us upon a

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scale of national expenditure about 50 per cent. higher than we had reached up to that date, though we had undoubtedly been unnecessarily extravagant before. Prosperity is, of course, not eternal, and when our voters come to pay in a time financial of stringency such an enormous aggregate of taxation, foisted upon them in times of prosperity, we may look for some serious political results. When one recalls the specious pleas under cover of which these really radical changes in the spirit and methods of our government have been brought about, he can but think of the stinging words of Tacitus: *Proprium id Tiberio fuit, scelera nuper reperta priscis verbis obtegere.*

AN AMERICAN.

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ONE POSSIBLE CONSTRUCTION OF THE "SOCIALIST" PROGRAMME.

ONE of the best known of the American spokesmen of "International Socialism"—apparently in full accord with such European leaders as Kautsky and Vandevelde—explicitly disclaims for himself (and certain other Socialists whose opinions he says he knows) even "the *least* objection to the 'free secession'" (or *abstention*) of individuals unwilling to participate in the "Co-operation" which Socialism contemplates. "The labourers," he says, "on the collectively-owned land, having the advantage of the best modern machinery to assist them, would be able to earn a more comfortable living, with less effort, than those *remaining on their 'individual' farms*. The *tendency* would, therefore, undoubtedly be for farm-owners to give up *voluntarily* their individual holdings, and take part in the collective agricultural production. *There would, however, be nothing to* FORCE *this action upon any who may be so peculiarly constituted as to* PREFER *solitude and comparative hardship to the comforts of life under collectivism.*"

If this is orthodox "Socialism"—if, that is, even after the Socialists shall have succeeded in "conquering the powers of government and using them (to transform) the present system of *private* ownership of THE means of production and distribution into *collective* ownership by the entire people," there *may still be* SOME "means of production and distribution" *other* than those "collectively" owned, *left to be "privately" owned and used* by such social eccentrics as may "prefer" to keep out of, or "secede" from, the "Co-operative Commonwealth"—if, I say, all this is so, it ought to be more widely known, for the statement is very "important, if true." If all that is to be *insisted on* is the establishment and carrying on of a co-operative organisation in which *all who* CHOOSE shall participate, *leaving it open to "dissenters" (or to co-operators who at the given time shall desire to* SUPPLEMENT *the provision yielded them by co-operation) to work "for their own account" with capital of their own and on land not used by the "collectivist" enterprise*, then, it seems to me, it is true, not only that if this were made known many would favour "Socialism" who now oppose it, but, furthermore, that the way is open for very great progress in the immediate future in the *constructive* work of BUILDING UP *and* DEVELOPING, *with disciplined per-*

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sonnel and actual technical organisation, the proposed "CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH." On the hypothesis stated, the Socialist Party might well *constitute* ITSELF the "germ" or nucleus of the co-operative organism in question, and, with such land and capital as it can manage to secure for the purpose, start at once the *beginnings* of the proposed co-operation, and proceed to develop experimentally the forms and machinery of organisation needed for a *really* "democratic" control of the "Commonwealth" by the rank and file of its membership. A "Co-operative Commonwealth" worthy of the name—especially a *cosmopolitan* one—can hardly be expected to be BORN "grown up," by sudden crystallisation out of some great crisis, but should *be growing up* and *developing* its powers and constitution, marshalling and disciplining its constituent members, so as to be "*ready* for business," *as* "The Commonwealth," when the political triumph of its adherents shall have "conquered" for it "the powers of government," thus emancipating it from the tutelage of the present "capitalistic state."

Again: If even *established* "Socialism" would not necessarily mean the PREVENTING or PROHIBITING of *every* productive enterprise not a part of that "collectively" carried on, why might not "Socialism" have *something like the following* for its actual "working" programme? To wit:

(1) All the LAND to be treated as absolutely *the* COMMON PROPERTY *of the* ENTIRE PEOPLE. The use (or possession), therefore, of any part of it, by one or more persons *not constituting* "*the* ENTIRE *people*," to be permitted only on condition of the payment into the treasury of the entire people of the rental value (if any) of the particular land in question—that is, the greatest quantity of wealth which any of those desiring such land will give for such use or possession of it; the total net rent of land thus received by the community to be divided in equal shares among its individual members. (Land not presently desired by any one else to be provisionally open to gratuitous use by any one.)

(2) PRODUCTION, both of *capital for equipment* and of "*consumption goods*," to be undertaken and carried on, on as large and complete a scale and manner as practicable, *for joint or common* "*account*," by a co-operative corporation or "People's Trust," equal membership in which shall be open to every one who chooses to participate, on terms with which any one could comply. For the *land* used by this "Trust" in its enterprises, it will pay into the treasury of the entire people the current rental value thereof, and to the WORKERS contributing the necessary *labour* of any kind to its operations it would pay *the rewards agreed upon with them.* The resulting stock of capital and consumption goods will belong jointly to the entire membership of the People's Trust. The *capital* would be retained by the Trust for use in further production, and the

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consumption goods it would SELL, *for the joint or common account*, to would-be consumers. The total value thus received by the Trust for consumption goods sold would be divided in equal shares among the entire body of the *co-operators* (the members of the Trust).

(3) Inasmuch as the land *not* exploited by the People's Trust (nor otherwise actually held for *public* use) would be leaseable to "private" tenants—if *valuable*, for its rental value; if having *no* "value," then gratuitously—and inasmuch as the making and using of "private" capital *would not be* PROHIBITED, individuals, singly or by groups, MIGHT—either *instead* of participating in the Trust's "co-operation," *or* by way of *supplementing* what they did in *that* —carry on a "private" enterprise on their own account (with private capital and on land leased from the community), or *contribute labour or capital* to such a private enterprise carried on by others. The possibility of this alternative recourse (*self*-employment, or participation in others' "private" enterprises) would safeguard men from *too slavish a dependence* upon the wages offered by the management of the People's Trust, and would furnish the best practically attainable provision for every one whose equal share of the rent of land, *plus* his equal share of the total price brought by goods sold by the People's Trust, *plus* the wages (if any) received by him for work done for the People's Trust, should not at the given time afford him an income large enough to enable him to pay the *rent* of land needed by him for residential or other private uses, the *price* of consumption goods required to satisfy his needs, and the *wages* of such *personal services* (like teaching, nursing, medical treatment, &c. &c.) as he should need to have professionally rendered to him at his own expense.

What just objection would there be to *such* a socio-economic *modus operandi*?

CHARLES FREDERICK ADAMS.

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A FARM COLONY FOR MIDDLE-CLASS FAMILIES.

IN all the professions and in the various kinds of business which people belonging to the middle classes care to be engaged in it is oftentimes difficult to earn a livelihood in this country. The work which has to be done is small in amount compared to the large number of persons who are ready to do it. The life of many middle-class families cannot be said to be a happy one, owing to the fact that their incomes are not sufficient to pay for everything which is expected from people in this social position. The more or less high-rented houses, which are retained because friends and acquaintances have houses of this kind, and many things connected with parties and entertainments are all paid for oftentimes at the cost of great, though secret, privations. The case is hardest when it is that of a family whose bread-winner has suddenly died or become incapacitated for work, or when the family's money has been lost by the failure of a bank or something of that kind. The young people of both sexes find that the avenues open to them to earn a livelihood while maintaining the social position to which they have been accustomed are comparatively few, and that these are all full of struggling competitors. They do not care to take to occupations which would cause them to be looked down upon. The position of those who belong to such middle-class families is often unenviable enough.

Sometimes the result of a sudden reverse of fortune is that they resolve to emigrate to one of the colonies and to begin life again in a new land where no one who knew them in their native country can see the houses they live in, the work they do, or the clothing they wear. Such a course of action is without doubt in many cases a mistake. When strangers arrive and settle down anywhere the social position they are considered to occupy and the kinds of people they are likely to meet socially are to a great extent determined by their occupations and by the locality and nature of their houses. The family in reduced circumstances might find itself in a much worse position in a colony than it would have been in had it remained in this country. If it had remained here it might have been deserted by many of its acquaintances and those whom it had looked upon as its friends—though certainly not by all—but it would have had the satisfaction of finding out who were its real friends. In a colony,

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however, it is quite possible that, owing to various causes, its members might never come into contact with the kind of people they had been accustomed to meet in this country. Friendships and the society of friends have a very great deal to do with the happiness of life, and, though all real friendships can only have as their foundation what is higher and more enduring than similarity of social position, education, tastes, or training, all these have much to do with the drawing of people together, and, consequently, with the formation of friendships, and they have much to do with making friendships lasting. It might happen, therefore, that the middle-class family which had gone to one of the colonies found itself to a more or less extent isolated, and living a lonely, uninteresting life.

How much better than all this—better than the life in this country which has been referred to, and better than the life in a colony which may sometimes be experienced—would it be if a considerable number of such families were to emigrate together, form a settlement by themselves, and engage in occupations which are directly and altogether productive—the bringing forth from a fertile soil those fruits and products which, whatever may happen to banks and companies, are and must remain valuable, and which can be easily obtained in the colonies by moderate manual labour.[1]

In some parts of the colonies, a considerable distance from any town, land could be got very cheaply. The advantages of the settlement not being near a town are obvious, and after what has been said need not be entered into in detail. When the people were at work they would prefer to be entirely by themselves or with those only whose whole position was similar.

There are many people belonging to the classes referred to who do not really dislike more or less light manual labour. How many there are who find one of their greatest pleasures in gardening! What is disliked is the being looked down upon, which, either in this country or in the colonies, the taking to certain occupations would involve or the having to be closely associated with people whose habits and ideas are altogether different. There would be nothing of all this, however, in such a settlement.

Various kinds of farming might be engaged in with pleasure as well as profit. Perhaps the growing of fruit or the keeping of bees or poultry would be the most suitable. The British colonies are well suited for the growing of fruit, the work is pleasant and not too hard, and the return is, as a general rule, satisfactory. Different parts of New Zealand and Australia are best suited for growing different fruits, but in both can be grown grapes, figs, oranges, lemons, bananas, melons, apricots, peaches, apples, and all the fruits

[1] And this would be very much better than young men going out to the colonies by themselves—for very many obvious reasons.

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which can be grown in this country. Tasmania is also a splendid fruit-growing country and sends large quantities of apples every year to Britain. There is a tolerably good local market for all of these kinds of fruit, but it is to be expected that, with the improvement of methods of conveying fruit a long distance by sea without deterioration, the fruit of Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania will more and more find its way into Britain. Then there are the markets of the United States and Canada. Fruit-growers in Australasia have the advantage that when it is summer in these colonies it is winter in Britain, the United States and Canada. At present two lines of steamships sail between Australasia and North America—the American terminus of the one being San Francisco and of the other Vancouver—and the voyage takes about three weeks. Many kinds of fruit could be made into jam or otherwise preserved, and for good jam or preserved fruit there is a good local market in Australasia. Figs could be dried and packed, oranges made into marmalade and grapes made into raisins or wine. Australia produces splendid wines and there is a good market for these in Britain. Then as regards bee-farming and poultry-farming the work is light; in the case of bee-farming it is very interesting; and in both cases it is, if well managed, very profitable. Honey might be sold locally or sent to Britain. Dairy work might be engaged in, but this is possible only to those who have had experience in dealing with cattle. Considerable quantities of butter are being sent annually from Australasia to Britain, as well as large quantities of frozen mutton. One disadvantage of dairy-farming in such a settlement—which would apply also to the growing of wheat or the rearing of cattle or sheep—is that the large tracts of land required would make it necessary that the various families should live a considerable distance apart. All these kinds of farming have the other disadvantage that they are possible to those only who are accustomed to deal with horses and cattle. A considerable amount of knowledge and skill is, no doubt, necessary for the growing of fruit or the keeping of bees or poultry, but in the case of people of intelligence the requisite knowledge and skill can be very easily acquired. The settlement, instead of being in Australasia, might be in Canada or in South Africa. If it was in Canada it could send its fruit to Australasia in the Australasian winter, as is done by the fruit-growers of California.

With the income which would be obtained a very comfortable life could be led. Many kinds of fruit and vegetables, also poultry, eggs and honey, would be ready to hand in large quantities. A small number of cattle and sheep could be kept in order to supply the requisite quantity of milk, butter and butcher-meat. Perhaps also as much wheat and oats could be grown as would be used by the settlement. Bread would have to be either baked within the settle-

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ment or got from the nearest town. Possibly the settlement would be in such a place that an unlimited quantity of rabbits could be got without difficulty.

The cost of carriage by railways in the colonies is often high, so in order to reduce as much as possible the expense of sending produce to market and of getting various articles needed by the members of the settlement it would be well if it could be on the coast, as a small steamer could sail when necessary. There would be other advantages in having it on the coast, as yachting and fishing could be indulged in. Fishing would add to the number of kinds of food available.

How much nicer would work of this kind be than that of a clerk in a dingy office in a city! And the ladies might find that it would give them more real happiness than the monotonous routine of morning and afternoon calls and evening parties they might know, or the kind of life a governess often experiences and which they might otherwise have had to look forward to. All would be glad that the perpetual anxiety as to how they were to pay the accounts which used to be continually coming in was over at last and for ever, and that they were now in a position where anxiety was needless and where the intolerable burden of having to keep up appearances when this cost more than could be spared for it could trouble them no longer. After many centuries of various kinds of experiments by mankind, after perhaps several eras of Lombard Street and Wall Street activity—for perhaps some of the empires long since passed away had banks and stock exchanges also—this community would be realising somewhat of the happy condition of Adam and Eve before the Fall. There would be pleasant and not too laborious work and pleasant society along with it, while, after the work of the day was over, there might be various kinds of social gatherings, *e.g.*, concerts on the water.

Each family would in all probability have far more than enough to maintain any of its members who might be unable to work. Some people might spend the greater part of their time in literary work, or in study, or in painting pictures for sale. There are many pretty scenes in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and South Africa.

It is not suggested that the settlement should be organised on principles having any resemblance to communism. Each family would have its own piece of land, and would deal with this itself. The kinds of work which could be done best by co-operation, namely, the sending of produce to market, the buying of certain articles for the settlement, the establishment of a public library and reading-room and of a building for social gatherings, the charge of a steamer to connect with a neighbouring town, and the work connected with many other matters of a similar nature could be left in the hands of a certain number of members of the community who

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would be paid for their work in the same way as the employes of public companies. As a result of such co-operation what had to be bought in a town could be bought cheaply because it would be bought in large quantities, and the profits of retailers and middlemen could be saved. The community would not, however, have to buy much.[1]

But the Israelites in days long gone by refused to be comforted in a strange land when they remembered Zion. And the people who would form the colony which has been described would have to leave far away behind them England's tranquil shores or the bonnie hills of Scotland. The old churches covered with ivy, the churchyards where their forefathers sleep, all the scenes associated in a long history with that country which is the old home and the cradle of the English-speaking race—these would have to be exchanged for a new country much of which is untouched by man and even unknown. But the departure from home need not be for ever. Some years of colonial life and work might do much to retrieve shattered fortunes, and also to restore shattered health. Trips to this country could be taken occasionally—after some measure of success had been achieved, And there would be the pleasure of experiencing an entirely new life as well as that of seeing other parts of the world. The settlement would not be quite out of touch with the world's life, as some town not so very far away would be in telegraphic connection with London, and, possibly, a wire might be laid between this town and the settlement. And the colonists, though far from their native land, would be still under the same flag. The ground on which they stood would be British, and would be defended, if necessary, by the power of the Empire.

JOHN JOHNSTON.

[1] Another advantage of a financial nature in a lot of families going out to a colony together in this way and co-operating—instead of each family emigrating by itself—is that the necessary land could be got far away from a town and, consequently, cheaply.

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"REPUBLICS *VERSUS* WOMAN."

THIS remarkable book,[1] the severest indictment which has yet appeared of the dealings of the "great American Republic," with its native-born daughters, is written by a lady, Mrs. Kate Trimble Woolsey, whose ancestors, on both the paternal and the maternal side, were amongst the founders of the Republic of the United States. She is the direct descendant of eminent Americans, most of whom would have been ready to "sacrifice life itself on behalf of democracy."

She reminds us that:

"The Declaration of Independence starts out by asserting that all human beings are born equal and with inalienable rights to liberty; and that, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever a government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to abolish it. At the close the States declare they will carry these pledges into effect, and for this end they aver, 'we mutually pledge our sacred honour.'"

She then proceeds to show that:

"The government which was founded upon this document considers this same Declaration of Independence, when used by women, an 'incendiary document.' The Republic offered, as its only excuse for coming into being, that it meant to establish 'equality for all'—yet it is ever ready to brand as a traitress every woman therein who objects to being placed by it under the absolute and irresponsible despotism of millions of rulers. The Republic was founded upon the principle that people have a right to overthrow a government based upon any other standard than liberty and equality for all its members—yet it is ever ready to brand as a traitress every woman who objects to being placed by it upon the identical public plane she would occupy as a subject of Turkey."

In her address, apparently actually delivered to a company of cultured European women who, living under monarchical rule, were contemplating with approval the three "isms" which Mrs. Woolsey denounces, republicanism, socialism, and anarchism, her aim is to show that women are more justly treated under monarchical or aristocratic than under republican rule.

Those of us whose hope and aim is to secure justice for every

[1] *Republics* versus *Woman: Contrasting the Treatment accorded to Woman in Aristocracies with that meted out to her in Democracies.* By Mrs. Woolsey. Gay & Bird. 1903. 3*s.* 6*d.*

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woman and for every man, and not merely privilege for a favoured few of either or both sexes—find rather in her weighty array of facts as to the position and treatment of American women, full evidence that the true Republic has yet to be born—that Republic of free women and free men in which every one shall to the full enjoy life, liberty, and happiness. Only in the four Western States of Colorado, Idaho, Utah, and Wyoming, which have assured to their women equal civic rights within the State with their men, has an approach been made to the true Republic. But these States are themselves hampered in their higher human development by their position as members of the great sham Republic, which insults and degrades every member of the mother-half of the race.

The question at issue, the just and wise solution of which is of vital import to humanity, is not one of monarchy or aristocracy *versus* republicanism, but of male dominance *versus* the just equality of the sexes. It is the "Monstrous Regimen" of men which needs to be destroyed.

Mrs. Woolsey justly denounces the betrayal of American womanhood of which the Fathers of the Republic were guilty when they inserted the word "male" in the American Constitution, and quotes the following from a speech by the Hon. J. L. Routt, three times Governor of Colorado:

"Wherever American women use the ballot, it is as a privilege and not as a right, as its use is not protected by the Constitution of the United States. Man can take that privilege away from women on account of their sex, whenever so inclined. The right of male citizens to vote is, on the other hand, protected by the Constitution, and no State can take that right away. The States can affix qualifications (qualifications mean requirements which a little time or effort can overcome). But the right to vote cannot be permanently taken away. The State may regulate, but not prohibit, the right of a male to vote. Had Congress intended to secure to the women of the nation equal rights and protection with the men, the word 'male' would never have been inserted in the National Constitution."

But English women, under a monarchy, were equally betrayed by the High Court of Parliament, when, in 1832, the word "male" was inserted in the famous Reform Act of that year, the first instance in this country of any statutory *sex* restriction upon the right of voting for Members of Parliament. Moreover, past instances innumerable, and three startling ones within the last four years, prove beyond possibility of doubt that nothing gained by women, however painfully, is safe so long as men alone are legislators. It is a "privilege" and not a right, and the men who conceded it can and do ruthlessly withdraw it at their own pleasure. The London Government Act of 1899 deprived women, in a shabby and disgraceful manner, of the "privilege" of being members of the London Borough Councils, which superseded the London Vestries,

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of which women were members. The Education Act (England and Wales), 1902, has destroyed School Boards, of which women had been members, as directly elected representatives of the people, from the time of their creation in 1870, but gave women no place whatever on the "local educational authorities" which have superseded the School Boards, and they can only be members even of the subordinate Education Committees by the *co-option* of the local Education authorities, a co-option which has been exercised in such a manner as to make the position of women both painful and practically useless. Exclusively masculine co-opting authorities are not in the least likely to concede to women any real influence with regard to the education of their own children. The miserable London Education Bill, now before Parliament, destroys the London School Board, on which nine women are now serving as directly elected representatives of the people; excludes women from any place on the substituted education authority; and only permits their presence on the Education Committees in the inferior position of co-opted members. Surely these three successive withdrawals, within four years, of what were regarded as rights effectively secured, should prove even to the dullest of men and women, that the position of English women is not one of citizenship and freedom, but of degrading subjection.

Mrs. Woolsey cites the regulations of the various States as to the persons excluded from the right of voting and of self-government, and most justly resents the constant insolent coupling of women with minors, lunatics, and criminals. She seems quite unaware that in monarchical England precisely the same gross outrage is offered to womanhood. According to the law of England, minors, lunatics, felons, and *women* may not vote for members of Parliament. But a minor grows up and may become a voter, a lunatic may vote during a lucid interval, a criminal may complete his sentence and recover his voting right. But "the crime of being born a woman" can never be expiated, branded as she is with the brand of perpetual infancy, perpetual lunacy, perpetual criminality. No greater insult was ever offered to the womanhood of any nation than was offered to the womanhood of these islands when, in June 1884, in Committee on the Representation of the People Bill of that year, the House of Commons (at the instigation of Mr. Gladstone, who threatened to abandon the Bill if the amendment was carried) rejected Mr. Woodall's amendment, which would have enfranchised women, and—the very next day—also rejected an amendment which would have continued the disfranchisement of a felon for twelve months after the completion of his sentence. Twelve months' additional disfranchisement was, in the view of the gentlemen of the House of Commons, too heavy a penalty for the male felon; but the "crime of being born a woman" being constant, continuing, and inexpiable

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was, by the same high judges, visited with perpetual disfranchisement. It was this masculine scorn of womanhood which found expression in the monstrous Contagious Diseases (*Women*) Acts of 1866 and 1869, brought in by two Liberal Ministries, of one of which Mr. Gladstone was an eminent member and of the other the controlling chief, and passed by an acquiescent Parliament.

Mrs. Woolsey condemns the unjust law of many of the States as to the property and earnings of married women. It was not till 1870 that any married woman in this country had the legal right to her own earnings; and it cost twelve years more of continuous and painful effort to secure the further right to property acquired by inheritance or gift, and the right of contract with respect thereto. In an admirable article entitled "Marriage: a Just and Honourable Partnership," which appeared in this *Review* in April of last year, Mrs. McIlquham points out that

> "Just as the English wife has no legal claim on her husband's property after death unless he dies intestate, so she has no defined claim when living with him to any share of his earnings or income. The records of our police courts give ample proof that the absence of such a legal claim is a fruitful source of marital misery. Case after case could be cited where the wife tells the magistrate that she has had but a few shillings a week, or even less, for months, and sometimes years, to keep herself and her children. She has been the housekeeper, but often without the wherewithal to keep house. Often, as mother and nurse, she has suffered the untellable misery of having the charge of children whom she can neither properly feed nor clothe. Under such circumstances she may quit her home. If she has friends able and willing to give herself and children shelter she can apply for a maintenance order, and get part of her husband's income allotted her. Very often the proportion allotted her is grossly unfair, some magistrates failing to realise how difficult it is for the mother of a family—unless endowed with such exceptional health and energy as have enabled her to struggle through years of semi-starvation and misery—to retain such powers for bread-winning as she may have possessed at the time of marriage, and handicapped though she may be with little children around her, a maintenance order gives her no claim to a share of the furniture of the home, though what home there may be has most likely been kept together by her industry and thrift."

The law of inheritance itself is, at every point, grossly unjust to female heirs. Despite the Infants' Act of 1886, the law of these islands is still inequitable and cruel with regard to the married mother and her child or children. During her husband's lifetime the mother has practically no rights, unless she has obtained a divorce, or a separation order—giving her the custody of the children. The father is, in law, the *parent*, the mother not till his death. In England still the wife has no legal right to any share of the property which her industry or skill has helped her husband to acquire. He may bequeath all to others, and leave wife and children penniless.

Up to this hour an English girl is *at twelve* of age to be married.

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Until 1873 girl children had no protection after twelve years of age against mature villains, and the Attorney-General of that time opposed the raising of the age of protection to thirteen, on the express ground that a girl was marriageable at twelve, which, he said, was the law of all European countries, a grossly inaccurate statement. Only by great effort was Parliament compelled in 1885 to give some protection up to sixteen, but this protection is still in many ways inadequate.

In a pamphlet issued in 1871 by the "Committee for Amending the Law in Points wherein it is Injurious to Women," of which the present writer was honorary secretary, we exposed the infamy of this gross and cruel law in the following words:

"It is a felony punishable with fourteen years' imprisonment to allure a girl, *being an heiress*, from home, with intent to seduce or even to marry her, without her parents' consent, below the age of twenty-one; it is no offence to seduce a child, having no wealth or prospect of wealth, for whom character is the only passport to the employments by which she can hope to escape starvation, as soon as she has completed her twelfth year."

The English law of divorce is unjust to women, assuring, as it does, a *privilegium* of immorality to the husband, who can obtain a divorce on the sole ground of the wife's adultery; whilst the wife must prove in addition either desertion or *legal* cruelty, before she can obtain release from an unfaithful husband. Divorce, in the true sense of complete dissolution of marriage, is practically in England the privilege of the rich alone—the cost of the suit being prohibitive to ordinary wage-earners.

Most infamous of all women's wrongs is the sex-slavery in marriage enforced by English law upon the English wife.

If men were indeed as vile as English law permits, and almost invites them to be, England would be a pandemonium. But that men are gradually rising to a truer morality is no excuse for the retention of such law, but rather a ground for bringing the law up to the level, at least, of the practice of the average decent and honourable man.

I speak from bitter knowledge of the endless futile efforts which have for many years been made to secure the amendment of these wrongs, and my sad experience compels me to declare that I despair of any redress of these iniquities until women have been raised to their just position as citizens. A Parliament of men, elected solely by men, is too busy about men's affairs to trouble itself to do justice to women, to whom it recognises no responsibility.

What has been said above refers specifically to the law of England, the so-called "predominant partner" of the United Kingdom. The law of Scotland is, in several respects, more equitable than that of England—the law of divorce, *e.g.*, being just and equal between

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husband and wife; nor will Scottish law permit a husband to bequeath all his property to others, leaving wife and children destitute.

In England, as in the United States, the labour of women is, with but few exceptions, worse paid than that of men, irrespective of its value to the employer or paymaster, or the real worth of the service, and thus those women who must work for bread become the "involuntary blacklegs of the labour market," so that some working men are disposed to seek a remedy for this evil in the legal exclusion of women from paid industry.

Our Factory Acts protect women and children, and practically men also, from excessive hours of labour, but they do not protect men, women, or children against that which is commonly called "speeding," the enforced working at a constant cruel strain.

In occupations other than those of manual labour, the easiest, most interesting, pleasantest, and best paid posts are practically closed to women, either by law or custom.

In the great field of the Civil Service, the Post Office employs a considerable number of women, thanks primarily to Mr. Fawcett. Just thirty years ago Sir James Stansfeld appointed a woman poor law inspector; but that department, now the Local Government Board, has shown no desire to extend the employment of women in the higher posts, though a fair number of matrons are employed in workhouses and other poor law establishments. The Home Office employs eight women factory inspectors, whilst the Education Department, though repeatedly appealed to, steadily refused to appoint women school inspectors, until it came under the influence of Sir John Gorst, thanks to whom there are now six women elementary school inspectors, and one woman endowed school inspector. Considering the large proportion of women teachers, and the number of girls and infants in our schools, there ought to be here a large field of usefulness open to educated women.

Those of us who remember the struggle required for the admission of women to medical education and practice, cannot but deplore the apparent necessity for an equally severe conflict to secure the opening to women of the practice of the law. Though women lawyers are sorely needed by many of their sister women, the authorities applied to, alike in England, Scotland, and Ireland, agree in saying "Non possumus," lacking, apparently, the will to make the way. Yet it is through male counsel only that women have to make their appeal to male jurors and male judges, in questions affecting their most vital interests, whether civic, social, or personal.

The Judges of our English Courts have, in my view, on three most important occasions, narrowed the civic rights of English women, either through misconception of the position, due to their masculine sex-bias, or to sheer ignorance of many of the facts. The

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cases I refer to are *Regina v. Harrald*, in 1872, by the decision in which case *English* women are, to this day, excluded from voting for town or county councillors, although both Scottish and Irish wives may, and do, vote in such elections. And *Beresford-Hope v. Lady Sandhurst*, decided in 1889, still withholds women from being elected county councillors; while *Regina v. Clarence*, also in 1889, emphatically affirmed the sex-slavery of the wife.

I think I have, by this simple statement of existing facts as to English law, fully proved the inconsequence of Mrs. Woolsey's contention that "Republicanism" is the *cause* of the unjust treatment of women in the great Republic, seeing that the very same evils exist in full force in England, under a constitutional monarchy. Yet it is manifest that there must be some like cause to produce the like results. That like cause is to be found in the "Monstrous Regimen" of men.

Neither sex alone can rule over the other with wisdom and justice. Men alone are as unfit to make laws for women as women alone are unfit to make laws for men. I venture to recall here some words of my own which appeared in this REVIEW last month:

"When, in October 1865, I began to work actively for women's suffrage, there were only about three-quarters of a million Parliamentary electors in these islands. I have lived to see this number increased to nearly seven millions, whilst not one woman has yet been enfranchised. Each successive extension of the male privilege has, to my certain and painful knowledge, greatly increased the difficulty of remedying the still existing cruelly unjust laws and other wrongs from which women now suffer. Worse still, the privileged male half of the community, especially the more ignorant and morally undeveloped portion of that half, is encouraged in its devotion to self-worship, to its glorification of the male merely as a male, and to the consequent deification of mere and sheer brute force as the final arbiter of wisdom and justice. In my judgment this masculine degradation has been going on steadily for many years now, especially since 1884, and has so corrupted and perverted human sentiment that there is far less enthusiasm or effort now for any wise or just social reform than there was fifteen years ago."

In the United States the right of voting for Congress is strictly a *male* right, as it is also in the three kingdoms, but it is there the right of every male of twenty-one years of age who is either native-born, or a naturalised citizen, whilst in this country there are still more than five millions of unenfranchised adult males. At the present moment the Liberal party, or rather that section of it which is represented by the National Liberal Federation, has resolved to make manhood suffrage a plank of the Liberal platform, without any proposal for the enfranchisement of women, having in this matter fallen far away from the nobler ideals of twenty-five or thirty years ago. Should "manhood" suffrage become the law of this land before the enfranchisement of women, it will undoubtedly degrade woman still further, and so prepare the way for irretrievable

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national disaster. In neither England nor the United States are the omens propitious; and in the United States this problem of the future is complicated by two further aggravating factors, the presence of the negro, and the constant influx of aliens, especially from Eastern Europe.

It is not from women of privileged position, any more than from privileged man, that we are to expect help, since women of rank and wealth usually lack the knowledge of the conditions of other women's lives, and therefore do not understand their need of help, or—if they do possess both knowledge and sympathy—the conditions of their own lives are still such as to hamper their generous activities. The primary opposition of the late Queen to the advancement of women is matter of common notoriety, and from Mr. Sidney Lee's *Life of Queen Victoria*, we learn that in 1870 she wrote: "God created men and women different—then let them remain each in their own position. Woman would become the most hateful, heartless, and disgusting of human beings were she allowed to unsex herself; and where would be the protection which man was intended to give the weaker sex?"

Women must indeed help themselves, and in both England and the United States steadily refuse to do the work of any political party which hesitates to pledge itself to the enfranchisement of women—must decline in any way to assist the candidate who fails publicly to declare that he will not merely vote when necessary, but will in every way within his power press forward this greatest of all possible political reforms. Perhaps then, at last, in both England and America a statesman may arise, great enough, wise enough, and just enough, to recognise that without the free woman the free man cannot begin to be, and, therefore, so to use his place and power as to speed the birth of the first of truly free nations.

Meanwhile, just-minded women and men of both countries owe to Mrs. Woolsey deepest thanks for her vigorous exposition of current injustices to women, which press for rectification whether in monarchies or republics. Nor must that writer be unduly despondent as to the worthy share which the men of her own country shall yet take in the needful reform; she may remember, and with pride, that it was the greatest of America's poets—and the truest of democrats—who claimed always for woman every equality of right with man, who saw clearly her neglected potentiality in the common human problem and fate, and who never ceased to impress upon his fellow men that:

> "Unfolded out of the folds of the woman man comes unfolded,
> and is always to come unfolded;
> Unfolded only out of the superbest woman of the earth is to
> come the superbest man of the earth;

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Unfolded only out of the perfect body of a woman can a man be formed of perfect body;
Unfolded only out of the inimitable poem of the woman can come the poems of man (only thence have my poems come);
Unfolded out of the folds of the woman's brain come all the folds of the man's brain, duly obedient;
Unfolded out of the justice of the woman all justice is unfolded;
Unfolded out of the sympathy of the woman is all sympathy:
A man is a great thing upon the earth, and through eternity—but every jot of the greatness of man is unfolded out of woman;
First the man is shaped in the woman, he can then be shaped in himself."

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THE ENIGMA OF LIFE.

IN every generation of men there are a few to whom the fundamental enigmas of life appeal with irresistible force. The questions of ancient inquirers into truth live again, and imperatively, in the minds of modern thinkers. What is the constitution of things? What is our relation as human beings—sentient and capable of rational reflection—to the Universe in which we find ourselves? What is our duty, and what our destiny?

Stories of the gods and of sacred books containing infallible guidance for man are considerably discredited in these days. Their manifest errors and impossibilities show them to be the mere expression of the thoughts and beliefs of a pre-scientific age. All genuine and useful belief is founded upon knowledge; therefore, as our data increase, our opinions and theories must inevitably undergo a transformation, and it is quite impossible that a theory of life and duty based upon an erroneous conception of the truth of things could be genuinely held by those of us who see reason to doubt its fundamental premisses. Nothing, I think, can be worse for us than to be indifferent or insincere, either in our own minds or in our relations with others, as to our religion—by which term I mean our deepest conviction of the true and the good, in which is involved our theory of personal duty and possibility. Every thoughtful man builds up his own ideal of good, which he enshrines in the innermost sanctuary of his being. This, for him, is "God." But there is no "unchanging" quality in this ideal. It grows and develops with every increase of knowledge, with all widening of the intelligence. Unless our conception of the good and the true is larger and broader as time goes on we are wasting the great opportunity of life, we are starving our intellectual powers, which will soon settle into the atrophy of mental stagnation. To be at our best, morally and spiritually, we must be both sincere and strenuous in our endeavour to attain to a true view of life and duty.

Few of us have the opportunity to acquaint ourselves at first hand, by means of personal research and experiment, with the great facts of nature upon which all our philosophy is based. It is, however, possible to learn much from books—those great human documents which record the labours and achievements of the scientific inquirers who are our masters in knowledge and our leaders in thought. These are the men who are entitled to teach, since with a purely disinterested

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devotion and patience they have taught themselves to learn; and from their discoveries of the actual "constitution of things" we may safely proceed to a consideration of their philosophical conclusions.

We learn, then, from the faithful records of honest investigation in all departments of natural science, that there is discernible in the phenomena of the Universe an orderliness of method and procedure which we tentatively describe as law, meaning by that term an unvarying and predictable rule of connection and succession in events. Everything that takes place within our range of observation and comprehension we recognise to be the inevitable result of pre-existing conditions which are its cause, and to become, by the very fact of its existence, a cause of further developments, which are its effects. Both are links in an apparently endless chain of alternate cause and effect. The validity of this law of causation appears to be absolute, so far as our limits of observation go, and we do not exceed the legitimate range of logical inference in predicating its operation throughout the Universe, so long as the conditions resemble those upon which we found the deduction.

This and other related great facts of Nature—such as gravitation, the conservation of matter and energy, the orderly evolution of life-forms, the methods of motion, and the like—demonstrated and co-ordinated as they are by independent evidence brought from scientific investigation in every separate line of inquiry and experiment, represent for us the ultimate basis of knowledge, logical inference and rational judgment. We believe that, however deeply we may be able to penetrate into the ways of Nature, we shall find no essential contradiction, no inconsistency, hardly any unaccountable irregularity—none, at least, that greater knowledge would not tend to explain. Our system of truth—that is, our recognition of the facts of Nature—is based upon our belief in the immutability of this universal *modus operandi* which we describe as Natural Law.

Vast as the Universe is, and infinitely small, in comparison, as we feel the human mind to be, there are a few simple yet august principles evolved from observation by the ablest thinkers, and these throw a light upon the mighty problem, enabling us to understand some little of the ways of things, even so far as to successfully predict the future, and infer the past, course of events. The fact that we can know but little should not deter us from the effort to learn as much as possible. It was, I think, John Locke who advised that men should recognise the limits of their understanding, and the futility of any attempt to overpass those limits; but the sage philosopher pointed out also the folly of permitting unnecessary ignorance or error. Thus it is indeed worth while to have made sure of certain master-keys to the problems of Nature and human life; to know, *e.g.*, that the Universe, though apparently infinite in extent, is an ordered unity, subject to laws which are unaffected by time and

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place, the conditions being the same, and is so far comprehensible by man whose intelligence has perceived and demonstrated that order. The changes of growth and decay, which perhaps sum up the totality of natural processes, are never due to chance, nor, so far as we can see—and this is a point which involves much—are they the result of any external volition. Apparently, by an inherent necessity, which may, indeed, be the life-force—the ultimate cause of evolution itself—every change that takes place is the necessary result of a previous change, and the cause of the next one, and so on, in an endless succession of integrations and disintegrations, from a past to a future eternity. In this aspect, past and future blend into an everlasting present!

Thus we have a clear conception of two great guiding ideas—the universal and eternal consistency of things, and the exceptionless law of causation. These fundamental facts, once recognised, become authoritative to the rationalised thinker who realises that accurate observation of present conditions and processes is his best guide to a theory of past and future events.

Astronomers give us good reason to believe that the distant globes of space are composed of materials largely similar to those which make up our own planet, and that its phases of evolution are not different in kind from those through which its companion-planets pass. Just here, indeed, we find another of our master-keys to the problem of the Universe. If the stars and planets which are visible to us had all come into existence at the same moment of time, and had developed simultaneously, we should have had no conception of the process of their evolution. But just as in a forest one sees trees at all stages of growth and decay—the tiny sapling, the full-grown tree and the withered, leafless skeleton; as in a human family-group we may find at any moment the new-born babe, the busy school-boy, the mature man and the white-haired grand-parent; as in a community of adults we find all stages of mental development existing together, from the ignorant dogmatist to the serene, wide-minded philosopher, so in the vast area of telescopic observation we may see, simultaneously presented, every stage of the mighty evolution of planet-worlds like our own—the primitive nebula, the mature globe which probably bears upon its surface the three-fold marvel of life, and finally a condition such as that of our moon, in which equilibration of the double rotation has brought about the extinction of life on at least one hemisphere.

These illustrations show that evolution is everywhere in progress, and that it follows everywhere the same order, viz., that of a change from simplicity to complexity, and from complexity back to simplicity. It is like the ebbing and flowing of the tide; the rising and falling of waves; the pulsations of an infinite Universe! Whether we consider the life-history of individuals or of nations

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and races; the evolution of a tiny planet or of a solar system; the growth and decay of a single herb, or of a complete flora; the development from ignorance to wisdom of one mind, or the strange and wonderful story of the intellectual life of the race—we find the same order and method of procedure. Well did Emerson say: "It is the Day of days, the great day of the Feast of Life, when the inward eye opens to the unity of things."

The great question which is suggested when this supreme vision dawns upon the mind is as to the Cause, or the "Creator," of the visible Universe. Is Nature self-existent, ultimate, an uncaused effect? Or has the visible effect an invisible cause, and is this invisible cause of phenomena a Personal Creator, who reveals His purpose and will through the so-called *natural laws* which affect both human and non-human existence? But the idea of personality implies limitations, such as those of time, place, power and knowledge—with which we must ever associate it; whilst any attempt to evade this difficulty by postulating an infinite and unconditioned personality is to introduce a contradiction in terms, which is an absurdity, and would render rational thought impossible. So far as experience teaches us, personality necessarily implies limitations.

It must also be taken into consideration that this hypothesis of a Personal Creator and Ruler of the Universe is usually found to be definite and positive in inverse ratio to the amount of knowledge co-existing with it. The more unlearned and the less developed a mind is, so much the more ready is it to receive and retain the anthropomorphic idea, which, as a matter of fact, is always associated with this comparatively primitive stage of mental growth, and may therefore be regarded as its product. As knowledge widens, and the intellect strengthens, such conceptions drop away, with other childish things.

Even in speaking of "Nature," however, and the "laws of Nature," we must carefully avoid personalising tendencies. "Nature" is but the name we give to the totality of observed phenomena; by "laws" we mean only their order of existence and operation.

The constancy and mutual consistency of the operations of the Universe fill our minds with a sense of dignity and security. The immensity of the conception of endless cycles of alternate evolution and de-evolution takes from us the power of postulating either a beginning or an ending, in such an infinite order. Growth gives place to decay and from death new life takes its rise, while "history repeats itself" eternally.

What, then, of ourselves, and of our relation to the wondrous system of things in which we have our transient being? We feel that we are a part of the Universe. Nature has produced us, and with us that strangest of all her phenomena, the self-conscious and

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reflecting mind. The manner in which this human brain—the only known organ of thought and whose quality differentiates one man from another as it does all men from the brutes—has reached its present average efficiency is more or less known to students of scientific psychology. Conscious intelligence has developed slowly, along with the growing complexity of nervous organisation. Animal instinct is mind in its infancy, and its slow progress to intellectual maturity in man can be traced in unbroken continuity. The differences in quality and conformation of the material brain correspond with the varying degrees of mental power that characterise men and women. Whether we like, or like not, the implied assumption that thought is a product of cerebral activity, we must admit the force of the argument that an injury to the actual structure of the brain interferes proportionately with the power to think, with consciousness itself, and we know that all mental effort is followed by an equivalent cerebral waste.

Human life, then, appears to be one form of the universal life of Nature. In our endeavour to understand ourselves and our position we have only the knowledge obtainable from the registered experience of the race, and the investigations of our own period. No supernatural revelation has come to tell us what we are, whence we came, and whither we tend. We find ourselves here for a short space, and must interpret ourselves, our duties and our possibilities as well as we can. If we have relations with a supernatural order of things, we are unable to comprehend the fact, since all the ideas and intuitions we possess are but a reflex of mundane experience. Of the world in which we live we cannot truly say we know nothing, since we have learned so much as to adapt ourselves to its conditions, to utilise some of its resources, and to predict with a measure of accuracy many of its changes and events. Yet it must be frankly conceded that the quantity of the unknown still largely exceeds that of the known, although the domain of the known steadily encroaches upon the vast region of the unknown. Our ignorance is not hopeless, nor is it useless to add by even the smallest contribution to the sum of knowledge. Far from being useless, to do so is the greatest service that can be rendered to humanity, for the more we know the better our judgment should be, the higher and the more refined our morality. Familiarity with great truths, and with the ideas based upon them gives wisdom and serenity as nothing else can do. "The mind of the student grows tranquil, sooner or later, in the sublime presence of facts."

The evolution of the individual intellect is in some sense an epitome of that of the race, just as the stages of physical development of the single human organism from its pre-natal beginnings show what has been the general physical evolution of life. Mental growth varies both in degree and in rate of progress, the intellectual

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maturity of some individuals being greatly in advance of the general reach. The exceptionally well-organised brain has a vitality which carries it with great rapidity through the ordinary stages, and leads it on to new developments in structure and function, thus creating a fresh mark of advance, to become, in its turn, the standard of mediocrity beyond which the pioneers of the next "forward movement" go. In the history of nations, a similar order of evolution is perceptible. The qualities which mark the various stages are largely alike in both cases. But maturity, whether in the individual or in the community, is not a final, or even a permanent condition. Quickly as the tide turns, when at its height, does the reverse process of de-evolution, set in. The wave rises high in the sunshine, then falls, to be buried and lost in the whirl of the shingle; the peach decays more quickly than it ripened, the fading of the rose is sooner accomplished than was its blossoming! We know that dissolution follows hard upon maturity, laying it low, and apparently robbing it of its *raison d'être.* We know that nations with their marvellous and slowly gained civilisations, their throbbing life of enterprise and their wonderful achievements have passed from the very memory of history. We know this, and can go no further in our speculations, but we are fain to be content with things as they are, since they are as they must be. The Universe is greater than we are, and we belong to it.

Religions, differing from each other, as they notably do, on most points, are alike in one or two respects: they all profess to explain the enigma of life and to formulate its duties, and many of them have assumed a knowledge that extends beyond the grave. In one other respect they also resemble each other: they all prescribe, as the *sine quâ non* of well-being in this and any future world unquestioning belief in their doctrines.

One and all, these religions can be traced back to primitive ignorance and fear. Had there been no death and no disaster as a shadow upon life, there would possibly have been no organised religions. Natural religion, which consists in admiration, aspiration, and recognition of duty, would have emerged in the stress of social existence, but the harsh and petrifying elements of compulsion and intimidation could not have appeared. Even now there would probably be a marvellous thinning out of the ranks of orthodoxy if fear of an unknown future were banished from the hearts of men and commercialism from official religion. A scientific examination of the features of the still-existing religions will detect in each the lingering traces of the original causative elements: fear, the desire to propitiate unknown hostile powers, and the opportunity thus afforded for self-interested exploitation of the ignorant and weak. With these there has also been in operation a high and disinterested human faculty, viz., curiosity, which has been called the

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master quality of man. "Patient curiosity has created science; impatient curiosity, religions."

The instructed man who realises that creeds are human inventions, or guesses, and that the existence of God is a dream, possibly as ill-founded, though as alluring, as that of a personal immortality, must make his religion of certainties. Truth and righteousness are his "Kingdom of God," nor will he attain thereunto except "through much tribulation." He must do his best, and hope as he can.

The gods of men have ever been like their worshippers, and have passed through an evolution which reflects the concomitant human development. Innumerable, in the ages of primitive ignorance, they have become fewer and vaguer as man's growing comprehension of things has taught him self-protection and lessened his wild fears. The Christian "God is the last, not the first, of supernatural beings." Monotheism is the final stage of superstitious belief, and when we have passed through its latest metaphysical abstractions we stand in the wide—if desolate—freedom of self-reliant independence. If moralisation has kept pace with intellectualisation, we are ready to dispense with external law-givers, for "the good man is a law unto himself," and morality, founded upon personal choice and preference, is surely safe.

Although the final mystery of life is not explained even then, nor appears likely ever to be explained, we probably stand in the best attitude toward it when we elect to know all attainable truth, even though it upset our favourite theories, robbing us of our dearest illusions; and when we determine to follow our highest ideal of Right—"in the scorn of consequence." The fact that neither Religion, with its asserted revelations and infallible teachers, nor Science, with its faithful and persistent researches into the truth of things, can tell us what life *is* or what it is *for*, is enough to keep the wisest man in a mood of modesty and reverence with regard to the mystery that underlies and enfolds everything. Some such attitude as this, provisional and agnostic though it be, appears the only rational one for finite human reason in face of the many unexplained enigmas of life. The greatest thinkers have assumed the ultimate limit of inquiry to be at this crucial point, where physical and metaphysical questions logically end. Of the origin, the purpose, the destiny of life we have no final and absolute knowledge, nor any means of arriving at such.

Nevertheless, the vantage-ground gained by our fearless facing of reality is worth much, for we have swept away the shifting sands of error and delusion, and can face it surefootedly. Human duty we find to be centred in social necessities wherein it has its true and rational "sanction." Individual and collective well-being are coincident, and selfishness, inevitable as it was in the early stages

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of evolution, eventually widens out into altruism, in which are comprehended all the highest human qualities.

That this position will ever be, at a given time, universally attained, seems improbable, if we judge, as we must, by the analogies of Nature, for beginnings and endings, with all the intermediate stages, co-exist perpetually, and no golden era of general perfection seems ever to have been reached. That such a consummation is necessary, or even desirable, may be only a fancy of our finite imagination. What Science tells us of is an eternal recurrence of cycles of integration and disintegration, not of universal finality or completion. Always, and everywhere changes are in process, sometimes in the direction which we call progress, quite as often in that which we are inclined to regard as retrogression. Sometimes the wave is rising, sometimes it is falling. Whatever be the direction of the evolutionary process at any given time it is the one inevitable under the circumstances and conditions; therefore we cannot logically say that the one course is good and the other evil; one right, the other wrong; one desirable, the other not so. If both are inevitable, both are right.

But our glimpse of the Universe is, at the best possible, very brief and circumscribed; even when widened and extended by such knowledge as the most earnest and diligent student can accumulate in his brief day of life. The period of the longest life is infinitesimal, its working opportunity comparatively insignificant. The life of Humanity as a whole is a mere incident in the life-history of a planet—yet it may surely be regarded as the culminating point in its career, its supreme efflorescence. For in man the highest form of consciousness is reached. In some measure he can interpret his own sensations, and through them understand a little of the external system of things. Just as a clear mirror reflects the objects that pass before it, so does the instructed mind of man reflect the realities that surround him. His thoughts, in so far as they accurately represent external facts, make up a system of *truth*, which is the subjective reflection of objective reality, the identification of thought with things. Our first care, as rational thinkers, must be to prepare the mirror for accurate representation by clearing it of all the distorting mists of error, prejudice and ignorance. But how great is the labour thus involved before one can understand things so as to reflect them in clear and useful thoughts, and how short-lived is the period of intellectual maturity! Untold generations of men had to live and learn before impressions slowly registered in the brain could produce the complexity of organic structure that makes intelligent observation and thought at all possible. Through long ages of ignorance, superstition and metaphysical delusion has mankind passed, and even yet it is, as has always been the case, only the few specially organised individuals

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who are on the crest of the wave of mental evolution, who have attained the height of human development, so far as we can at present conceive it, in knowledge, wisdom and moralised character. We do not know what further development is possible; perfection is a relative term, and in each generation of men there must have been one or two who embodied the degree of perfection then possible, but the high-water mark of human attainment appears, on the whole, to rise, and what its ultimate height may be we cannot tell. But an apparently significant circumstance must be noted, viz., that the intellectualisation of men and women seems to lead to a diminution of the reproductive tendencies. In the light of this fact, our speculations as to the meaning and destiny of life become vague indeed. Is maturity but the introduction to decay and death? We seem rationally bound to some such inference, from the knowledge we have gained of natural processes. Everywhere we see cycles of evolution and dissolution; see, or logically infer. By the right of legitimate inference from known facts we assume that the earth began its course of separate existence when thrown off in a nebulous state from the condensing sun; that it has passed through many phases of growth, slowly approaching the condition which gave rise to the beginnings of life upon its surface; that it is now pursuing an unceasing and inevitable course toward the period of non-productive age when it will be unable even to sustain existing life, which must disappear with the disappearance of atmosphere and water. The present condition of our moon seems a logical criterion of our own planet's final stages.

From the mightiest sun to the smallest satellite, in the growth and decline of great nations, as in the history of the humblest individual, we find, substantially, the same order of experience. All the phenomena of Nature, whether mighty or minute, seem like the rising and falling of the tide, the eternal climbing and sinking of its waves. What it means no man knows, nor whether it have a meaning at all!

These, then, appear to be the conclusions to which we are led by our serious and honest inquiry. Grave questions arise at the close of such a review as the foregoing. If one's final attitude toward the fundamental enigma of life must be of an agnostic sort, what effect will be produced upon character and conduct?

With regard to this all-important matter I can only feel that there is not much to be feared. Our intellectual opinions are determined by our quality of brain, and by the nature of the environment on which it reacts. Character, or disposition, seems to be inborn rather than acquired, and is strangely independent of the mental endowment, since a wide intelligence not only enhances the value of a good character, but also intensifies the harmfulness of an evil one, while both the virtue and the vice associated with

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limited intelligence have a comparatively narrow range. One point specially to be noted in this connection is that the virtue of ignorance is often largely due to fear and self-interest, whilst that of knowledge is probably sincere, since it is certainly disinterested. The timidity born of ignorant fear would at least put on the appearance of righteousness, in very desire to propitiate the gods and escape punishment, but the courage born of knowledge will strive to do right even though there be neither "Heaven" to gain nor "Hell" to fear.

Thus, though to "know the true" is not necessarily to "do the right," still less is it a certain licence for evil. A good man, though superstitious and ignorant, may act up to the best he knows, as the instructed, intellectualised man will do; but what a difference of value for the world and the human race is involved! Can there be a higher or a more reliable type of virtue than that of men and women who, having ceased to believe in the existence of supernatural sanctions, or of everlasting rewards and punishments, still choose to live as though all these were realities?

MABEL JAYNE.

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THE EDUCATION OF PHYSICALLY AND MENTALLY DEFECTIVE CHILDREN.

THE nineteenth century imposed a new duty upon civilised governments. To the three elementary wants of humanity—food, clothing and shelter—advancing civilisation has added a fourth—education. The duty of supplying all these to children is, of course, primarily parental; but so difficult and, in most cases, impossible, is it for the parent himself to supply this fourth requisite, that he is compelled in all civilised countries to rely very largely upon the aid and direction of the State. To avoid parental laxity, the State has been compelled to undertake, more or less directly, the education of all the children of the State. But it became evident in various places, during the latter part of the century, that this mission was not being entirely fulfilled. There were children everywhere who had to be entirely excused. They were too lame or too feeble, or too mentally deficient, to attend with safety, or to profit by, the instruction of an ordinary school. Others of the last-named class were brought indeed to school, but failed altogether to be benefited; they could not keep pace with their fellows, and became a hopeless residuum, a burden to themselves, to their fellow-scholars, to their teachers, and to the community.

But it is not in school-years, unfortunately, that these cases attract the attention which they deserve and demand. It is only in later life, when neglect has borne its dreadful fruit, when the crippled or invalid child has grown up into an absolutely useless man or woman, when the school dunce has gone forth to a life of mockery and humiliation, when the neglected imbecile boy has deteriorated into a worthless, if not a malignant fool or butt, and when the half-witted girl has met with the fate that naturally falls to her, that people begin to ask themselves, "Why were not these people sooner and better cared for?"

The movement towards the remedy of this state of things has been a very general one all over Teutonic Europe, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, all North Germany, Switzerland and England; and latterly it has spread to Belgium, and in some degree to France. The honour of leading the way belongs to Saxony. Ernst Stötzner, a teacher of Leipzig, began agitating this question in 1865, and so succeeded in arousing the conscience of his fellow-countrymen that

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in some respects the laws of Saxony still make fuller provision for these unfortunate children than those of any other State. There alone, for example, it is yet the duty of every educational authority to see that all such children in its district are duly provided for. The movement spread into Prussia and into German Switzerland in 1885-90, and then into the Northern countries and into the French cantons.

The English movement has been of relatively independent origin. It began with the London School Board, who, being troubled in certain large schools with an incubus of backward scholars, conceived the idea of segregating these children into a separate class in each school. Several classes of this nature were formed, and the whole work was placed under the able direction of Mrs. Burgwin. The number of such classes increased, and in some cases the class was numerous enough to be divided. But still they remained essentially classes, not schools, and the scholars were drawn from the ordinary elementary schools, and not from the outcast residuum. Herein they differed essentially from the *Hilfsschulen* of the great German towns, and from other schools which have since been formed in this country. They manifestly only touched the fringe of the evil. But that does not detract from the merit or value of the initiative. The Board did all that it was legally in its power to do. These classes were entirely for backward children. The first provision for crippled children was made by the University Settlement in Tavistock Square, but the Board took that over very soon after it obtained (1899) the legal power to do so.

Other Boards did little or nothing till the Defective Children's Education Act was passed in 1899. This Act is not compulsory, but it confers on any local authority, which chooses to adopt it, very ample powers. These powers extend to the compelling of all defective children to attend the special schools provided, and even to the housing and boarding of such children, if the authority think fit, at the cost of the school fund. That it is the duty of local authorities to adopt this Act cannot for a moment be doubted. There is no argument which can be urged for the education of ordinary children which cannot be urged with still greater force for the education of defectives. To the ordinary man or woman education is an advantage; to these it is a necessity. The ordinary man or woman may contrive to live and support himself without an education; but these unfortunates, without education, are doomed to a useless, and often to a degraded and embruted existence. They drift into asylums, gaols, penitentiaries, and into places of public and private charity, or lead in some obscure den a life which is more that of an animal than of any human creature. The economic reasons for the adoption of the Act are, therefore, just as strong as

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the philanthropic; and the community that adopts it will, in spite of the confessed costliness of special schools, receive its economic reward in the lightening of its future burdens.

To understand the need for special schools, and the ground which they are intended to cover, it is worth while to enumerate the various causes by which the child is prevented from frequenting the ordinary elementary school, and the various classes of defective children, which are thus brought into view.

There are first of all the mere cripples, mentally uninjured, but so maimed as to be incapable of associating, without injury, with other children. Then there are invalids, children mostly with diseased bones, weak hearts, or local paralysis. These also are usually free from mental defect, though liable from physical causes, to mental fatigue. Two classes of invalid children, however, demand to be considered apart. These are the consumptives and the epileptics. Both of these classes demand a special treatment, which is neither wanted nor fitted for other invalid children. They can only be suitably treated in residential institutions; and their presence in day-classes is a distinct injury to the other children. An epileptic fit in a special school is distressing and alarming, and has a distinct tendency to bring out, by suggestion, epilepsy which is latent, and might remain latent, in the other children. Fortunately the total number of epileptic and consumptive cases is not large. It is necessary also to mention here for completeness sake, the case of children who are deaf, or dumb, or blind, though these are already so far cared for, by public and private charity, and by legal enactment, that no Act is needed for them.

But as soon as we pass over from the region of physical into that of mental defect, the absence of any regular means or general attempt to cope with it becomes painfully apparent. A child may be a hopeless idiot or a hopeless lunatic, but it is nobody's business to see that that child is placed in proper surroundings, where it may live out its poor life, without harm and misery to itself and others. And of course, for such a child special schools are of no use. It is beyond all schooling.

But outside the class of the hopelessly insane, there is a class of children, ten times more numerous, who are more or less feeble-minded; who, as the phrase goes, are "not quite all there"; and who offer a most profitable material for special schooling and for special schools. Of course there is no hard and fast line between insanity and feeble-mindedness, nor between feeble-mindedness and sanity. That is a matter of infinite gradation. We all shade off into the insane. Nor is it the sanest man perhaps who makes the best citizen. One shudders to think of the deadly dulness of a world, reduced to absolute and perfect sanity. It follows therefore that in the class called feeble-minded, there are infinite gradations,

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stretching all the way from the borders of normal intelligence to the borders of downright insanity. In a special school the head-teacher will always classify them according to their capacities. That is the cardinal advantage of schools over isolated classes. But there is one general classification, of a useful nature, which was carried out by the Swiss Government, when it made, in 1897, a census of defective children; it divided the cases into those for which a special school was imperative, and those for which it was merely advisable, and called the former seriously, and the latter slightly, feeble-minded. The latter class turned out to be (see later) about twice as numerous as the former.

The moral feelings of feeble-minded children are as a rule feeble also. But there is a small class among them whose moral feelings are not simply feeble, but perverse and deranged. Their moral defects are not, as in the others, a part of their general mental feebleness. They are often superior to the rest in intelligence, but have an inborn bent for destruction, cruelty, and active immorality of various kinds. It is well that such cases should be diagnosed during school years, and then kept under life-long restraint or surveillance.

There is also an important class of temporarily defective, or backward, children. Their backwardness does not arise from any rooted constitutional deficiency, but rather from some accident, such as prolonged illness, or the vagrant habits of parents, or their own inattention or truancy, or from the fatal tendency of the child, who becomes backward in class, to become more and more backward, at an accelerating speed. There is also a large class of morally deteriorated, but reformable, backward children. They are not congenitally bad, but through the neglect or culpable indulgence of parents have become unamenable to discipline, and incapable of steady application to anything. The former class are right subjects for the special school; the latter perhaps for the truant school. They are perhaps the only classes of which there is a fair hope that they may be properly sent back some day to the ordinary elementary school. The rest were born defective, and will always be so.

Such is the kind of evil with which the special school has to cope. What is its extent? Statistics are extremely scarce. The only Government which seems to have made any attempt to enumerate its defective children is the Swiss. A census was carried out in all the cantons in 1897, and the summarised results are as follows:

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Total number of children of school age	470,000
Slightly feeble-minded	5,052
Seriously feeble-minded	2,615
Idiots and cretins	1,076
Deaf, dumb, and both	889
Epileptic	129
Otherwise defective (nerve and bone disease, &c.)	203
Blind	108
Morally neglected and uncontrolled	1,235
Cripples, &c.	1,848
Total	13,155

These figures may not hold good exactly for us. In some of the smaller categories they are certainly too low for us. In others they may be too high. But in the main they cannot be far wrong; and for London alone they would have to be doubled. The sum of child-misery and of later possible, nay probable and certain, corruption and blight, which these statistics point to, is certainly appalling. The public conscience has failed to grasp the case, chiefly because so many of these unfortunates live entirely out of sight. But when the long arm of the educational authority has brought them in, and a score or more of them are placed before the medical officer for examination, the sight is not one readily to be forgotten. No battlefield could be more horrible. For it is a battlefield! It is the final phase in the struggle for existence, the last effort of the eliminables against impending elimination. Multiply this score by 100, by 1000, or even by 5000, and we have probably not then reached the limit for England of the problem of the Unfit.

But if they are unfit, some will say, why coddle them, why educate them, why help them to live, why, above all things, make it possible for them to perpetuate their kind? This argument would be admirably conclusive, if it were only to be accompanied by a dose of prussic acid. But prussic acid not being within the sphere of practical politics, that line of treatment falls to the ground. These people will not die simply because they are told they ought. We must deal with them in some more human, and more patient way. It is evident without further argument, that they ought at the earliest convenient age to be discovered and registered, and be kept under public surveillance and control so long as may afterwards seem necessary.

The natural machinery for discerning these cases is that of the school authority. Every child is bound, on attaining school age, to present itself at school to be educated. The large majority will always pass into the primary school. A large part of the minority will, when special schools are provided, be passed into the special schools. Even then there will be a hopeless remainder, of idiots,

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lunatics and incurables. This remainder will be very small; but it ought to be the duty of the authority to register them too, and to see that every child is taken charge of by the proper authority and sent to hospital, or asylum, or special school, as the case may be. The educational authority finds room now, by law, for deaf, dumb and blind children, and also as truants, for many of the uncontrollable class. The same principle needs now to be extended, until the whole of our defective child population is brought under the special purview of the State. Only so can the State protect itself fully against the evils and scandals and inevitable consequences of the present system.

Till the Act of 1899 gave school authorities the power, they had no means of dealing with more than a small minority of the various classes of perpetual absentees above described. But that Act gives them power to deal with two classes, the cripples (including the invalids) and the feeble-minded, who make up the great majority of such absentees. The schools established under the Act fall therefore into two kinds, schools for cripples and schools for the feeble-minded. For the educational problems involved in dealing with the two kinds of children are essentially different; and the methods pursued in the two schools must be quite divergent, even when they are carried on under the same roof and the same direction.

The Liverpool School Board adopted the Act immediately on its becoming law, and the writer writes from experience gained in that connection, as well as from inquiries made at home and abroad. The Board has opened four schools, all of which take feeble-minded children, but only two of them cripples or invalids. The accommodation is for about 600 children, one-fourth of them cripples. But this by no means covers the requirements of the city. Consequently, compulsion cannot be applied, and remains in abeyance. There is a continual circulation of invalid children of the city, to and from the Children's Convalescent Home at West Kirby. It was essential that these children should not lose their schooling while away. The Board of Education have therefore allowed the School Board to locate a teacher there for the absent children.

A curious question arose almost at the outset between the Board of Education and the School Board, about the interpretation of the Act. The latter decided not to avail itself of the boarding clauses of the Act (save perhaps at a later stage for epileptics and consumptives), but desired to give all the children a mid-day meal. They considered that the greater power must include the less, and that the authority to give full board must include the authority to give a light dinner. The Board of Education doubted this, and the meals are provided entirely at the cost of the Board. The object of this meal is partly educational, partly hygienic. The children are incapable of long school-hours. If they came only once

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a day without dinner the school-day would be ridiculously short. If they came twice a day the labour of collecting them a second time would be enormous. Some could not stand the fatigue; others have to be brought to school by guides and in ambulance 'buses, and to bring them a second time would cost as much as their meal. The effect of a good meal also, under medical advice and nurses' supervision, is admirable. The invalid children suffer as much from ignorant feeding at home as they do from their diseases.

In the cripple school the problems of management are not chiefly educational; they are mostly mechanical, therapeutic. The children are not naturally unintelligent, and the course of their instruction easily follows something like the ordinary routine of the elementary school. Much attention is given, however, to everything in the nature of manual instruction and practical work, so as to prepare them for the earning of a livelihood in later years, in competition with others of superior physical powers. It is for this reason, doubtless, that the Act of 1899 keeps all these children at school till they are sixteen. Otherwise, the most striking things in the cripple school are the contrivances by which children, unable to walk or unable to sit, are enabled to take their places in class with their less feeble fellows, and to obtain that training of their faculties, which for them is harder to get and more precious to possess than for children who are not handicapped by infirmity.

The school for the feeble-minded is educationally a complete contrast to this, save that there too the greatest possible prominence is given to the development of physical aptitudes. It is a remarkable fact that the dulness of the intellectual powers extends usually in a less degree to the perceptive powers, and in a still less degree to the muscular aptitudes. There is a very real sense, however, in which these poor feeble-minded children are as essentially cripples as those of the cripple school. Real feeble-mindedness as contrasted to accidental backwardness has already a physical basis. Could we explore the brain and nerves of the really feeble-minded child, we should always find there some lesion, some atrophy, some deterioration of tissue, which is the organic basis of the feeble mind. Their deficiencies arise sometimes after birth, but much oftener before.

The Swiss statistics seem to show that the two great ante-natal causes of feeble-mindedness are parental defect and parental alcoholism, either habitual or at the time of conception. There is cheering evidence, however, that Nature herself strives in a limited way against the propagation of defect. If only one parent is defective, and possesses only one defect, Nature generally eliminates this defect in the next generation. But if there is an additional defect, either in the same or in the other parent, the probability of the offspring being also in some way defective is high. Nature

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helps therefore in the mildest cases; and she helps also in the most severe. For the worst cases are very frequently infertile. But between those extremes there is a fruitful field for human guidance and philanthropy. A minority of defectives become so after birth, through diseases and accidents to the brain and spine during infancy. Sometimes also feeble-mindedness seems to follow upon infantile fevers and severe convulsions. But in all cases there is a physical injury at the bottom of it, which can never be completely remedied. Teachers and managers should always remember this, and never expect the impossible. The first requisite in teaching these children is patience; the second is patience; and the third is patience too.

But if their limitations are borne in mind much may be done with them. Much has been done with them. The contrast between the cheerful faces, neat work, and waking intelligence of the special school, and the disheartening, sometimes horrifying, crowd of applicants out of which it is created, is a sight to make any one who loves his kind rejoice. But no rules can be laid down. No teaching demands so much from the insight and initiative of the teacher. No two of these children are quite alike; their defects are so various. Hence the necessity of a great subdivision of classes, and for much individual attention. In bad cases a class of five is quite enough for one teacher; in more manageable cases the number may be extended to fifteen.

There is one general division, however, which is always found, and is of practical importance. It is the distinction between the apathetic and the excitable imbecile. Just as in the severer cases there is the distinction between idiocy and lunacy, between mental deficiency and mental derangement, so among these children there are two classes, which demand very different practical treatment. The apathetic kind of feeble-minded scholar is distinguished by a very slight and capricious power of attention. He has no attention at all for anything which is not concrete—visible, audible or tangible. The smallest effort of abstraction, generalisation or imagination is a labour and a puzzle. The simplest arithmetic is a profound intellectual mystery. Descriptions, without pictures or models, simply carry no meaning to their minds. Having no power of abstraction, they are unable to separate in thought the essential from the inessential; their memory is of particulars, not of universals; and their experience teaches them no rules. Even at that their memories are weak, and soon lose grip. Their senses are dull, and need strong stimuli; stimuli which would be painfully strong to ordinary senses—loud music, startling colours—seem to give them pleasure. They are said to learn writing best by beginning on a very large scale with chalk and with the arm rather than with the hand and fingers. They listen quite uncritically, often remem-

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bering the small details and quite forgetting the essence. Consequently they reproduce what they have learned often quite confusedly and unintelligently. It may be partly due to this intellectual confusion that they seem often to have difficulty in telling the truth; but there is a moral want as well. Their attention soon flags; a lesson of more than twenty minutes' duration is quite useless; and for the same reason a long school-day is out of the question. But when we leave the intellectual side of things the picture brightens. These same children are often quite expert and interested in kindergarten work, drawing, manual work, or gardening. Of this, more by and by. Their moral feelings seem to share that same want of generality which characterises their intellectual perceptions. An abstract moral principle is as incomprehensible to them as any other abstraction; but they are quite capable of a dog-like obedience and affection towards their accustomed teachers. But in the main they are very self-centred, and towards strangers very unresponsive. Hence a change of teacher is to be, as far as possible, avoided. Vacant and stolid in demeanour, they are yet not, as a rule, ill-tempered; and in any case chastisement has rarely a happy effect, because they do not associate it correctly with its cause. Their sense of humour is of course not keen, but they sometimes break out into fits of apparent merriment, for which it is impossible to discover a reason.

The excitable class of feeble-minded children is less numerous, but much more troublesome. Their attention is lively, but very shifting and inconsistent, and is liable to be diverted on the slightest possible occasion. Their memories are active, but inexact and mixed. Every activity of their minds, be it sense-impression, memory, intellectual process or moral feeling, seems more or less whimsical and distorted. There is twist and perversity everywhere. Their feats in lying excel those of the apathetic imbecile, and their tempers and attachments are always streaked with uncertainty. They seldom show any resonance to the higher moral feelings.

The children in these, as in all other schools, profit considerably by association with each other. The child gravitates to its intellectual superior, even when that superior is only somewhat less imbecile than itself. Were the gulf greater, it would probably not profit at all; there would be no impulse to associate with so different a being. In the ordinary school, for example, it would speedily attain the isolation of the dunce.

The Liverpool Board has as yet drawn no scholars whatever from the ordinary schools; they have all been drawn from the hitherto excused residuum. There is thus a very sharp contrast between the material of these schools, and that of the London special classes, which were all drawn from the ordinary schools. But the one work

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is not of less importance than the other. The backward child in the ordinary school is a nuisance to himself, his teacher and his class, and it would be better for everybody, and most of all for himself, if he were put into a special school. In fact they are the most promising cases, and are likely more than any other to justify the existence of the special school. But they are a burden to the ordinary teacher, and he ought to be delivered from them. In Switzerland every head-teacher is furnished with a code of instructions for the diagnosis of feeble-mindedness, and it is his duty during the first year of school-life to find out all children displaying symptoms of that nature. At the end of the year the teacher brings the children, of whom he has any doubt, before the medical officer and the teacher of the special class. These three decide whether the child is to be educated in the ordinary school or in the special class. This diagnosis seems now to be carried out with a great amount of certainty. It formerly sometimes happened that a child sent to the special class was sent back, as being quite fit for the ordinary school; but that is now very rare.

It goes without saying that the organisation of a school for the feeble-minded differs totally from that of an ordinary elementary school. The routine of the standards, for example, is simply thrown overboard. Even the three R's can scarcely be laid down as the essential foundation. Writing, indeed, seldom presents much difficulty; nor does reading, apart from the vagaries of English spelling; but arithmetic is often a simple impossibility—an Australian savage could give them points. They often sing very nicely, and are fond of dumb-bell exercise and the like, especially with music. Simple religious observances have a salutary and soothing effect. But their qualities are best brought out by occupations of the hand and eye. Drawing is often very creditable. Joinery, basket-work, modelling, papier-maché work, have attractions for others. Others again develop an interest in natural objects, plants, animals and gardening. Continental authorities greatly commend school gardens and school walks. School-walks in our great cities are unfortunately out of the question, and school-gardens are not easy to find; but there is one school in Liverpool where every child possesses a flower-pot and a plant or two, and is interested in its growth. In this connection the recent American idea of an egg-shell garden may prove serviceable in other town schools as well as in those for defectives. Thus the glimmering intelligence of the child is brought out through those channels which Nature has left open; and the futile effort is given up, to bring it out through those which are closed by irretrievable disaster. In some schools it has even been found possible to teach these children geography and history, in a concrete and pictorial kind of way.

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The reader will have easily inferred, from this account of the work involved, that the special school has an immense educational advantage over the special class. The necessity for endless subdivision and individual teaching makes demands upon the class teacher which genius itself could scarcely respond to. Each child is a problem, each child as he turns to it demands from him a new attitude and different methods. Few men or women can respond efficiently to such demands. In schools of several classes, on the other hand, this evil can be very much mitigated. In either case the teaching is very expensive. The teaching power is at least three times as great as in the ordinary school; and the teachers are everywhere paid somewhat more highly than for ordinary school-work. But no one who has seen the work can doubt that the money is well spent, both in the interest of the children and in that of the community to which they belong.

The task of the teachers is of a very special kind. They have much to learn and do which does not belong to ordinary school-work. It would be a service to the community if the Board of Education were to establish short training courses for teachers who may wish to undertake this kind of teaching. The special teachers themselves might do much by holding conferences, like their Swiss and German colleagues, on the subject of their schools. But above training and above ability is the call and the dedication, which this kind of work, if it is to be effectual, imperatively demands. The teachers should be all, or almost all, women. In the Liverpool teaching staff there are no men whatever. (In Saxony, strange to say, they seem to be all, or nearly all, men.) The difficulty of having big boys of sixteen to control is met by an able-bodied caretaker. But for the smaller children women alone are suitable. The duties are to a large extent domestic and maternal, far more so than in the ordinary school, because the children are so helpless. A man would never attend to them properly. He would simply leave them undone, to the discomfort of everybody and the ruin of his teaching. Besides, the personal tie with a woman teacher is stronger; it is not based on fear: it is the thing most like morality which the school develops. A description based on force and fear is quite inapplicable to the case; under such a *régime* the scholars would simply cower and shrink, and become totally unamenable to all reformatory efforts.

A school of so unusual a nature needs to be housed in a special building, with class-rooms of a suitable size, teaching appliances of a special kind, conveniences for manual work, and, if possible, for gardening; doctor's and nurse's rooms, kitchen, baths, ample sunlight, and about double the floor-space of an ordinary school; the cripples should always be upon the ground floor. To discuss the

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internal arrangements, however, and the order of working, of a special school would fill another paper. But enough has perhaps been said in the above sentence to arouse the impression (which would be a perfectly just one) that a special school can only be satisfactorily housed in a home which has been specially built for it. That is not only the ideal course; it is also the cheapest in the end.

The position of the medical officer in a special school is a highly important one. His advice is continually needed; and it lies chiefly with him to discriminate between suitable and unsuitable applicants for admission. His notes on the cases in school form a valuable and impartial record of results attained. Besides teaching staff, doctor, and nurse, a special school is all the better for having a small but enlightened committee of management. The oversight of such a committee encourages the teachers and prevents teaching from degenerating into routine. There is no work in which the teacher has more need of external sympathy and support. The onlooker is said to see most of the game, and the advice of the onlooker often embodies a new point of view which the practical teacher can turn to good account. It is especially important to have intelligent women as managers. The whole undertaking is so essentially maternal and domestic, that women are pre-eminently capable of seeing what is wanted in these schools, and of devising the means of carrying it out.

The attitude of the parents towards the special school is in the great majority of cases one of thankfulness and co-operation. And well it may be, for the results are beneficial, and often quite astonishingly good. This is all the more gratifying, because present conditions do not admit of the best possible results being attained. Eventually all defective children will come into the special school at seven years of age; and will stay there until they are sixteen. But at present they come in at all ages; and to come late is a great disadvantage, for it must always be remembered that the defective child which gets no schooling does not simply stand still, but as teaching material greatly deteriorates. German results show that no less than 85 per cent. of the scholars leaving the special schools are capable, under proper conditions and friendly oversight, of supporting themselves by their own individual efforts. It is certain that without the training of the special schools the result would be directly contrary, and that 85 per cent. of them, or more, would be a burden, a disgrace, and a danger to the community.

But what of the other 15 per cent., the unhappy minority who can in no circumstances be trusted to take care of themselves, and can never be entirely self-supporting? These will shortly become a problem. But the solution seems obvious. They are not entirely

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self-supporting, but it will certainly pay the community better to maintain them, and prevent them by segregation from contributing to the population, than to allow them to sink certainly into misery, and probably into corruption, and to perpetuate their like in the next generation. The establishment of special schools will perhaps turn out to have been the first step in the purification of the race.

R. J. LLOYD.

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THE LAST WORDS OF HERBERT SPENCER.

THE undisputed monarch of the wide realms of modern philosophy has brought a long life's labours to an end in the slender volume of miscellaneous papers which he entitles *Facts and Comments*.

Besides the solemn and melancholy interest which belongs to the last testament of a great thinker, the book has other qualities which will probably ensure it a larger share of popular attention than has commonly been accorded to his more abstruse and weighty works. In the wide range of subjects on which Mr. Spencer passes his last remarks, and which testify once more to the vast extent of his acquirements and the versatility of his interests, nearly every one may find something interesting or at least intelligible.

Traces of age and failing power may perhaps be discovered, but they appear rather in the manner than in the matter, in the desultory brevity and disconnection of the papers, and in the occasional repetitions, digressions, and carelessness of style. In certain respects, however, these traits give an additional interest to the volume. They present to us the philosopher in a state of, so to speak, intellectual undress, permitting glimpses of the inner feelings and mental workings which his high personal reserve has usually concealed from the curiosity of his readers. There is constantly touched a human and intimate note which will appeal to many who have been repelled by the atmosphere of pure and colourless intellectuality which his readers are commonly called upon to breathe.

On the whole the book leaves an effect of sadness. The tone is that of one who feels it almost useless to argue with a perverse and misguided generation, which is too thoughtless and impatient to stand still for even a moment in order to look or think whither it is hurrying; a generation, which is constantly embarking lightheartedly on the most momentous experiments and rushing down the steepest places into seas of folly and disaster.

He sees on all hands, in unimpeded progress, the tendencies which he regards as most detestable and pernicious, and against which he has spent so much of his strength in vain, tendencies which he stigmatises under the titles of regimentation, rebarbarisation, and slavery.

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It is a remarkable fact that one whose powers command such universal recognition from men of all parties and peoples should yet have had his teaching so persistently set at nought and even ignored in social and political practice. It is, of course, the custom to say, and a hundred ready writers have written it since this book appeared, that Mr. Spencer is not up to date, out of touch with modern ideas, and so forth, but those who remember how often it has been the fate of the great and wise to be left in a minority by their contemporaries, and how often their judgment has been vindicated by posterity at the expense of the generation which mocked their predictions and disregarded their warnings, will not be satisfied with the mere process of counting heads as a test of truth or even of probability. Men are as prone now to stone their prophets as they were in the days of Plato, who lamented that the only course left to a wise man was to stand under a wall while the insensate multitude swept by. Isolation is the penalty of pre-eminence, and those who look far ahead of their age, "voyaging through strange seas of thought alone," setting their course by the stars of primary principles and sounding the currents in the mid-stream of time, while the attention of their fellows is confined to the eddies and shallows that fringe the shore, must resign the thought of popular applause and the approval of majorities. This Mr. Spencer has done. "Early in life it became a usual experience with me to stand in a minority—often a small minority, approaching sometimes to a minority of one." But no weight of authority or numbers has ever daunted the intrepid spirit in which Mr. Spencer has conducted the pursuit of truth, or shaken the persistence with which he has continued, often at great pecuniary loss, to press upon a world indifferent or averse the principles in which he believes as essential to its welfare.

All his life Mr. Spencer has been engaged in undermining received beliefs and established traditions, and we find him still at this task in his latest volume, which traverses popular opinions and prepossessions in every direction. Imperialism, State Education, Local Option, the cult of Muscularity, Vaccination, even current methods and practices in such matters as music and household ornamentation pass in turn under his critical harrow and re-emerge from the process with their facial attractiveness more or less seriously impaired. Whatever verdict may finally be passed on the opinions there advanced, and the writer for one does not find them invariably convincing, they are supported with a cogency and resource that must give food for thought and self-examination to the most convinced opponent.

No usage or belief, however profoundly established, however sure of itself, can afford to look on with indifference or even equanimity when Mr. Spencer marshals against it his host of pertinent

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evidence, arrays the close ranks of his argument, and with impressive deliberation and in slowly marching periods advances to the attack.

Perhaps the subject which looms largest in these pages is the running fight long waging over wide areas of political controversy between Collectivism and Individualism, in which the latter seems no longer able to do more than hamper and impede the advance of its antagonist. On this issue, which he has summarised as the Man *v.* the State, Mr. Spencer has delivered his soul with a wealth of appeal and an abundance of iteration which testify how deeply it is vexed by the steady socialistic trend of latter-day legislation.

Mr. Frederic Harrison has given a burlesque estimate of the relative magnitude of the opposed forces in describing the controversy as Mr. Spencer *v.* All England, but there are numbers of thoughtful people who are largely with Mr. Spencer in the matter, though they stop short at varying distances of the extreme position he takes up, and there is at least one person who finds his arguments entirely convincing and goes the whole length of his contention.

It is certain that on this important question Mr. Spencer has never been adequately met on the terrain of *à priori*. His opponents have usually spent their energy in assailing imaginary positions which he has never occupied and does not defend. Democracy as a whole, with its characteristic impatience of long-sighted objections and deductive reasoning, has simply marched by the individualist position without even taking the trouble to mask it. "The masses are set upon these courses, and can no more be stopped by argument than a runaway horse by pulling the reins."

A readier hearing is obtainable for the argument *à posteriori*, but this test is notoriously difficult of application where, as here, the issues are so vast and involved that results often need generations in which to display themselves, where conclusions are so easily vitiated by what Mill calls "plurality of causes," and consequent and antecedent, are so hard to disentangle or connect. So far, however, as it is possible to argue *à posteriori*, Mr. Spencer has no reason to shirk the test. If he cannot in so short a time prove his case conclusively by results, at least his opponents would find it much more difficult to prove theirs. Many of Mr. Spencer's predicted consequences have arrived. How many of those promised by his sanguine opponents?

Take State Education. Where is the added national stability, enlightenment, efficiency and general contentment which were to follow infallibly in its blessed footsteps? Are they evidenced by the contemporaneous increase of lunacy, suicide, physical degeneration, and, in many countries, crime?

The heightened influx from country to town, with the consequent spread of slums and overcrowding of the poor; the cutthroat competition inflicted on the middle classes by those whom they have

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been taxed to equip for the purpose; the vulgarisation of literature and journalism; the bitter sectarian squabbles over the control of religious teaching such as now convulse the country and waste its energies. Are these edifying, desirable, or anticipated consequences, or at the least concurrences? Few thoughtful people contemplate these phenomena without doubt or misgiving. The benefits of cultivating the intellect are, Mr. Spencer insists, immensely overrated. The intellect, as he points out in a notable apothegm, is but the servant, the emotions are the master, and the sharpening of the intellect has no effect whatever in improving the moral disposition. From one who is *par excellence* an *intellectuel*, this contention deserves the notice of some of our reformers.

All these untoward attempts to create national happiness by legislation are foredoomed to failure, because based on a misconception of what constitutes well-being. Happiness implies a correspondence between subjective and objective conditions, a harmony between the entity and its environment, permitting the unfettered discharge of natural functions and the free exercise of individual energies and aptitudes. Artificial alteration of either subjective or objective conditions alone is an alteration necessarily for the worse. To create, as State Education has done, artificial appetites and impracticable ambitions without at the same time creating the means of satisfying them is to produce a forcible subversion of the natural social order, a wholesale dislocation of the correspondence which tends to obtain between each class and its opportunities, which is calculated to impair, not further, the general well-being.

So far, however, from suspecting that the path chosen may be the wrong one, the usual conclusion is that we have trodden it too slowly, and so one step, as Mr. Spencer predicted, has always been an argument for the next. If an evil is admitted, then some striking and immediate remedy must be found, and Parliament must find it, because, possessing supreme authority, it can most swiftly produce some visible result. It is useless to point out how repeatedly the well-meant efforts of legislators, bent on "anticipating the slow mind of God," are defeated by natural forces, and how the ill-humours of the body politic, driven in at one spot, break out more plenteously at another. Where, as in mines and factories, good results can be shown from "grandmotherly" legislation, they are cited as abundant justification of the principle impugned, forgetting that it still remains to answer the all-important question whether the pressure of public opinion, forbidden legislative outlet, would not have wrought the same results more cheaply and efficiently by private agencies and directer application, as in many other directions where the State has not interfered. Of Government, as compared with private agency, it may be said that, adapting Goldsmith's epitaph, it touches nothing which it does not bungle, yet the same mouths, which

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are filled with denunciations of the way it discharges the duties already entrusted to it, are not less clamorous that it should take still more into its incompetent hands.

To sum up, State agency involves the use of cumbrous and complicated machinery without plasticity or discriminative power, which tends to pass out of its client's control and to add to itself, its functions, and its importance, by a sort of natural accretion. It means lack of direct responsibility, multiplication of intermediaries, friction of parts, and consequent dissipation of energy.

The question is not, however, revived here for exhaustive discussion but with a view to show how far from truth is the common notion that Mr. Spencer's individualism is a mania which may be neglected by practical people, that his reasoning has been disposed of and the controversy closed. Arguments are not answered by being ignored, and not every "thing judged" is a thing judged well.

It is not, however, intended to maintain that Mr. Spencer is infallible or that whenever he assails a popular persuasion he presents an overwhelming case. With regard to a subject of particular interest at the present day it would not be difficult to find weighty objections to the tone of uncompromising Little Englandism in which Mr. Spencer approaches the question of Empire. In his searching arraignment of the current Imperialism there is much that all right-minded people will warmly endorse, much that needed to be said and can hardly be too often reiterated. So far as it is mixed with militarism, territorial greed and the tendency to wanton aggression, with the debasing national ideals which these imply and which put quantity before quality and material above moral prosperity, so far as it involves these we cannot hear too much against Imperialism, whose very name has been made to stink in the nostrils of sober people by the blatant tone and vulgar excesses of its votaries. It is well to be reminded of the other side of Empire. Mr. Spencer points out that all Empire is based on actual or potential coercion, which involves a limitation of the liberty of the conqueror as well as the conquered; that the effort put forth in coercion tends to drain the vital energies of the State and to restrict and impoverish the various activities of civilised life. Against this it may be urged that the subjugation of unruly or aggressive neighbours might in the long run be less costly and exhausting than leaving them at large, and that looking at history the more or less forcible subordination of feebler and less civilised peoples appears to be a part of the natural function of powerful and highly organised States and the process by which all the great civilisations have been built up. To be small is to be insecure, and up to a certain point size gives strength, and the desire of aggrandisement has, therefore, some basis in logic and morality. This indeed Mr. Spencer has recognised elsewhere. He has admitted the advantages to be set against the

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evils of war in the past. But no such benefits, he considers, are to be looked for from war in the future. "Powerful types of men now possess the world, great aggregates of them have been consolidated, and war entails more suffering and evil than ever before." This last contention seems hardly warranted, and the first can only be admitted with qualification, when we remember China, Thibet, South America, and parts of South Europe. With what arguments will Mr. Spencer fence their frontiers from stronger races if these should wish to carry further the process whose effects Mr. Spencer has dwelt upon with satisfaction in a case as relatively recent as the Norman Conquest.

This, however, is not to deny the force of Mr. Spencer's contentions as applied to this country. A nation like an athlete has often to pay for abnormal exertions in central weakness, and muscular development is small compensation for premature decay. How to limit and not how to increase the thickening responsibilities and obligations with which the Empire's labouring heart is manifestly surcharged should long have been the care of statesmen, though it seems to give no anxiety to the "practical politicians" with whom we are overrun.

Whether Mr. Spencer's hatred of Empire is well or ill-founded, he does not shrink from any of its logical consequences. On the old question of standing armies and how far a man is entitled to resign his conscience to his military superiors, a question over which moralists have wrestled for ages and which it is usual to look in the face and pass on, Mr. Spencer pronounces without hesitation. To a general at his club who expressed anxiety for our troops then entangled in Afghanistan, Mr. Spencer rejoined: "When men hire themselves out to shoot others, asking nothing about the justice of their cause, I don't care if they are shot themselves." This is a hard saying and will seem a trifle inhuman to many who have no sympathy with Imperialism. "If each soldier used his judgment about the purpose for which a battle is fought the only war for which an army would be available would be a war of national defence. Only aggressive war would be negatived, not defensive war."

But who shall determine the exact line between aggressive and defensive war. It is rarely a simple problem. It would often be hard to find one more difficult and complicated. It is quite customary for each party to a conflict to maintain that its action was either directly or indirectly defensive, and it is an established military maxim that the offensive is the best defence. The army which never crossed its frontiers might as well be disbanded, for it would be foredoomed to defeat.

If Mr. Spencer admits the principle of alliance for mutual defence a further complication is introduced. How far should each

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ally judge the merits of the other's quarrels? How far condone wrongdoing in the other? How far shield it from the consequences of the same? The inextricable tangle of moral dilemmas presented to the perplexed patriot in such cases is well illustrated by the war just ended in South Africa, where each party claimed to act in self-defence and found large support in the contention from outsiders. The Free State burgher probably realises as nearly as possible Mr. Spencer's ideal of the citizen soldier. How far was he justified in espousing a cause not strictly his own (and not, for certain, absolutely flawless) and crossing the British frontier ere his own was violated? If this was defensive, was the war still defensive when his commanders annexed British territory (if that be a fact), and if not should he have deserted his leaders and returned home? And what value would belong to an army liable to melt away at the caprice of its units?

This, however, does not exhaust the difficulties of Mr. Spencer's position, for in recommending it to England's honour rather to defend than assail the integrity of smaller peoples, he seems to admit the possibility of a case arising for intervention between third parties. This could not be done with an improvised army, and to decide in such cases would confound still more hopelessly the mental confusion of the unfortunate private.

It is permissible to suppose that Mr. Spencer has not fully thought out all the difficulties of his position, and has been misled by his predilection for symmetry and completeness in his opinions. This symmetry once before, as he regretfully confessed, broke down when he attempted to deduce from evolution an ethical formulary which should introduce into the moral sphere the order and consistency of the physical processes. It is much to be feared that in this perplexing world Mr. Spencer's public ethics are self-condemned by their own simplicity. Compromise is the condition of all political co-operation and corporate efficiency, and the citizen of an organised community cannot hope to enjoy undivided self possession either in property or conscience. It is regrettable that Mr. Spencer should weaken his authority as a censor of particular national delinquencies by laying down general premisses so difficult to defend.

It is this bent for comprehensive generalisation that makes at once Mr. Spencer's strength and his weakness. He throws off important theories with such ease and frequency that it would be wonderful if he were never caught tripping, and now and again when he casts the net of his generalisation it does not seem to enmesh all the facts embraced.

This, however, is no common occurrence. As a rule the armour of his logic presents an almost impenetrable front, as more than one redoubtable antagonist has found to his cost in dialectical encounter. No writer was ever more solicitous to eschew all personal bias, all

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passion and prejudice, and present his appeal to the naked intellect alone, and therefore to candid minds none was ever more persuasive and convincing.

Of successful generalisation no thinker has furnished more numerous or memorable examples. Their crown and consummation, the epoch-making theory of evolution, with which Mr. Spencer's name will be for ever connected, is perhaps the highest abstraction, the most signal and far-reaching formula to which the human intellect has attained, transcending even Newton's great discovery which, though not less revolutionary in its effects and not less subversive of established conceptions, disclosed only a prevailing physical law, while Mr. Spencer's theory touches and illuminates every process of Nature, interpreting alike the growth of plants and the development of societies; the microscopic motions of the smallest infusoria, and the awful sweep and reel of unmeasured sidereal systems. Undoubtedly in years to come this will be looked upon as the most conspicuous feature and main achievement of the Victorian era, the more so as it marks the culminating point of a series of sensational advances in almost every department of knowledge. The genius of Mr. Spencer supplied the electric flash which precipitated, so to speak, the key thought and master abstraction which the time held in solution, and which rallied into one great family generalisations reached in every branch of science. Of the profound changes by which, as Mr. Kidd puts it, the very foundations of thought have in the last century been rebuilt, Mr. Spencer has been the foremost architect. His results though gradually realised are now so essential a part of modern conceptions, that it is easy to forget they were not always so obvious as they now appear, easy to forget how much confusion and perplexity they put an end to, and with what a sense of illumination and of expanding vistas the mind, wandering in a labyrinth of unco-ordinated knowledge, emerged for the first time upon an eminence from which the pattern became clear and the mazy lines fell away in ordered symmetry to an horizon bounded only by "that unscalable wall built with a word at the prime."

The fifty years of unremitting toil, for long under discouragement, neglect and ill-health, by which this vast synthesis of the universe has been wrought out in detail and exhibited in its multifarious applications, constitute an achievement in the moral as well as the intellectual sphere which approaches the sublime, and in which his countrymen, if they had a juster conception of what constitutes national glory, would take more pride than in the annexation of Burmah or the conquest of Africa. But philosophy deals with the abstract and the remote, and the average man with the concrete and the proximate, and to those for whom Kipling and Corelli are the peaks of literature, the spacious realms of speculation where Mr. Spencer moves are of necessity uninteresting and barren.

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But though Mr. Spencer does not speak direct to the masses he speaks to those who do, and in the end his influence, by sinuous channels and subtle percolation, has made itself, though in dilution, felt throughout. Great men, as Mr. Chamberlain has told us, are like mountains, and it needs to be at distance, either in time or space, to grasp their relative magnitude. The latter test is even now available by reference to foreign countries, who have been justly called a kind of contemporary posterity.

The verdict in Mr. Spencer's case is unequivocal. If the question of comparative intellectual distinction were determined by cosmopolitan vote, there is no name that would collect in its favour so large a number of competent suffrages. We, who cannot see the wood for the trees, may correct our perspective from lands as distant as Japan in one hemisphere and Brazil in the other, for even there, to all who know, his name is not less familiar and his pre-eminence even more fully recognised than at home. He has prolonged and, at present, seems to terminate, the mountain chain of intellect that stretches through the centuries from Plato and Aristotle down to Bacon, Göethe, and Mill, carrying forward on its kindling crests the beacon fires of knowledge and wisdom for the enlightenment of mankind. None has shed a clearer or more pervasive effulgence. On the farthest frontiers its rays are seen, outshining with steady and continuous lustre the numerous, erratic, and fugitive luminaries of the hour.

The form of disparagement to which Mr. Spencer has been most liable, from those who could recognise his greatness, has been that which accuses his philosophy of applying itself to the externalities of existence, to the exclusion of the occult, and the things that most concern man's heart and soul. Some have grossly called him materialist despite his indignant and repeated repudiation of the term. The charge is given its most ludicrous shape in a letter of Jowett's, quoted in this volume, which classes Mr. Spencer among "those repulsive people who only believe in what they can hold in their hands." As against one who has expressly affirmed that it would be easier to reduce all things to terms of mind than to terms of matter, it would be hard to formulate a more unjust charge. It really represents the very natural aversion felt by the Kantian metaphysicians and upholders of intuition towards a school of philosophy which has done so much to reduce and circumscribe the domain of trancendentalism, which may be called a handsome synonym for believing what one wishes to believe. That the esoteric has not received more attention from Mr. Spencer might be excused on the ground that a man cannot do everything, that he has been doing something else which was very important, which no one else could have done, and which has occupied all his life.

Mr. Spencer has always shown himself alive to the essential

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problems that underlie all outward phenomena, and he returns to them in his closing work with a conscious solemnity of manner which befits the last and greatest of the philosophers discussing the last and greatest of problems. He descends from his usual pedestal of aloofness and impersonality, and adopts a personal and human tone which adds to the almost breathless interest with which his remarks will be read, even by many who by no means share his sense of the inadequacy of all theological formulæ. On the main question—stated by Mr. Balfour as Naturalism *v.* Supernaturalism—Mr. Spencer's position remains what it has always been, entirely negative. He sees only, as far and wide as eye can reach, throughout space and time, the reign of changeless, illimitable law. He recognises no valid evidence that, for man's benefit or otherwise, this law has ever been suspended, or ever will be suspended, or that the power behind law has ever personalised itself in any manifestation to men. This is a long way from the religious conception as most people understand it, and yet Mr. Spencer has laboured at length in *First Principles* at the reconciliation of science and religion. His attempt was fruitless. Those old antagonists are still at grips. The sense of mystery and the inscrutability of the First Cause, to which religion is reduced in Mr. Spencer's hands, do not comprise its real meaning and value to man's distracted heart. Of the whence and the whither he still craves to know. Above all, he requires the categorical imperative and the promise of ultimate well-being to follow painful well-doing.

On these heads he cannot obtain reassurance from Mr. Spencer, and it must be admitted there are multitudes to whom the realisation of Mr. Spencer's position would mean not glad tidings, but desolation and despair. This, indeed, Mr. Spencer admits. And he cannot be said to proffer his views with any enthusiasm. He does not anticipate unmixed good from the spread of his opinions and the weakening of the dogmatic sanction for morality, and he condemns as useless cruelty the tampering with the faith of those who derive from it only consolation in the many ills of life. He realises, perhaps, more than formerly the weakness of Agnosticism in a teleological view, but he thinks it better than the horrors and crudities of many of the creeds it would displace, and in any case, as he replied to the teleological argument of Mr. Balfour, his opinions are not the result of choice. "It is better to know the truth. The alternative is self-deception." Whether it is best to know the truth is a question which it is usual, and no doubt necessary, to beg, but, as here, it admits qualification in the same degree as the optimism which it postulates.

Thirty years ago Mr. Spencer defined his outlook on life as a "qualified optimism." Qualifications have multiplied in the interval till it would almost seem that he had exchanged a qualified optimism

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for a qualified pessimism. This is hardly to be wondered at. Mr. Spencer has had to surrender, or postpone indefinitely, many of the hopes he entertained for mankind. He has had to admit the hopelessness of his cherished design to extract from evolution an ethic which should satisfactorily delimit the proper sphere of the altruistic activities. His main principles he has seen admitted, but his practical deductions flouted.

In the hour of success he has tasted something of the bitterness of the defeat and undoing that track like a shadow the footsteps of mortal achievement. He has striven against the stream of modern tendency and stems it still, but knows his effort vain, and this but the foretaste and precursor of that final failure now signalling its approach, which no wisdom or forethought can avert, when the vitality which has sustained three parts of a century of intellectual toil must at length give out, the struggle with an intractable world cease, and all energies, activities, and aspirations relapse and merge in profound, enforced, unending acquiescence.

Such, at least, is the consummation to which Mr. Spencer can divine no alternative, "strange and repugnant though it seems." Nature herself is dumb. Dumb she must be, if she returns no answer to the interrogation of one who knows her in all her discovered principles and processes with a more comprehensive knowledge and insight than any one who has yet lived. That is still, to him, her only utterance which was written ages since on the temple of Isis in India—which Kant thought the sublimest passage of human composition—"I am whatsoever is, whatsoever has been, whatsoever shall be, and the veil which is over my countenance no mortal hand has ever raised." Mr. Spencer has gone further and affirmed that the veil never can be raised, which is an assumption more gloomy than his tenets oblige him to. To say there is something to know which cannot be known to us as now constituted, and to say that it can never be known, are very different propositions, and the last is an unwarrantable lapse from consistent Agnosticism.

The best comfort Mr. Spencer can offer is derived from the consideration which he opposes to the capacious hells which most creeds provide for their non-adherents. "Merciless as is the cosmic process worked out by an Unknown Power, yet vengeance is nowhere to be found in it." Even for those who can distinguish between vengeance and mercilessness, and prefer the latter, there is no exhilaration in this. Mr. Spencer does not affect exhilaration. He is troubled by the fathomless mysteries that entangle every movement of the mind in its quest of origins. Especially he dwells on the phenomena of space, "which must have anteceded all creation, if creation has taken place, and all evolution, if evolution has taken place. . . . The thought of a space compared with which our immeasurable sidereal system dwindles to a point is a thought too

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overwhelming to be dwelt upon. Of late years the thought that without origin or cause infinite space has ever existed, and must ever exist, produces in me a feeling from which I shrink." "I shrink"; these are the last words of the last chapter of his last book. There is something melancholy and disturbing in such words from one so little apt to touch the emotional note. It is a sombre postscript to the life's work of one whose habitual tone has been that of clear assurance and lofty composure, and it will be read by many with a contraction of the heart like that felt when in descending a familiar stair at dark the foot is suddenly planted upon vacancy.

But not in this way we should end. The last word should render homage to one who has employed a great intellect with a single eye to the welfare of mankind, who has promoted, both by precept and example, a noble morality, and who has widened immeasurably the mental horizons of men.

E. B. McCORMICK.

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MR. SYME ON "THE SOUL."[1]

If I had a friend whom I wished to convert to the Agnostic faith I know of no book better adapted for that purpose than Mr. David Syme's volume on *The Soul*. One rises from the perusal of it in a state of bewilderment akin to stupor. Such, at least, was my experience. If it be said that I have not fully understood the argument propounded by the learned author I shall make no attempt to dispute the accusation, but shall humbly admit that my criticism probably labours under this grave disadvantage. But neither, as I venture to think, has Mr. Syme himself fully understood a great man—and, surely, one of the greatest—whom he dismisses with a few pages of supercilious contempt. Few writers, as it seems to me, can afford to treat Charles Darwin in the *de haut en bas* manner adopted in this work. Such treatment is too provocative of comparisons, and "comparisons are odious."

Mr. Syme begins by declaring war against the commonly accepted teaching of the physiologists:

"If we are to believe our text-books, it is an indisputable fact that the cerebral hemispheres are the sole seat of sensation; that we do not really feel where consciousness assures us that we feel; that it is a delusion to suppose that we see with our eyes, hear with our ears, smell with our nose, taste with our palate, or feel with our finger-tips; that when we have a sensation of pain in the finger the sensation is really not there at all, but in the brain, or in that particular part of the hemispheres called the sensorium. This is neither good physiology nor good psychology. It is not good physiology, because molecular motion does not proceed direct from the periphery, nor even from the end organs of sense, direct to the brain, for such stimuli are liable to be, and in fact are, constantly intercepted, deflected, reflected (as in the case of reflex action), or inhibited by the nerve-cells along the lines of communication. It is not good psychology to assert that consciousness deceives us, for in such cases the testimony of consciousness is confirmed by the evidence of our senses, which is the very evidence that the empiricist relies upon to prove the contrary. If I bruise my finger I feel a sensation there, and not in my brain, and by looking at my bruised finger I have ocular demonstration that consciousness is right, and that the empiricist is wrong in his diagnosis. When John Hunter asked his paralysed patient, whose leg jerked when the skin was irritated, if he felt any pain in it, he replied, 'No, sir; but you see my leg does.'"

Now the above passage appears to me to be as full of misleading statements as an egg is full of meat. No text-book, so far as I

[1] *The Soul: A Study and an Argument.* By David Syme. Macmillan & Co. 1903.

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know, tells us that it is "a delusion to suppose that we see with our eyes, hear with our ears," &c. We are told, indeed, that eyes and ears alone are insufficient for seeing or hearing; we are told that sight, as we know it, is (to put it very briefly) an effect produced upon the brain by light acting through the apparatus of the eye; just as hearing is an effect upon the brain caused by vibration acting through the apparatus of the ear. Similarly with regard to smell, there are three structures in the animal frame which are necessary for the production of this as of other sensations, viz., the epithelium of the sensory organ, the nerve fibres, and that part of the brain which is called the sensorium. "It is certain," says Huxley, "that the integrity of each, and the physical inter-connection of all these three structures are essential conditions of ordinary sensation." Surely Mr. Syme would not dispute this! He certainly would not contend that the eyes can see independently of the optic nerves and the brain! But let us come to the sensation of touch, or feeling. Mr. Syme contends that if he bruises his finger he has a sensation *there*, and not in his brain, and that by looking at the bruised finger he has "ocular demonstration" that this is so. I submit that this is entirely fallacious. By looking at his bruised finger he has ocular demonstration that the *injury* is there, but not that the *pain* is there.

"Nothing is more certain," writes Huxley in dealing with this case, "than that it (the pain) is not, and cannot be, in the spot in which I feel it, nor within a couple of feet of that spot. For the skin of the finger is connected by a bundle of fine nervous fibres, which run up the whole length of the arm to the spinal marrow, which sets them in communication with the brain, and we know that the feeling of pain caused by the prick of a pin is dependent on the integrity of those fibres. After they have been cut through close to the spinal cord, no pain will be felt, whatever injury is done to the finger; and if the ends which remain in connection with the cord be pricked, the pain which arises will appear to have its seat in the finger just as distinctly as before. Nay, if the whole arm be cut off, the pain which arises from pricking the nerve stump will appear to be seated in the fingers just as if they were still connected with the body." And again: "If a walking-stick a yard long is held firmly by the handle and the other end is touched, the tactile sensation, which is a state of our own consciousness, is unhesitatingly referred to the end of the stick; and yet no one will say that it *is* there."

It seems astonishing that a writer such as Mr. Syme should come forward, at this time of day, to dispute propositions which appear to be so clearly established, and should suppose that the seat of an injury must necessarily be identical with the seat of sensation. One is reminded of the story told by Dr. Hughlings Jackson to the Neurological Society. Soon after he had commenced practice, a patient, whose leg had been amputated, sent for him in great distress. "Doctor, do you know what has become of my leg?" "Yes, it is

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buried in old St. Pancras Churchyard." "Then, for heaven's sake, doctor, have it dug up and scratch it just above the ankle!"

What, then, of John Hunter's paralysed patient and *his* leg, which, we are told, jerked when the skin was irritated? The patient supposed that although *he* felt no pain, yet his leg did; and Mr. Syme would have us believe that he was right. According to this writer "the brain is not the sole organ of sensation and of consciousness." For "why should it be assumed that the ganglia at the periphery and in the sub-centres perform functions not only different in degree but of a different order from the ganglia of the brain?" In his opinion "every response, whether transmitted by a ganglion or by the cerebral hemispheres, has a psychical content, and is accompanied by consciousness, and the psychical content with its accompanying consciousness pertains to the responding centre, whatever that may be."

This opens up a terrible prospect for our consideration. My leg may be feeling pain, though my own consciousness is free from pain. Some wretched ganglion is suffering, though my *ego* is undisturbed.

"On what principle," it is asked, "do we concede psychical action to the cerebrum and deny it to the ganglion? . . . The ganglion responds to an impression apparently in the same manner as the cerebrum responds to any stimulus which reaches it. In the latter case it is admitted that there is first the sensation, then perception, and lastly volition. Have we any reason to believe that the same process does not take place when the ganglion responds directly to a stimulus without reference to the cerebrum?"

The ganglion, therefore, may be conscious of pain, and as "consciousness is a purely personal matter" it follows that there may be a conscious suffering personality in my leg, though my own consciousness is unaffected. If this is so, if every purposive action must be regarded as a psychical action, and all so-called reflex actions are purposive, the field of "consciousness" must be largely extended. On this hypothesis must we not assume consciousness for the sensitive plant when it recoils from touch, and for the insectivorous Dionæa that instantaneously closes its leaves at the touch of a fly? One begins to tremble lest flowers should feel pain when they are plucked, and to recognise that a "society for the prevention of cruelty to ganglia" is brought within measurable distance. But I cannot follow Mr. Syme any further into these speculations. It is at least more comfortable to believe with Huxley that "consciousness is a function of the brain."

There are, says Mr. Syme, three recognised theories of the origin of organic structures: (1) that they are the work of divine intelligence; (2) that they are due to the operation of physical laws; and (3) that they are the result of natural selection. There would, one would think, be a considerable amount of overlapping as between

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(2) and (3), but Mr. Syme treats them as altogether distinct. He does not adopt the "Divine Architect" theory:

"There is," he says, "undoubtedly evidence of design in all these various organic modifications and processes; but not design in the orthodox sense of the term. It is not creative design. It is not the design of one mind, but of many minds; it is not the product of one period, but of a succession of periods. . . . We cannot conceive of an omniscient and omnipotent Being making mistakes; and the innumerable instances of rudimentary, atrophied, aborted, and imperfect organs prove that mistakes have been made."

The theory of "physical laws," also, is at once rejected. "So far from organic structure and function being subject to physical laws, as often as not they set those laws at defiance. The pumping action of the heart is not in accordance with the law of gravitation." This is astounding. It recalls to mind Huxley's famous criticism of the popular preacher who said that "every time we lift our arms we defy the laws of gravitation." But what is meant by the "law" of gravitation?

"A law of nature," as Huxley tells us, "is the product of a mental operation upon the facts of nature which come under our observation, and has no more existence outside the mind than colour has. The law of gravitation is a statement of the manner in which experience shows that bodies which are free to move do, in fact, move towards one another. But the other facts of observation, that bodies are not always moving in this fashion, and sometimes move in a contrary direction, are implied in the words, 'free to move.' Scientifically speaking, it is the acme of absurdity to talk of a man defying the law of gravitation when he lifts his arm. The general store of energy in the universe working through terrestrial matter is doubtless tending to bring the man's arm down; but the particular fraction of that energy which is working through certain of his nervous and muscular organs is tending to drive it up, and more energy being expended on the arm in the upward than in the downward direction, the arm goes up accordingly. But the law of gravitation is no more defied in this case than when a grocer throws so much sugar into the empty pan of his scales that the one which contains the weight kicks the beam."

Of Darwin, Mr. Syme makes short work:

"We are told that variations are of no use for natural selection unless they are inherited. So that heredity does the very thing that natural selection is supposed to accomplish, namely, select or preserve profitable variations. . . . When Darwin says that he sees no difficulty in natural selection preserving and continually accumulating variations to any extent that is profitable, he seems to have forgotten that he had assumed that they were already profitable and already preserved. He assumes that to begin with; and then he naïvely gives natural selection the credit of it."

But this is a mere misunderstanding of Darwin. What Darwin said was that, given the facts of variability and heredity, the struggle for existence would tend to preserve those individuals which had developed variations making them better adapted for their environment:

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"If such do occur, can we doubt (remembering that many more individuals are born than can possibly survive) that individuals having any advantage, however slight, over others, would have the best chance of surviving and of procreating their kind? On the other hand, we may feel sure that any variation in the least degree injurious would be rigidly destroyed. This preservation of favourable individual differences and variations, and the destruction of those which are injurious, I have called Natural Selection, or the Survival of the Fittest."—(*Origin of Species*, chap. iv.)

According to Mr. Syme, Darwin

"makes a singular mistake, when, following Mr. Herbert Spencer, he defines natural selection as 'the survival of the fittest,' because he describes natural selection as the cause of the origin of species, but the survival of the fittest is not a *cause*, but a result, so that Darwin substitutes the result for the cause, the real cause being the occurrence of profitable variations."

I should have thought it plain that the survival of the fittest is, indeed, a result, viz., of the occurrence of profitable variations and heredity coupled with the great fact of the struggle for existence; and that such result becomes itself the *cause* of the origin of species.

Having now dismissed "the three recognised theories of the origin of organic structures," Mr. Syme proceeds to state his own, which he finds in a postulate with regard to the cellular theory:

"It is obvious that profitable variations are preserved because they are adapted to the conditions of existence, because they supply a want, otherwise they would not be profitable. I conceive all variations to be due to efforts on the part of the cells to adapt themselves to the conditions of existence, internally and externally. I believe that variations will occur when and where they are wanted, and at no other time or place." And again, "I conceive organic modifications to be the result of a constant struggle on the part of the organism to adapt itself to the conditions of existence; more specifically, to the striving of the tissue units in every part of the organism to adjust themselves the one to the other, and all to the conditions of life. For all life is in the cell; all growth is cellular; all variations take place through the intervention of the cells; all organisms are what the cells make them. This struggle for existence extends to the remotest cell in the organism."

We might now expect to be led on to a consideration of the "cell-soul," but this is not so, for Mr. Syme has no more respect for Haeckel than he has for Darwin or Huxley. Let us see, therefore (since anything like adequate criticism of this work would fill a volume of the same size as that under consideration), what Mr. Syme's own theory is with regard to the soul. Büchner, as we know, tells us that

"the term 'soul' means nothing else than a collective idea, a general expression for the united functions of the brain and the nervous system. Hence it does not designate an independent entity, but merely a function, however complicated, of the living body. . . . The idea of 'soul' is not

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identical with the idea of 'mind,' but is far more comprehensive. It is much more than the mere totality of intellectual faculties; it embraces not only mental power, but also sensation and volition, or the whole of our psychic life from its lowest to its highest stages, while the mind (*animus*) is only a partial phenomenon of the soul (*anima*)."

Mr. Syme, however, will have none of this. He will not say with Maudsley, "Mind is a function of the brain," or with Huxley, "Consciousness is a function of the brain." But neither does he conceive of the soul or mind (for with Mr. Syme these two are identical) as an "unextended substance." He refuses (and here I find myself in most hearty agreement with him) to darken counsel by talking of that delirium of mind an "immaterial entity," a thing whereof the human understanding is utterly unable to form any conception. "To assert that mind is immaterial is a bald and a meaningless negative. For all we know, mind may be a subtle form of matter, and matter may be a crude form of mind. Plato and the early Christian Fathers could not conceive of an immaterial soul; to them it was simply an attenuated or ethereal kind of matter." According to this writer, "Mind and body have one thing in common. They are both extended, both exist in space, both are in juxtaposition, and, as we have said, each influences the other. But, though in juxtaposition, mind is so unlike matter, the psychical so unlike the physical, that, although they mutually interact, they remain disparate and inconvertible entities." Moreover, "we must recognise a fundamental difference between mind and energy, as we do between mind and matter." This last certainly seems a hard saying, seeing that Mr. Syme tells us that mind is not immaterial, but "may be a subtle form of matter"!

As to the continued existence after the death of the body of this "extended" soul (for "non-extension cannot possibly be predicated of the soul; a non-extended soul has literally no *locus standi*"), I do not think those who seek for evidence of it will find much comfort in Mr. Syme's arguments. He appeals, as many others have done, to the doctrine of the Conservation of Energy. "Why should it be supposed that mind alone disappears, while matter and energy remain for ever constant?" Well, if "mind" be material and matter is indestructible, no doubt "mind" will not "disappear." Similarly, if "mind" be energy and the doctrine of Conservation of Energy be true, the continued existence of "mind," as some form of energy, is assured. But what the individual seeks is some semblance of proof that his own individual consciousness will be prolonged after the dissolution of his body; for unless this individual consciousness is maintained there can be no after-life *for him*. His *ego* will be merely merged in the Infinite. What conceivable comfort for one who is hankering after evidence of an after-life can be discovered in the doctrine of Conservation of Matter and Energy I have never been

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able to understand. But Mr. Syme tells us that though "Reason has not much to say in favour of a future state of existence, yet Instinct has." Now instinct, according to Mr. Syme, "is not the result of experience, for instinct precedes all experience." "An instinct may be defined as a primordial, purposive and conscious action, which is necessary to the preservation of the individual and the perpetuation of the race. . . Instinct stands in an inverse ratio to reason, and the stronger the instinct the weaker the intellect; the stronger the intellect the weaker the instinct." Now Kant, as Mr. Syme tells us, with evident approval, calls instinct "the voice of God." Therefore the stronger the voice of God the weaker the intellect! And *vice versâ*. Mr. Syme then falls back upon the old argument of the universality of a belief in a future existence. "There are no people so low in the scale of intelligence amongst whom there does not exist a desire for, and a belief in, a future life. This desire and belief is as universal as is the instinct of self-preservation itself." But, first, I deny that this belief is properly called instinctive. Mr. Syme justly finds fault with Mr. Rutgers Marshall for speaking of "the ethical instinct, the patriotic instinct, &c.," for "these are mere sentiments, acquired or inherited, and are outside the province of instinct altogether." Secondly, I deny the universality of the belief, for there are numerous exceptions. Thirdly —and this seems to me an all-sufficient answer—so far from its being remarkable that men in primitive stages of development should entertain this belief, the extraordinary thing would have been, in view of the known history of animism, the phenomena of dreams, and kindred influences which have been so well dealt with by Mr. Herbert Spencer, if savages and "low races" had not developed a belief in ghosts and the concomitant belief in a spiritual (shall we say "astral"?) body and an after-life. When will writers learn that the antiquity of beliefs of this description is a presumption not of their truth but of their falsity? We do not go for truth to savages and low races, but to the last thinkers on the last steps of time. And equally futile, as it seems to me, is the supposed "evidence from memory."

There are many other statements and theories in this volume which one is sorely tempted to critise. Such, for instance, is the assertion that "instinct precedes all experience," in spite of the fact that the author has himself furnished us with instances of instinct in the animal world transmitted to individuals from the experience of progenitors, and does not dispute that "an organism appropriates to itself its ancestral experience." Such, also, is the summary manner in which Mr. Syme dismisses the phenomena of "mimicry" in animals and insects. "They do not mimic, copy or imitate anything; they do not transform themselves by changing either their shape or colour; they do not even disguise themselves; they simply fly for

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shelter to the most likely object to afford it." So "why attempt to make mysteries out of such simple facts?" This, although, as Mr. Romanes has told us:

"not only colour, but structure, may be profoundly modified for the purposes of protective concealment. Thus, caterpillars which resemble twigs do so not only in respect of colour, but also of shape, and this even down to the most minute details in cases where the adaptation is most complete; certain butterflies and leaf-insects so precisely resemble the leaves upon which or among which they live, that it is almost impossible to detect them in the foliage—not only the colour, the shape, and the venation being all exactly imitated, but in some cases even the defects to which the leaves are liable in the way of fungoid growths," &c.

But space is limited, for man at any rate, and my last item of criticism shall be on a matter of language only. I am inclined to think that the employment of the words "former" and "latter" should be suppressed by Act of Parliament; but, however this may be, few people, I think, will be disposed to defend such a sentence as the following: "Darwin tells us that the Ithomia, which is abundant in certain localities, and another butterfly, the Leptalis, are often mingled in the same flock, and *the latter*, which is supposed to imitate the Ithomia, can scarcely be distinguished from *the latter*, which it resembles in every shade of colour," &c.! This, be it observed, is not a printer's error, for the first "latter" stands for the Leptalis, and the second (shall I say the *latter?*) "latter" stands for the Ithomia.

Finally, in taking leave of Mr. Syme's work, I can only say that it is one well calculated to confirm the Agnostic in the Agnostic faith; the only danger being lest, with regard to "the soul" (as popularly understood) and a future existence, it should dispose him towards the error of actual and positive disbelief.

GEORGE FORESTER.

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THE SUICIDE OF THE RACE.

> "I must let you see on all occasions by the way what things would be amended in them (universities), amongst which the frequency of insignificant speech is one."
> Hobbes, *Leviathan*, chap. i., 1651.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S phrase "the suicide of the race" is not insignificant speech any more than Mr. Malthus' memorable essay is; but practically the President's warning to his countrymen to increase and multiply will have as much effect as the reasonings of Malthus may have had in the opposite direction anywhere. Will and reason no doubt are factors in the conduct of human affairs, but as such they can only be admitted as operating in a field of circumstance which should itself be taken as our proper object for study.

The object does not lie on the surface; it has to be mined for under mountains of "insignificant speech." This is the case simply because men habitually take themselves either as acting under their own will, or as controlled by the will of others. It is a position like a sandbank, not to be demolished by cannon. When the President appeals to his countrymen to have children, they admit, what he assumes, their power to have them if they will to have them; and there the matter rests, his shot buries itself in the sandbank. The Irishman, habitually looking on himself as dominated by the will of others, more easily evades responsibility for the decay of population in his country.

In both cases circumstance can be detected outside of the range of volition. A woman of forty, even though fat and fair, is not expected either to be a prolific mother or to keep out of the matrimonial market. It is pretty certain that the chances of a woman having children diminishes with the number of stones over ten which she weighs; but weight does not weigh in determining marriage. One theory, resting on too broad a foundation in facts to be dismissed as insignificant speech, maintains that it is the lean kine not the fat which increase and multiply, that something akin to starvation is favourable to fecundity. We may, however, determine our diet by our will, but not our habit of body thereby—that often mocks the poorest diet. But before asking the full-fed to starve themselves into fecundity, we should know whether fecundity in starvelings is desirable, or, farther, the conditions under which fecundity is at all desirable or possible.

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The political economy of the last century is insignificant speech, in that it took labour and production abstract from the human agency. The vital status of that agency is the essential basis of scientific economics; without knowledge of that status economics are not insignificant speech, but mischievous delusions as far as they are liable to determine action. Thus, from the middle of the last century, an economic crusade was started against early and improvident marriages and widened distribution of property, particularly in land, advocated as a well ascertained means of discouraging them and raising the age of marriage. The evils of multiplication beyond the means of support, even though distressingly apparent, were however no reason for ignoring the effects of deferred marriage. These effects were not unknown to medical men; but even yet the science of vital status has no definite form in medicine, and the theoretical economist was left without question to mould society in defiance of its principles or attempt to do so.

But more than this, the economists who laid the foundations of peasant proprietorship were at fault within their own limits. The increase of a population beyond its means of support was often painfully visible in the actual field of observation, but the fact should have directed attention in the first instance to these means. Famine was not confined to dense populations and barren countries; it was always easy to find sparse populations famishing in fertile but uncultivated regions. In the pre-revolutionary period France suffered from perennial poverty due to the uneconomic conditions governing means of support, and not from want of capability in these means. Now the same country suffers from decay of agrarian population, because provision against want determines uneconomic conditions of production. To accommodate the numbers of a people to its apparent means of support is about the same thing as making the foot fit the boot, not the boot the foot. In almost every known case of a people outrunning their means of support it is visibly because these means are cramped and undeveloped under uneconomic conditions. It may be thought indeed, particularly as regards the French and Americans, that causes apart from the means of support tend to limit numbers; but even if these causes find representation in statistical results, they find little or no representation in the economical doctrines which determine or are supposed to determine legislation.

In point of fact, when we examine any population in detail we find one class, as a rule prolific, another much less so. The propertied class and peasant proprietors in particular are found to place a restraint on increase of numbers which the wage-earning class rural or urban does not. This, conjoined with observation of the degradation and misery of the agricultural labouring

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class, determined the economical crusade in favour of peasant proprietors.

What, however, happened in the British islands, in Ireland in particular, with nothing to disguise it, was an economic revolution which economists merely registered, not always, perhaps, with understanding of its extreme simplicity. In this world a man with something is able to stand against the stress of circumstance as the man with nothing cannot; the man with more has the advantage of the man with less; the man who can wait on the misfortune of others wins in the end. It was under this principle that the present race of Irish farmers came into existence; they owe their position neither to their industry, prudence, and thrift, nor yet in the general case to "land-grabbing," to taking unfair advantage of their neighbours. In no sense are they the builders of an industrial class; they are a survival, not of the fittest, but of those who happened to cling to a log when the rest went down, having no log to cling to. Economic title, therefore, to their land they have none; it was their predecessors who reclaimed, bit by bit, the bog and hillside, and it is in doubt whether they even maintain the reclamation. What they have they came by, not wrongly or unfairly, but yet through no industrial merits in themselves; as an industrial class they cannot be compared with the small occupying class they inherit from. In nothing is this more manifest than in the means they take to keep what they have got. Originating not as an industrial development but on the ruins of one, they accommodate their lives to an economic system which they make no attempt to better. It would be well that we should learn not too late the nature of this accommodation made not in Ireland alone but by the peasant proprietor everywhere.

The first regular census of Ireland was made in 1821. The details of the report of this census are meagre compared to those given in subsequent reports, being confined to the numbers, ages, and occupations of the people. In that year the population numbered 6,801,027 and was rapidly increasing. Of this number 1,961,422 were children under 10 years, or 2,617,623 were under 20, while adults between 20 and 60 were 2,909,034, and 275,152, including 8597 of unascertained age, were over 60.

As an effective factor in determining vital status emigration from Ireland dates since 1821, and to assign it true value we must dispose of much insignificant speech.

In 1901 the population was 4,458,775; of these 893,592 were children under 10, or 1,825,989 were under 20; adults between 20 and 60 were 2,445,471, while only 187,315 were over 60.

From this we see that while in 1821 the adult or economically efficient element was 42·6 per cent. with a burden of 28·8 per cent.

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of child life under 10, in 1901 the adult element was 50·5 per cent. and the same burden of child life on it only 20 per cent. The decrease in the last element is progressive in the later decades. In 1891–1901 there was a decrease of 5 per cent. in children under one year, of 6 per cent. in those between one and five, while between 20 and 25 there was an increase of 7022 persons.

Thus the hackneyed statement that emigration has drained away the "bone and sinew" of the country is insignificant speech. The economic adult element has relatively greatly increased; it has beyond doubt obtained greater mastery over the means of subsistence, and the burden of child-life on it has diminished and is diminishing.

To bring out fully, however, what has occurred and is occurring we would need to eliminate a considerable non-agrarian section of the population, and, farther, to bear in mind that the change of circumstance has not affected the agrarian element equally.

In England for the quarter ending December 31, 1902, the birth-rate was 28·2 per 1000 of the population. In Ireland the rate was 22 per 1000, but the birth-rate for urban districts was: Dublin 26·8, Belfast 25·8; while for districts of the modern agrarian type it was about 17·5—Westmeath 17·9, King's County 17·5, Longford 17·4. In districts partially still of the older agrarian form it was about 23—Mayo 24·6, Kerry 23.[1] These figures, which are approximately constant, show the tendency to limitation of numbers and decrease of population characteristic of the modern agrarian type. The predominance of the type means a reduction of the population to some two and a half millions characterised by a very low birth-rate and a marriage age certain to produce lowered vital status.

It is, I conceive, insignificant speech to state this as due to a general revolution in the habits of life of the people or to emigration *per se*. At the worst of times in Ireland there were families in which, from design or accident, prudence or fortuitous circumstance, marriage was as a rule deferred, on whom, in consequence, the burden of child-life was light, and in which, owing to the common case of extinction, inheritance of property from collaterals was of frequent occurrence. Families of this kind occur in every population; and the amount of extinction among them, contrary to what might at first sight be supposed, goes to render them stable and permanent. In Ireland this class of family may be recognised in every country side and not at all as a modern creation. Clearly, however, the class profited immensely by the circumstances which rendered the conditions of existence of the class of small occupiers and cottiers precarious or impossible. To combat the notion that the latter class was destroyed by landlords or landgrabbers, or again by default in its own personality, is to

[1] Report of the Registrar-General for Ireland for Quarter ending December 31, 1902.

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combat the notion of volition as determining human affairs—to cannonade a sandbank. The small occupying class, weak and decaying from economic causes, of course, invited unjust trespass on the part of individuals; but if not a single case of eviction or rack-renting had occurred, it would still have gone down, and quite as quickly as it did. It is an absurd misreading of history to think that the permanent agrarian element in the general case got the land of the small occupying class either by volitional design or by superior industrial merit; it simply fell to it as virtually derelict. It was a case of natural selection, not of industrial competition; a case of relative ability in classes to live under common stress of circumstance. The wage-earning and small-occupying class, because prolific and over-burdened with child-life least able to bear up against the stress, disappeared, and left the land to be possessed by a class in which from habits of life the family burden was relatively always light. As this class became predominantly represented in the Irish population, as a matter of course a greatly decreased percentage of child-life and a low birth-rate became apparent. This survival of the non-prolific is not theory but easily ascertainable fact.

In the typical family of this class as long as the parents live the child or children do not or cannot marry. Some members, of course, are thrown off from the hive, emigrate, become shopmen or, in a number of cases not affecting the general result, priests and doctors. This, as is evident, serves to preserve the typical form of the family expressed by a father with one son at home destined to take his place and marry on his decease. The many variants on this arrangement all come to the same thing in the long run—there is no subdivision of the family holding, no possibility of any but casual increase of numbers on it, and a marked liability to extinction in the direct line. Thus the number of holdings in the hands of aged and unmarried persons must strike one as a fact of direct observation. In the general population (1901) 95 per cent. of the males between 20 and 25 were unmarried, as were 68 per cent. between 25 and 35. This character is impressed on the general population by the modern agrarian element, in which the character is distinctive and intense. The Census Report for 1901, p. 22, states

"that the decrease in the proportion of married persons noted in 1891, as compared with 1881, still continues; that the relative number of married persons of the reproductive ages is under the low proportion for 1891, which, in its turn, was lower than 1881; that in strict accord with the results shown in 1861, 1871, 1881, and 1891, the highest proportion is to be found in the province of Connaught (the area of older agrarian type); and that, estimated by the number of women of the child-bearing age, the natural increase in population in Ireland is at present very small."

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The increase, however, such as it is, evidently, however, must be a mean between increase in one class and decrease in another. It is easy to see that the positive decrease is in the modern class of occupiers of land. But that positive decrease standing alone does not give the mechanism whereby the race is committed to suicide.

We have said that the class in question obtained predominance in the Irish population, not through its industrial capacity or its fecundity; in both these particulars it was always, as it now is, conspicuously wanting. It is, as it ever was, economically inefficient as a fact of vital status and infecundity. It obtained possession of the land through the displacement of a wage-earning and cottier-farming class comparatively industrious and prolific, and it secures the heritage by the means whereby it fell to it by minimising to the uttermost the burden on itself.

It has to be borne in mind that a large and the best proportion of the Irish area in the hands of graziers and large holders support virtually no population on it. If the whole island was peopled as this section is it would not reckon a million persons. That this area is in a state of nature is, of course, a matter of importance, but the numbers on it are too few to materially affect the question of general vital status.

That question is one entirely of the conditions of life of some 400,000 occupiers of holdings of from five to fifty acres, and of the dependent wage-earning class. Of these holdings 247,000 are between fifteen and fifty acres, and are typically of the modern agrarian form; for, although they always existed, their predominance is a recent matter, having been built up since 1841 by the consolidation of much smaller holdings. In 1841 the population of the island was 8,175,000; in 1851, 6,552,000; and it was coincident with this great fall in numbers that the consolidation in the main occurred, and it has gone on ever since, effecting a striking revolution in the character of the Irish population.

The leading characteristic of the new type of occupying class is that a wage-earning class cannot co-exist with it. In the general case a class that depended on family labour, and yet restricted the burden of family by late marriage and other means, could not support a wage-earning class. Strictly speaking no wage-earning class ever co-existed as such with the farming class; there was indeed labour for hire, but it was the labour of small holders or members of their families, and was cheap as not entirely dependent on wages. When, then, the small holders disappeared, the supply of labour, which to some extent was co-operative, diminished, and the man whose holding was enlarged under the circumstances had to restrict its working; if better in one respect he was worse in another. At the present time the general complaint among Irish farmers is that hired labour is so dear as to be beyond their means,

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and a charge against them is that they hold their children to labour under conditions which the hired labourer rejects. The modern Irish family characteristic is indeed aggravated by the fact that the young very often take flight from the parent nest as soon as they can.

The impossibility of a wage-earning class co-existing with a typical peasant proprietary is apparent in France and elsewhere as well as in Ireland. In agrarian France the native French agricultural labourer is all but extinct *vis-à-vis* with the typical peasant proprietor. The last, bound to restrict the numbers of his family, accommodates the working of his holding not to its economic capabilities but to the conditions of his individual life, and apart from that his holding from its size would not as a rule allow any profit on labour; where there is no room for constant work he cannot give a constant wage.

The importance of what I have said here is due to the fact that the class of medium occupier is the spoiled pet of Irish land legislation. I am not going to waste argument on that; it has political power, the press and parliamentary representation of Ireland on its side, and I am deeply under the conviction that in such a case a pound of force turns the scale against a ton of reason. With or without legislative help it will effect, as indeed it has been effecting through half a century, the suicide of race in Ireland through its sterility and incurable economic inefficiency working together. It has turned a once prolific people into one rapidly becoming extinct, and it is doubtful whether legislation going back on its devious and unintelligible traces could arrest the process. But the class arising in an economic revolution has to maintain itself under changing circumstances of human existence. In point of fact it is struggling at the present time in a vain attempt to maintain itself against forces under which it must inevitably succumb.

The exodus from Ireland was not altogether agrarian. I once saw a handloom weaver emigrating from his native country shake his fist from a railway carriage and passionately curse the landlords and linen lords who left the poor men no living in their own country. The fiery language may be condoned under the circumstances, but the weaver's wrath should have been directed against not landlords and linen lords but the power-loom. It is easy to see, though it seems as yet quite unseen, that the farmer, call him peasant proprietor, tenant, or anything we like, must go down before working land by machinery; an economic revolution by ruining his system will save the race. That revolution is only beginning, but even so is telling with irresistible force on the European agrarian system by, in the first place, intensifying its evils. The nature of that system binds it to defend itself by its own traditional methods, it cannot adopt new methods and accommodate itself to new circumstances. A man with the mind of the tenant farmer and peasant proprietor never

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develops resource and enterprise under trial; all he can do is to practise economy, lighten the burden of family and labour as far as possible, and use his political power to relieve himself of public burdens and to protect his restricted production against foreign competition. There is no evil in his system which he does not intensify in a vain attempt to meet what in reality is the economic advantage which machinery possesses over manual labour. If land was not worked on the large scale in America by machinery and the organisation of labour which machinery compels with a corresponding mechanical development of the means of transport, no competition would have arisen to disturb the small European landowners in their suicidal career. But the mechanical working of land, as I said, is only in its infancy; every year sees some new improvement in it, in its means and organisation. Ten acres of land cheaply worked by machinery can yield as much food-stuff for cattle as a hundred acres of natural pasture, a fact bound to make cattle-raising as unprofitable as wheat-growing to the small farmer. But as the handloom weaver did not see the power-loom, and was quite unable to accommodate himself to its existence, so the small farmer does not see what it is that is making him and his system impossible; but even if he did it is doubtful whether he would or could do anything to save himself.

The actual use of machinery on Irish land makes this clear. I have known a steam engine bought for thrashing purposes on Irish farms. The engine cost, say, £500, and was employed for only about six weeks in the year, during which time it had to earn interest on the capital sunk in it. The farmers who used it thus had to pay far more for it than if its employment and earnings had been constant. In the same way I have known machinery provided for 100- and 300-acre farms which could not possibly be economical except as applied to much larger areas. The adjustment of machinery to area is a matter which individual small occupiers touch only to bring ruin on themselves.

My argument here is that the economic position of the peasant proprietor in Ireland and in Europe generally is untenable, and that in view of his *morale* the fact is no matter for regret. He is economically inefficient, and aged, childless, or marrying late in life, he maintains his tenure of the land at the expense of the vital status of the race. Sterile himself, he will not and cannot permit the co-existence of a prolific wage-earning class; there is no room in the world for him and it. He would if he could, under the guise of protection, limit the urban population to his restricted and high-priced production, and starve it into a revolt of misery, folly, or sense. If this is not insignificant speech, it means that he is not merely the enemy of human progress, but works for the suicide of the race.

In Ireland the dog-in-the-manger peasant proprietor finds favour

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only in the political mind; in the non-political mind, in common knowledge and common sense, he is an unclean thing. To the landless—the larger number—the factitious regulation of the size of holdings, the cutting up the large and enlarging the small, to get the typical article seems a piece of political vanity and impertinence. The land cannot be divided so that every one gets a share; it does not escape notice that "the land for the people" means the land for a tenth of the people. That customary division may have its disadvantages, but every one sees that a perpetual jerrymandering of the soil to meet the views of politicians would be a transit from the frying-pan to the fire, a constant incentive to agrarian agitation. The interest of all in the essential means of production commands increasing attention, with the result that the political disregard of that interest is being bitterly resented. Those who learn something by experience have come to see that the circle in which the land war rages can never be squared, that it must always remain a battlefield as long as every voter in a wayside cabin can be induced to claim as many acres as he may consider suitable to his circumstances.

But though the ignorant and arbitrary political mind may stand against common sense, it cannot save the suicidal peasant proprietor from the impending economic revolution. It can neither do so nor bring back his predecessor, the small occupier. The sentimentalist may do something to keep the Irish language alive, but he could no more bring back the agrarian condition of 1841 than he could the tribal institution and the Brehon code; the old order has changed, never to return. All the Legislature can do by the exertion of its arbitrary will is to multiply victims for the economic revolution. Abolition of rent and division of the land among the scrambling agrarian crowd cannot meet the cheapening production of food in America and elsewhere by machinery and organised labour. The revolution cannot be permanently opposed; it can only be accepted and conformed to on its own terms.

When it is accomplished and the land worked by a wage-earning class it will remain to pass judgment in the light of dear-bought experience on the economists who, with some measure of success, betrayed the life of nations to the small propertied, small capitalist class. It might easily be seen that such a class lives on its store, accommodates human life to dependence on stored means, and employs lightening the burden on these means as an easy alternative to replenishing and increasing them by industry and enterprise. The judgment, as resting directly on experimental proof, will be, no doubt, that what gives it relative stability is exactly what disqualifies it from being entrusted with the life of the people or through possession of the land with mastery over that life.

W. R. MacDermott, M.B.

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CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

David Hume and his Influence on Philosophy and Theology,[1] by Dr. J. Orr, is an attempt to get at the true "inwardness" of a thinker whose views continue in varying forms to be reproduced in the empirical philosophy of the present day. The object of this volume of *The World's Epoch-Makers* is to show (1) that the processes of Hume which ignore the rational self—the operation of reason—in constructing a theory of knowledge, are invalid; and (2) that the assumption of a rational thinking principle in man alone solves the problems he raises. "Hume is a clever writer, but the cleverest writer cannot do impossibilities, and Hume could not write a sentence or paragraph without implicitly overthrowing the system he was advocating." He, however, anticipated J. S. Mill's famous indictment of Nature—the "nature red in tooth and claw" theory—by exaggerating the evil and misery that exists.

According to the "Preface," *The First Christian Generation, its Records and Traditions*,[2] by Mr. James Thomas, "concerns itself with all that professes to be historic fact relative to the words, deeds, and destinies of Christian men of the first generation, so far as we can recover these from the various documents and legends that survive." Miracles and inspiration are ignored, because the author cannot light on any satisfactory definition of either term. It is a work likely to provoke a good deal of hostile criticism from theologians of the "orthodox" school.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

FROM patriotic and other motives, amongst which ambition must be reckoned, Madame de Staël, who divined in Napoleon the tyrant Bonaparte, conceived the fatuous task of bending him to her will.

[1] *David Hume and his Influence on Philosophy and Theology.* By James Orr, M.A., D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clarke. 1903.

[2] *The First Christian Generation, its Records and Traditions.* By James Thomas. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1903.

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Napoleon mistrusted her enthusiasm, and treated her with studied insolence until she set about thwarting his plans with all the rancour of a woman scorned. In *Madame de Staël et Napoléon*,[1] M. Paul Gautier has, by utilising the works of his predecessors and still more by ransacking various archives, described the duel, waged for fifteen years, between "the empress of thought" and the mighty emperor. From the opposite nature of their temperaments such a clash of wills was inevitable. Mme. de Staël was an idealist imbued with the individualism of her master Rousseau. Bonaparte had witnessed the orgy of abstract ideas which characterised the Revolution, and consequently detested *idéologues* and *philosophes*. He knew that the abstract can never represent the actual, life being far too complex for that. Experience taught him that human nature was vile; he marched straight on to his mark, careless of whom he might crush on the way. Again, for political reasons, he restored the Catholic hierarchy, whereas Mme. de Staël, whose religious views were of the haziest, sought, whilst parading her *amours*, to get Protestantism proclaimed the State religion. Bonaparte liked domesticated women and loathed "blue stockings." Mme. de Staël's contention that justice is the first requirement of every society, and that when this is violated the solidity of the edifice becomes undermined, is verified by the downfall of Bonaparte, who by his assassination of the Duc d'Enghien, the incident of the Spanish princes, and the Bayonne massacre aroused against him the conscience of Europe. *Il n'y a que deux puissances dans le monde, le sabre et l'esprit. . . . A la longue, le sabre est toujours battu par l'esprit.*

In *The Life of St. George*,[2] by Dr. E. Clapton, occurs the following passage: "It is unfortunate that the life history of this saintly martyr has been absurdly mixed up, even by the historian Gibbon, with that of the Arian George of Cappadocia, who lived more than half a century later, became by fraud Archbishop of Alexandria, and turned out so great a villain that he was lynched by his own people, his body being cast into the sea." Any such assumed identity is at once disposed of by the fact that Constantine the Great dedicated a church to St. George the Martyr, A.D. 330, whereas the infamous George of Cappadocia was slain thirty-two years afterwards. In an ancient Greek MS. discovered in exploring Pergamos, the last page bears "a large impression of an ancient seal on which St. George is clearly depicted on horseback and clad in armour, with a lance killing a prostrate man, the personification of Paganism." Dr. Clapton identifies the "Nestor"—'Ο θεῖος Νέστωρ—who is invoked in this MS. as the second name of St. George. "Nestor," too, is specially designated Αθλοφόρος, *i.e.* "victorious," the title which the Greek Church had always bestowed on that saint. It is a pity that

[1] *Madame de Staël et Napoléon.* Par Paul Gautier. Paris: Librairie Plon. 1903.
[2] *The Life of St. George.* By Edward Clapton, M.D., F.R.C.P. Second edition, revised and enlarged. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1903.

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no attempt has been made to assign a date to the MS. in question. The book is not without certain claims to scholarship.

It seldom falls to the lot of a reviewer to come across so fascinating a volume as *Memoirs of Gerald O'Connor*,[1] which his kinsman Judge W. O'Connor Morris has compiled partly from old documents and family traditions, partly from authorities which have already been given to the public. By a device as artistic as it is legitimate, the learned Judge has told the story, as in the first person, in simple, eloquent language which carries conviction with it. The records of ancient Irish families which emigrated to France with Sarsfield and formed the Irish Brigade are very meagre. The narrative contains the sieges of Derry and Limerick, the battles of the Boyne and Aghrim and the great war of the Spanish Succession—subjects never before described by an Irish exile in the service of France. It is a pity, however, that the book is not provided with an index.

Those interested in the history of London will have pleasure in reading *Signs of Old Lombard Street*,[2] where the King's Exchange existed in 1379. The early goldsmiths combined the trade of pawnbroking with their own, and the badge adopted by these Lombards was the three golden pills of the Medici family, which sign is so familiar outside the pawnbrokers' shops. Seventy full-page illustrations of quaint signs increase the interest of the book.

BELLES LETTRES.

THE Prefatory Essay to *Encyclopædia Britannica*,[3] vol. xxxiii., is entitled "Methods and Results in Modern Theology." Its author, Prof. W. E. Collins, does not venture to forecast the probable course of the new direction of theological speculation, but, after reviewing the present state of the "Higher Criticism," concludes that "the theologian, with experience of the past behind him, has no need to face the future with apprehension. He may easily be proved wrong: he knows in fact that his own partial view of Truth must fail, but not the Truth itself." In his terse but brilliant review of "Swedish Literature" since 1885, Dr. E. Goss remarks that "it is regrettable, for its own sake, that the Swedish Academy, which in earlier generations had identified itself with the mani-

[1] *Memoirs of Gerald O'Connor of the Princely House of the O'Connors of Offaly in the Kingdom of Ireland.* Done into Modern English by his kinsman William O'Connor Morris. London: Digby, Long & Co. 1903.

[2] *The Signs of Old Lombard Street.* By F. G. Hilton Price. London: The Leadenhall Press.

[3] *Encyclopædia Britannica:* STRACHEY-ZWOLLE. Vol. xxxiii. London: the *Times*, Printing House Square.

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festations of original literary genius, has closed its doors to the new writers with an almost vindictive pertinacity." One of the chief features of this concluding volume of the Encyclopædia proper is the numerous biographical notices which fall within its scope, *e.g.*, Swinburne, Tennyson, E. Thring, The Tichborne Claimant, Tolstoy, "Ideal" Ward, Cardinal Wiseman, Zola. "Writing," by the Reader in Comparative Philology at Cambridge, is a scholarly summary of the results of recent researches on this interesting subject. Most noticeably in the domain of science are the articles dealing with "Thermochemistry," "Thermodynamics," and "Thermo-electricity." "Geography" is best represented by the United States, and Pure Mathematics by the "Variations of an Integral." The latter-day policy of the Holy See is unsympathetically treated by the late Dr. K. S. Kraus, under the heading of "Vaticanism."

Mr. Bertram Dobell has, in *Sidelights on Charles Lamb*,[1] gleaned successfully in fields wherefrom others, notably Mr. W. C. Hazlitt, have garnered a rich harvest of Eliana. That the Lambs were not the first to whom the idea occurred of making the plays of Shakespeare a medium of amusement and instruction to the young will come as a surprise to most of us who hold Lamb as second only to Montaigne. But Mr. Dobell has lighted on a long-forgotten volume entitled *Contes Moraux, Amusans et Instructifs, à l'Usage de la Jeunesse, tirés des Tragédies de Shakespeare. Par M. Perrin. Londres*, 1783. The chief difference between the "Contes Moraux" and the "Tales" is that the Frenchman, who had established himself in London as a teacher of his native tongue, "tells the stories less in the form of narrative and more in the way of dialogue than the Lambs do." There is, however, no evidence to show that the latter ever saw Perrin's work.

For the *New Variorum Edition of Macbeth*,[2] reviewed by Mr. H. H. Furness, jun., a fresh collation of all the texts had to be undertaken, and the material of the last thirty years condensed and digested. The limitations of the *Variorum* of 1821 have been, in the present volume, wholly disregarded. Stevens and Malone overlooked, for the most part, or silently incorporated into their own work, the labours of earlier commentators, *e.g.*, they rarely quote Heath, and ignore Theobald and Capell. Moreover, there was so little collation of the Folios by the early editors that, from Rowe down to Johnson, the text of "Macbeth" is comparatively uniform. The appendices, which extend over two hundred pages, deal with such topics as the date of the play, source of the plot, German comments and translations, the character of Macbeth and his wife,

[1] *Sidelights on Charles Lamb.* By Bertram Dobell. London: Published by the Author, 77 Charing Cross Road. 1903.

[2] *A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare.* Vol. ii.: *Macbeth.* Revised edition. By Horace Howard Furness, Junr. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. London: 5 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

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celebrated actors, time-analysis, bibliography, &c. This sumptuous volume is a monument of patient scholarship and research, and its *format* leaves nothing to be desired.

Letters of a Templar, 1820-1850,[1] selected by W. E. Rushton, are a tardy tribute of pious respect to Cobbett's "Roaring Rushton," who died fifty-two years ago, leaving behind him a reputation for integrity, eloquence, and broad political views. He fearlessly bearded the old Tories by his advocacy of Catholic Emancipation, the Reform Bill, the Municipal Corporations Act, and last, but not least, of a Reformatory for Juvenile Offenders. These letters are written in a pleasant, cultured style, but their main interest lies in their description of how an indefatigable student prepared for the Bar when the nineteenth century was young.

Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe's style, though strongly reminiscent of William Black's at his best, nevertheless possesses a certain individuality. In his *Ricroft of Withens*,[2] a cheap edition of which Mr. T. Fisher Unwin has just issued, we have a moorland romance of love and war in the days of "Bonnie Prince Charlie." The story is well constructed, and the interest of the reader maintained throughout.

It is clear from the four volumes of the *Boletin de Instruccion Publica*[3] now before us, that Mexico is determined, regardless of cost, to wipe away her long-standing reproach of popular ignorance. Our only fear is that, in this praiseworthy effort, her zeal may outrun her discretion. The following criticism of our "Education Act of 1902," taken from a recent report of her Chargé d'Affaires *ad interim*, shows that Mexico has little to learn from England in the matter of public instruction: "The law in no wise reforms the methods of teaching, very deficient as they are in this country, and does no more than modify, from a fiscal and religious point of view, a complicated system, a purely English product of a series of slow transformations. Its study, therefore, is of little interest to the legislator in search of models worthy of imitation." Great stress is laid on an intelligent system of oral instruction in modern languages, and the necessity for the study of phonetics is, very properly, insisted on.

Much fresh material bearing on the text of *Eulenspiegel* and the influence exercised by the English version of it, entitled *Tyll Howleglass*, has accumulated since Professor Charles H. Herford published, in 1886, his *Studies in the Literary Relations of England and Germany in the Sixteenth Century*. In *Eulenspiegel in England*,[4] by

[1] *Letters of a Templar, 1820–1850.* Selected and arranged by William Lowes Rushton. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 1903.
[2] *Ricroft of Withens.* By Halliwell Sutcliffe. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
[3] *Boletin de Instruccion Publica.* Tomo i., Núm. 2, 3, 4, 5. Mexico: Tipografia Economica. 1903.
[4] Palaestra xxvii.: *Eulenspiegel in England.* Von Friedrich W. D. Brie. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 1903.

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F. W. D. Brie, we have a description of the translation—a fragment of which exists—printed by Jean van Doesborgh, of Antwerp (c. 1519), and the three editions, published by William Copland about forty years later, which exist in three more or less imperfect copies, one of which belonged to Edmund Spenser. *Howlglass* is unquestionably the first realistic prose romance in the English language, and remained the only one until *Lazarillo del Tormez* appeared, in 1576, in English dress. This chap-book continued to influence our literature up to 1630; but, after that date, we hear no more of it or its hero till 1720, when a new version (professedly from the High German, but actually from the French) was published under the title of *The German Rogue*. In Scots Eulenspiegel takes the form of Holliglass, and is applied, in a venomous Reformation satire, to Patrick Adamson, Bishop of St. Andrews.

A more witty and charming old maid than Mlle. Laveyrie, whose diary M. Jules Pravieux gives us in *Oh! Les Hommes*,[1] it would be hard to find in the whole realm of fiction. The plot is simple; an honest-hearted young country gentleman, innocent of intellectual and artistic tastes, marries a handsome blue stocking, who proves irresponsive to his devotion until he takes the reins into his own hands. The course of his pretty sister's love is troubled for a ime by the intrigues of a foppish Paris doctor, an *arriviste* on the look-out for an heiress; but all comes right in the end, thanks to the tact of Mlle. Laveyrie, whose battle with a deputation of *hommes féministes* is decidedly the most amusing episode in this clever and wholesome book.

In *Le Vertige passionnel*,[2] by René Fath, a penniless orphan of intellectual tastes is urged into a loveless marriage with a clownish gentleman-farmer. At her husband's death-bed, her lover, already weary of the intrigue, brutally declares that he will never fulfil his promise of marrying her; whereupon she takes poison in a fit of rage and remorse. The theme is morbid, but the treatment is masterly, a veritable triumph of psychological analysis. To read this tragedy is to witness, as it were, a woman's soul bared and quivering beneath the knife of a pitiless vivisector.

"Neither *trouvère* nor troubadour, neither historian or moralist, neither chronicler nor poet, before Perrault's time, had ever referred to that legend of Bluebeard, great as is the position which it now holds in popular folk-lore," writes Mr. E. A. Vizetelly in his "Introduction" to *Bluebeard; an Account of Comorre the Cursed and Gilles de Rais*[3]—the two historical personages to whom the dishonour of having been the prototype of that villian is imputed. Curiously enough, both Comorre and de Rais are Bretons. No ancient

[1] *Oh! Les Hommes!* Par Jules Pravieux. Paris: Librairie Plon.
[2] *Le Vertige passionnel.* Par René Fath. Paris: Librairie Plon.
[3] *Bluebeard: an Account of Comorre the Cursed and Gilles de Rais.* By Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. London: Chatto & Windus. 1902.

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chronicler, however, refers to Comorre as "Barbe-bleue" and there is no proof of Perrault having borrowed his tale from the Comorre legend. Beside the fiendish crimes of Marshal de Rais, who was hanged in 1440 for child-slaying and necromancy, those of Perrault's Bluebeard sink into insignificance. Mr. Vizetelly has treated the subject with great learning and discretion. The book is well illustrated.

ERRATA.

We are asked by Professor E. G. Browne to correct a small inaccuracy in the review of the second volume of the late Mr. E. J. W. Gibb's *History of Ottoman Poetry*, published in the May number of the WESTMINSTER REVIEW. The first volume of this work appeared in 1900, not in 1882 as stated.—Ed. of *W.R.*, May 24, 1903.

POETRY

BY his discovery and publication of *The Poetical Works of Thomas Traherne*,[1] Mr. Bertram Dobell has laid the world of letters under an obligation of gratitude. The merely superficial resemblance which these poems bear to those of Herbert Vaughan so far imposed itself on the judgment of the late Dr. Grosart that he intended to include them in an edition of the Silurist that he was preparing when surprised by death. Traherne's lyre was one of few strings. The praise of the beauty and innocence of childhood—a poetic possibility generally assumed to be the discovery of William Blake—was anticipated by Traherne more than a century before, and formed the theme of many of his poems, particularly of *The Salutation*, perhaps his highest achievement:

> "Those little limbs,
> These eyes and hands which here I find,
> These rosy cheeks wherewith my life begins,
> Where have you been? Behind
> What curtain were ye from me hid so long,
> Where was, in what abyss, my speaking tongue?"

Curiously enough, Traherne shows, in *My Spirit*, a clear and unmistakable prevision of the Berkeleian philosophy, the essential feature of which is "the non-existence of independent matter"; otherwise how are we to explain the following verses?

> "I could not tell
> Whether the things did there
> Themselves appear,
> Which in my Spirit truly seem'd to dwell;
> Or whether my conforming Mind
> Were not even all that therein shin'd."

[1] *The Poetical Works of Thomas Traherne, B.D., 1636?–1674.* Edited and published by Bertram Dobell. London: 77 Charing Cross Road. 1903.

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Moreover, traces of Berkeleianism are discoverable in the "Hymn of St. Bartholomew's Day," "The Preparative," and various passages in other poems. Unfortunately, few of Traherne's poems were revised by the author with a view to publication; most of those which have come down to us would have benefited from the "labour of the file." Mr. Dobell's estimate of this poet coincides, on the whole, with ours: "Herbert has a finer sense of proportion, a keener perception of the importance of form and measure; Vaughan appeals more strongly to the common sympathies of mankind; while Crashaw, when at his best, has more fine passages of quintessential poetry, more curious felicities of expression, than Traherne; but none of them has the vitality, the sustained enthusiasm, the power imparted by intense conviction which we find in our author."

Of the accuracy of Dr. J. W. Heysinger's verse-rendering of *The Light of China*[1] we are unfortunately unable to judge. The learned translator tells us that so enormous is the difficulty of arriving at the exact sense of this famous Chinese classic that a comparison of eight professedly scholarly translations "will show important discrepancies throughout the entire work, so that scarcely a single chapter in any one translation will be in entire accord with the corresponding chapter in any other translation." The Tâo Teh is the basis of the Tâoist religion, which is the philosophy of the lower orders in China, whereas Confucianism is that of the *literati*. Lâo Tsze was contemporary with Confucius, though his senior by about fifty-four years. The main value of *The Light of China* lies in its presentation of Tâoism before it became corrupted by Buddhism. Its moral teaching is lofty:

"One can keep the camp whole of the animal soul, by embracing the One alone,
Can bring tenderness by guarding the breath, and be as an infant child,
One can wash and be clean, and, knowing the deep, can be spotless and undefiled,
And, loving the people, can rule the land with a rule that is scarcely shown."

The opening lines of Chapter XXII. seem prophetic of the Beatitudes pronounced in the Sermon on the Mount:

"Who is deficient shall become complete,
He who is bent and twisted shall be straight,
He who is empty shall be filled again,
He who is worn out shall new strength obtain
He who has little then shall be supplied,
He who has many things shall be denied."

Chapter XXVIII. extols the glory of *das Ewig-Weibliche:*

[1] *The Light of China: the Tâo Teh King of Lâo Tsze, 604–504* B.C. By J. W. Heysinger, M.A., M.D. Philadelphia: Research Publishing Co. 1903.

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"He who knows the masculine, and yet retains the feminine,
Will be the whole world's channel, being so,
Eternal virtue will with him remain for evermore,
And infant innocency to him go."

Lâo Tsze recognised no original "creation," but co-ordinated processes of evolution, involution, disappearance in apparent nothingness, and reappearance in new evolutions. It is startling to find anticipated, in a work two and a half millenniums old, something like the co-ordinate unions of Will and Intellect in von Hartmann's *Philosophy of the Unconscious*, the co-ordinated Love and Wisdom of Swedenborg, or substantially the Purpose and Intelligence of Lamarck. The book is furnished with an Analytical Index and a Vocabulary; the latter would have been far easier for reference had the terms been arranged alphabetically.

There is the true ring of poetry in *The Flower of Old Japan*[1]—the dream-journey, told by themselves, of some happy children whose fancy had fed on "tales of ghosts and buried gold" from "quaint old story-books." The Tall, Thin Man steps into the glimmering room, and conjures up a vision, quaint and fantastic, wherein

"Fat black bonzes on the shore
Watched where singing, faint and far
Boys in long blue garments bore
Roses in a golden jar.
While, at carven dragon ships
Floating o'er that silent sea,
Squat-limbed gods with dreadful lips
Leered and smiled mysteriously."

The ruby wishing-stone, shaped like a heart, smouldered before their gaze. Could they but touch it, then:

"No more daily lesson task,
No more sorrow, no more care."

With a wave of his fan, the Tall, Thin Man vanishes through the wall; the children speed after him on to Wonder-Wander town, through a wood of monstrous flowers, down the valley where the giants have lain snoring since the days of Jack and the Beanstalk, till, by a pear-tree, they meet a dwarf who informs them that "there's no such place as Old Japan." But the Tall, Thin Man appears, crams the lying dwarf in a box, and leads them through Wonder-Wander town. On reaching its sea they sail, in a shallop of pearl, towards the morning star, past "many a haunt of old desire." On the morrow, in Old Japan, they meet a white-faced mandarin, named Creeping Sin, who

[1] *The Flower of Old Japan: a dim, strange Tale for all Ages.* By Alfred Noyes. London: Grant Richards. 1903.

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"Played with children's beating hearts,
And stuck them full of poisoned darts,
And long green thorns that stabbed and stung."

This uncanny personage dogged their footsteps. Another terror assails them in the shape of "the Nameless Emperor's mad Moonshee," who

"Repeated as fast as he was able
The whole of the multiplication table."

Borne in a yellow palankeen through the Forest of Ancient Woe, pursued by the eerie laugh of Creeping Sin, they reach, after various adventures, the City of the Secret Wound. By the mystic ruby they "sat and wished all sorts of things," till they threw the magic glass down in despair,

"For, getting whatever you want to get
Is like drinking tea from a fishing-net."

Then, wishing with the glass "to go to the Flower of the song's desire," they find themselves suddenly transported to their cosy nursery, happy in the knowledge that

"All the fairy tales were true,
And home the heart of fairyland."

During the past thirty years scholars have been busied in taking down from the lips of peasants the *berceuses, devinailles, formulettes,* legends, ancient *noëls,* and ever-youthful *chansons d'amour.* The fruits of their zeal are the rich collections of dialectic poetry, garnered from the old provinces of France, which group around their eldest sisters, Provençe and Brittany. There can be no reasonable doubt that the main impetus to the study of French folk-poetry was given by M. Edouard Schuré, in his delightful *Histoire du Lied ou la Chanson populaire en Allemagne,*[1] the first edition of which appeared in 1868. The charm of folk-poetry lies, for the most part, in its psychological intuition, the victories of the soul in the realm of the Ideal, as opposed to the reaction of the body on the soul, which is the favourite theme of crudely materialistic writers. The *Lied* arose in the fourteenth century, flourished in the two following centuries, decayed during the Thirty Years' War, and again put forth vigorous shoots in the eighteenth century. Since 1849 lyric poetry has been under an eclipse in Germany, her poets having turned their attention chiefly to the drama and novel writing, whilst the nation itself is absorbed in science. Nevertheless the people still sing their old and cherished songs, which are, as it were, the eternal voice of her soul through the ages. The *Lied* of to-day is only the Lied of the sixteenth century revived, transformed, developed in accordance with

[1] *Histoire du Lied ou la Chanson populaire en Allemagne.* Nouvelle edition. Par Edouard Schuré. Paris: Librairie Académique, Perrin et Cie. 1903.

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the manifold aspirations of our time and the infinite diversity of individuals. "Elle prend sa sources dans les dernières profondeurs de la nature et jamais aucun lyrisme n'a été plus vrai, plus dégagé de toute convention. C'est là ce qui fait sa beauté incomparable et sa puissance éternelle." In France, between the poetry of the people and that of the *salons* a great gulf yawns. This regrettable divorce arose in the days of Louis XIV., and would have been bridged by the Romantic movement had it not become centralised in Paris, with the result, to quote Lamennais, of "paralysis in the centre and paralysis at the extremities." *C'est Paris qui, depuis trois cents ans, imprime son cachet à notre literature.* The musicians of the sixteenth century collected these songs and preserved their melodies. They have been admired by the greatest musicians, who, however, despair of equalling their touching simplicity. These melodies were evidently born with the words of one and the same inspiration, and both form so perfect a unity that, once heard, neither can be separated from the other. "Le compositeur pénètre dans la pensée du poète et l'exprime à son tour avec les ressources infinies de son art. C'est une création nouvelle, ou plutôt c'est l'achèvement de la création primitive." Modern French poetry needs for its development the quickening influence which can only come from contact with the folk-songs of Europe; in addition to this, the poet ought to possess a knowledge and love of music.

ART.

DR. CHARLES WALDSTEIN, who is an authority in Classical Archæology, has published in book form his University Extension Lecture on *Art in the Nineteenth Century*.[1] It gives an interesting view from a competent and thoughtful observer of the æsthetic accomplishment of the last century. Its author begins by a protest against the restricted use of the word "Art" in England. Not only the Germans and the French employ the terms Science and Art more consistently and logically than we do; "even in the United States the term Art" "is used more correctly." "With them Science means all forms of conscious and systematic enjoyment, Art includes all forms of æsthetic enjoyment." It is well to be reminded of the proper extension of terms so constantly in use. Ruskin had insisted on the distinction (in the first chapter of *The Eagle's Nest*) more eloquently, and—*pace* University Extension—more consistently and logically than our author. Dr. Waldstein devotes an

[1] *Art in the Nineteenth Century.* By Charles Waldstein. Cambridge: University Press. 1903.

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entire section, as he was bound to do, to "The Literary Arts"; but he does not point out that Literature ("Letters") forms, quite apart from Art and Science, a third head under which any logical system must classify certain productions which the mind makes for itself, and which are distinguished from its productions referred to corporal wellbeing. In fact, Science deals with things as they *exist*, and causes the mind to know them, or puts the knowledge of them in order, by reasoning from data furnished by "History" of some kind; Literature gives out knowledge as it has become *living* and *personal* in the author's mind; Art produces *new* objects of mental pleasure. Of course, Poetry has to be ranked under Art, and so has much of the Fiction which takes the place of much of the Poetry of more primitive peoples; but there is an advantage to mental clearness in recognising *human interest* as an essential of Literature, and something quite different from the "æsthetic enjoyment" which is the essential of Art. With regard to Truth, Science is as search, Literature as sympathy, and Art as rest. It is in Literature that the moral emotions are expressed. Dr. Waldstein treats interestingly the nineteenth century as an age of expansion in Art, both in the subject-matter (Nature, Life, and Thought and Science as affecting both) and in the mode and vehicles of expression—both the "what" and the "how." Our author, under Literary Arts, has amusing examples of "the full establishment of the modern novel," not omitting certain genial preferences of his own. Not too much space is given to Music, which is pre-eminently the Art of the nineteenth century; and there are naturally sections on Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, and—what is perhaps to be the strong instance of the twentieth century—Decorative Art. Certainly the ninety-one pages of the book have an unusual two-shillings' worth of solid mental food, in the line of *Cultur*.

Messrs. Bell & Sons publish a second volume of Mrs. Arthur Bell's *The Saints in Christian Art*.[1] The volume has for its subject "The Lives and Legends of the Great Hermits and Fathers of the Church, with other Contemporary Saints." The book starts from a sane and necessary principle: "To understand the creations of such men as Giotto, Fra Angelico, and their successors, or of the nameless sculptors who enriched the cathedrals of Europe with exquisite statues and reliefs, caring nothing for individual fame, it is not enough to be a good judge, able to recognise the hand of this or that master, not enough to have a general knowledge of the history of the Church. The student must be as thoroughly in touch with the subjects treated as were the artists themselves; he must view their work from within, not from without, and if he cannot altogether share their faith in the reality of their visions, he must at least be

[1] *The Saints in Christian Art.* By Mrs. A. Bell. London: George Bell & Sons. 1902.

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able, with the aid of his imagination, to appreciate their attitude." This is a high standard, to which even Robert Browning proved himself unable to climb; but a book, starting out from sympathy rather than from criticism, will help the general student of Art to a spontaneous, unclouded enjoyment of many works which he would scarcely know how to admire without some similar guide. The book begins with the first hermits, and goes on through martyred men and women, Fathers Greek and Latin, Popes and Bishops, to holy men and women of the fifth and sixth centuries. There are special chapters for notable Saints, such as St. George, Sts. Lucy, Agnes, Dorothea and Catherine, St. Helena and the Emperor Constantine, and many others, among whom St. Genevieve and Queen Clotilda, and Saints Patrick and Bridget of Ireland, and St. Kentigern of Glasgow are not to be passed by. And there are fifty-three full-page plates of photographic reproductions from great paintings, among which are three modern works respectively of Burne-Jones (St. Dorothea), Lord Leighton (St. Jerome), and Puvis de Chavannes (St. Genevieve). The book is a stout fourteen-shilling volume of 322 pages, with a complete index of names of Saints.

We have also received two more numbers of the five-shilling series of "Great Masters of Painting and Sculpture:" *Watteau*,[1] by Mr. Edgcumbe Staley, who had already written the miniature volume on this painter, and *Botticelli*, by Miss A. Streeter. There is little to be added to the praise we have always given to the volumes of this really handy series, except perhaps to notice the unusual excellence of Miss Streeter's work. Two numbers of the "Miniature Series of Painters"—*Correggio* by Leader Scott, whose name dispenses from criticism, and *Greuze* by Harold Armitage—are also to hand. These are excellent pocket volumes, when one sets out to look up a particular painter in some gallery, as they furnish in short compass the main ideas and information needed for Dr. Waldstein's "æsthetic enjoyment."

[1] "Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture"—two numbers: *Watteau*. By Edgcumbe Staley. *Botticelli*. By A. Streeter. "Miniature Series of Painters"—two numbers: *Correggio*. By Leader Scott. *Greuze*. By Harold Armitage. London: George Bell & Sons. 1903.

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